

THE *Atlantic*

February 1960

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THE CRISIS IN OUR POLITICS

by **James M. Burns**

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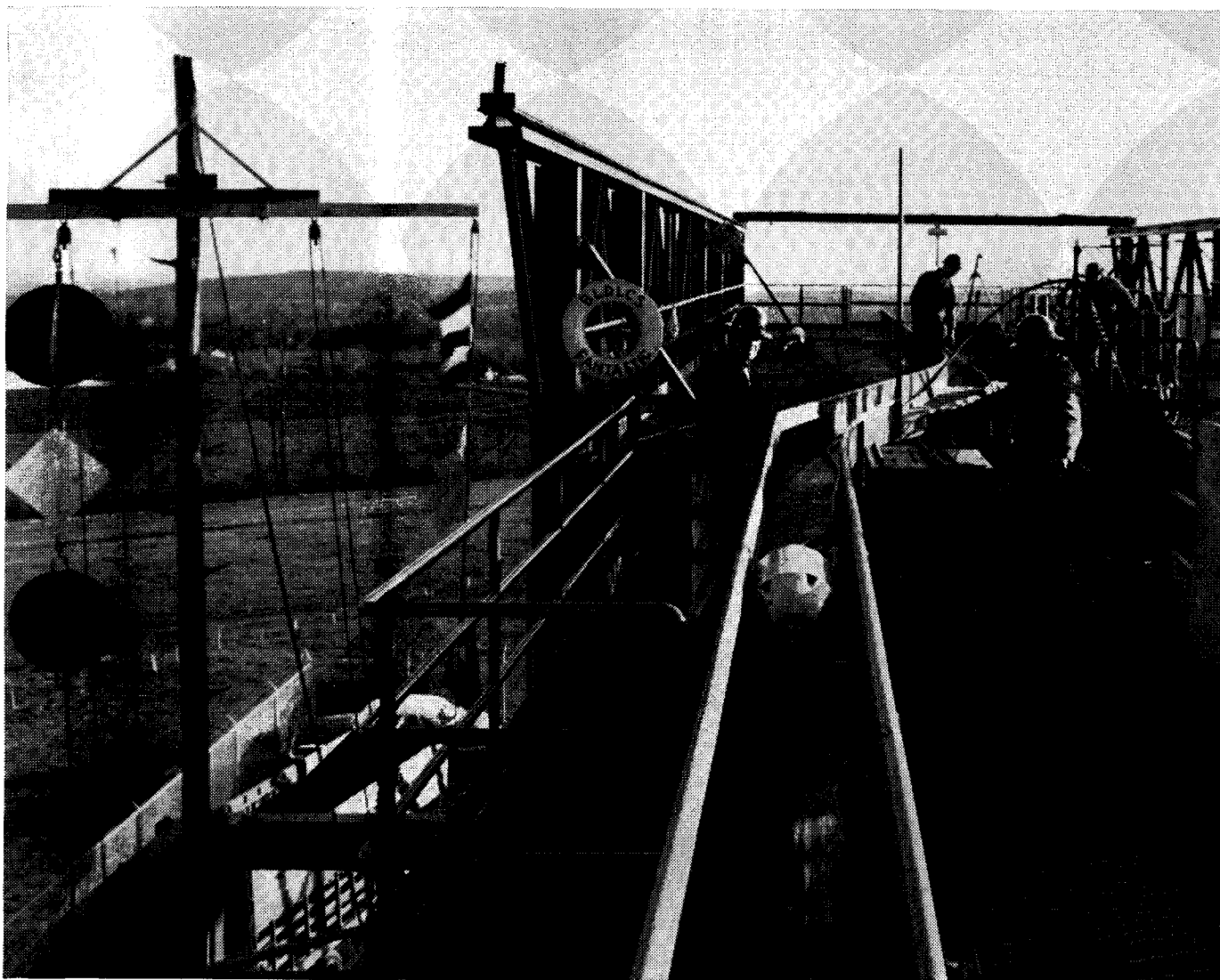
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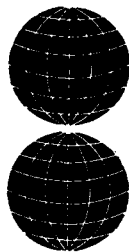
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WASHINGTON

TO INDIA's Nehru, "the center of gravity of conflict is shifting from Europe to Asia." To France's De Gaulle, Russia, "a white nation of Europe which has conquered part of Asia," now stands "face to face with the yellow masses of China." In London the British Government looks upon the Russians as half European, half Asian, and hopes to convince the Soviets that they are in fact all European.

In Washington Secretary of State Christian A. Herter has enunciated a doctrine of partial responsibility, a partial Soviet responsibility for the acts of its neighbor and ally Red China. And in Geneva the United States and Britain try to work out a nuclear test ban agreement with the Soviet Union, an agreement which both sides know might be the way to prevent Peiping from joining the nuclear club. All these are symptoms of what may turn out to be the great world problem of the 1960s — the problem of Communist China.

In the long years when America's China policy was under the control of John Foster Dulles and his ardently pro-Chiang deputy Walter S. Robertson, the official line was that Peiping's policy was largely made in Moscow and that it would be the height of folly to hope for any break in the Peiping-Moscow relationship. But in the past year, especially in the months since the Chinese repression of Tibet, and since Herter succeeded Dulles, attitudes in Washington have begun to change.

Sino-Soviet differences

The shift in attitudes has been based on some solid evidence of Soviet unhappiness about Red China. It began with Khrushchev's remark to Senator Hubert Humphrey that the Chinese commune system was reactionary; it multiplied with Khrushchev's lecture in Peiping last fall — met with stony silence — that the Chinese should

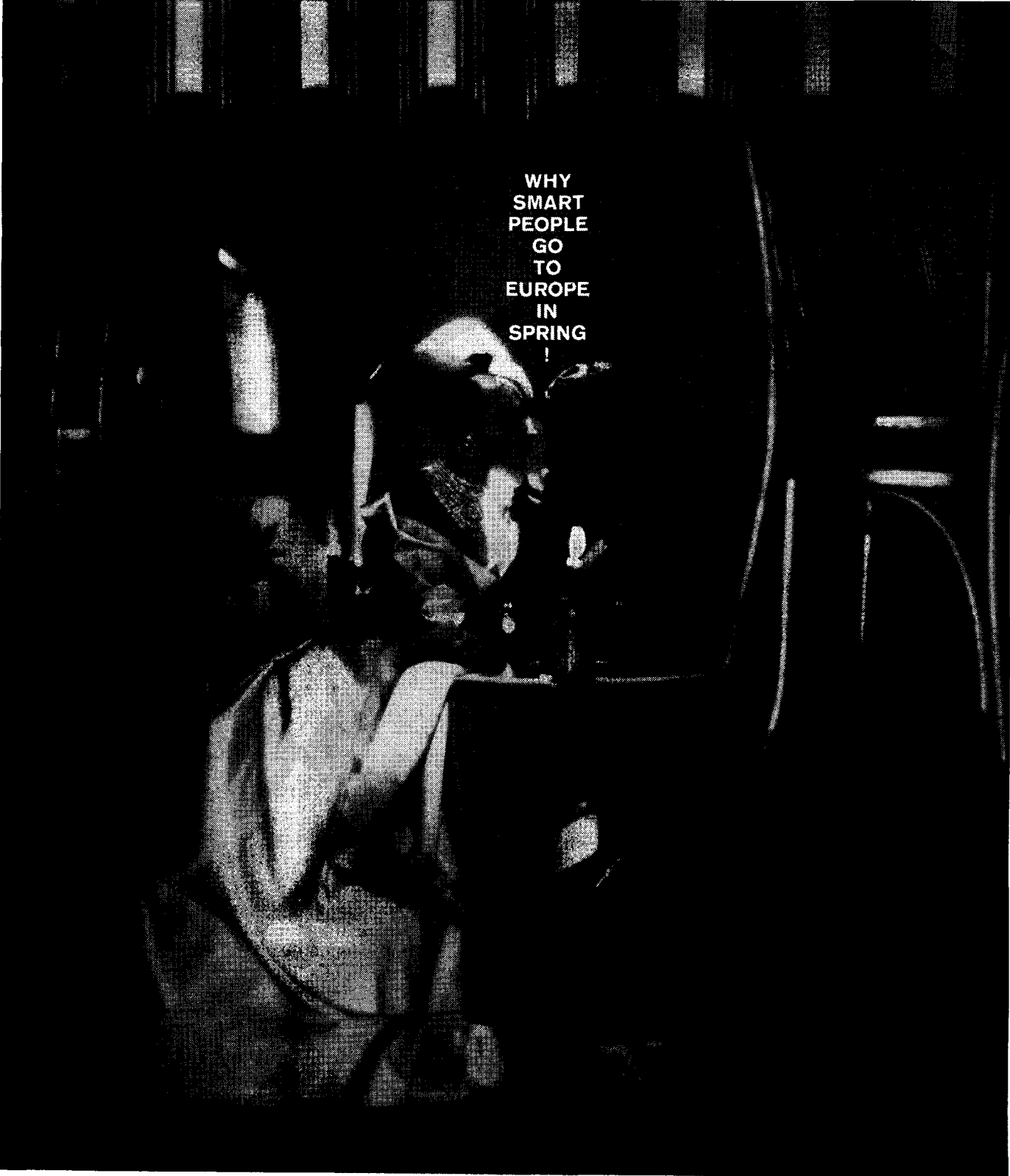
not test the United States in a passage at arms. It has been confirmed by the differing reactions in Moscow and Peiping to the Eisenhower-Herter response to Khrushchev's peaceful coexistence campaign and his visit to the United States.

Moscow's *Pravda*, for example, printed the full text of Herter's November speech, which said that the world was moving into "what may become a new era of competitive peace." Herter, said *Pravda*, "comes much nearer to understanding peaceful coexistence than his predecessor." But Peiping's *Kwangming Daily* called Herter "the true heir" to Dulles and said the secretary merely "reveals the real purpose of the war preparations made by the United States ruling quarters, under the cover of peaceful avowals."

All these bits of evidence, and they include Khrushchev's stand of something akin to neutralism in the Indian-Chinese border dispute, have altered the Washington view. The problem now is how to play upon these increasing Sino-Soviet differences in view of the accepted principle that the ties that bind the two Communist giants are still far stronger than the divisive forces.

There is widespread gratification in Washington that Chinese belligerence has just about destroyed the Bandung spirit which for so long cast a spell of warmth toward China among the Asian neutrals. Peiping has aroused all the latent Asian fears of historical Chinese expansionism, and its aggressiveness has provoked such actions as the Indonesian drive against Chinese merchants and the strong Indian reaction to Peiping's border incursions.

It was for these reasons that Eisenhower's visit to India came at such a good moment psychologically. Perhaps the most useful step which the



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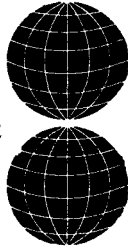
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Report on Washington



United States and its Western allies can take to exploit the anti-Chinese attitudes in Asia is to increase economic aid to India and other nations. But that is sure to run into new budget problems within the Administration.

Where the China story will end, one can only guess. Many had hoped that the second Eisenhower Administration would somehow establish a two-Chinas policy. It did in fact take some steps in that direction, but the offshore-island issue was too big a problem to overcome. Some Washington observers suggest that the only possible resolution now is to have the United States saved by its friends; that is, to have Red China voted into the United Nations over U.S. objections, with Formosa relegated to separate membership in the General Assembly only.

The nuclear test ban treaty may turn out to be the chief action of a spring East-West summit conference. If so, it will come before the Senate this year for ratification. And if it does, the China issue will get an airing on the Senate floor in a new and perhaps less emotional context than at any time since the Korean War. Somehow, the treaty will have to cover Red China, and therefore the United States will have to deal with China far more than it has up to now. There are some senators who think that the public pressures for such a treaty, because of the fears of radioactive fall-out, will be sufficient to break down the resistance to dealing with Peiping.

Cuba's sugar quotas

State Department officials concerned with Latin America are currently looking anxiously in two directions as they survey the Cuban headache: toward Havana, where they fear things will get worse before they get better, and toward the Capitol, where they expect a lot of congressional sound and fury, especially over renewal of the Sugar Act, which expires on December 30, 1960. If it were not that some legislative action is necessary on sugar this session, the diplomats would feel a bit easier. President Eisenhower last year asked Congress to extend the Sugar Act, but the uncertainties over the Castro regime led both Senate and House agriculture committees to delay action. Senate Chairman Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana has had some strong words to say about

the Castro regime, though House Chairman Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina has said that he does not plan to open up the quota provisions if it can be avoided.

Whether it can be avoided is a question. Under the Sugar Act, domestic and foreign cane and beet producers are allotted specific shares of the huge American market. The result is stability in the sugar market at the cost of the United States consumer, who thereby pays about twice the going world price. Nearly half the sugar consumed by Americans is from Cuba. The Cuban quota is 3.2 million tons, and the next largest foreign producer, Peru, has a 95,000-ton allotment. Hawaii and Puerto Rico have allotments of more than 900,000 tons each.

Reports have circulated in Washington for some time that domestic producers of both cane and beet sugar will try to take advantage of the dissatisfaction with Castro to get Congress to trim the Cuban quota. State Department officials say that such action would only compound the problem, probably driving Castro closer to the Communists.

The outcome on the Sugar Act almost certainly will depend on what occurs in Cuba itself. In recent months the State Department's attitude has hardened toward Castro, in part because of a belief that his free-swinging activities in the Caribbean have alienated many of the liberal regimes in Latin America, such as Venezuela, which had been his ardent supporters against the remaining dictators in the area. United States officials link the direction of Cuban events to the rise of Communist influence.

The danger of intervention

The Administration is determined not to be provoked by Castro's nationalization or confiscation of American and other foreign-held property. It is well understood that nothing would play into Communist hands more than a United States intervention in Cuba.

There is general agreement that Cuba long has needed land reform and that the American concerns in Cuba are not entirely spotless, but the United States insists on viewing the Castro activities in terms of Anglo-Saxon law. This is an old problem for the United States in dealing with the Latin temperament in all of the twenty republics to the south. With Castro's bitter anti-American tirades and the evidence of Communist influence, the picture, viewed from Washington, is dark.

The overworked Supreme Court

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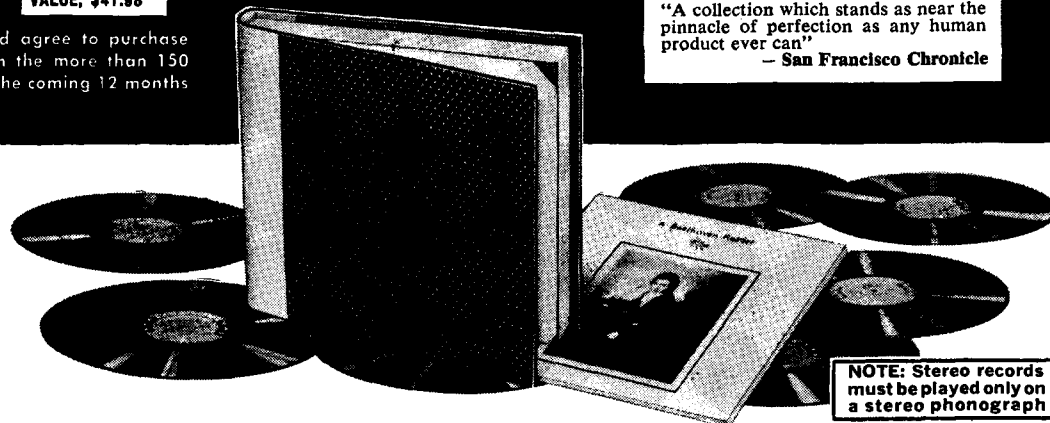


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HEART OF THE MATTER

This is the sentimental season (Valentine's Day — and in Leap Year, too!), the time of year when mail boxes are stuffed with billets-doux, heart-shaped boxes, and baubles intended to banish coolness.

We're all in favor of such Valentine's Day verses, viands, and vagaries. Far be it from us to discourage romance, which often promotes sudden financial prudence on the part of young men and may lead eventually to joint accounts . . . and even to gifts of securities to minors.

But there's one kind of romance that we discourage whenever we can, and that's romance about securities. Surprisingly enough, there are people who fall in love with certain stocks and cling to them, heedless of earnings and prospects, with a fidelity verging on fanaticism.

Well, fidelity, however admirable in other matters, has no place in investing. In fact, fidelity is sometimes foolishness. The important thing is to keep an eye on your stocks and get rid of any that disappoint you. Be as warm-hearted as you like in *affaires de coeur* — but cold-blooded in affairs de cash.

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Report on Washington

lation, along with its increasingly complex legal problems, inevitably creates additional cases for the courts. A *Harvard Law Review* study by Professor Henry M. Hart, Jr., recently noted that the Supreme Court each term considers more than 1500 requests for review of decisions in the lower courts. Since the justices sit in Washington thirty-six weeks in the year, Hart estimated that, except for the regular Friday conference at which they vote on decisions and cases to be heard, the justices have on the average only twenty minutes to study each remaining case. Of the 1500 applications, the Court selects about 125 for review, with opinions to be written in most of them.

For many years now, Justice Felix Frankfurter, at seventy-seven the oldest justice and second only to Justice Hugo Black in point of service, has been lecturing his brethren because he thinks they agree to consider too many cases.

Last May, in dissenting on an insurance case, Justice Frankfurter said from the bench that "the case involves merely facts. It has no business here. No question of state or federal law is involved. . . . It has not even the value of a precedent. It will guide no lawyers. It will never do anything." In November, Frankfurter was at it again, this time in a seamen's injury case. He had some valuable assistance from Justice Potter Stewart. "Cases like this," wrote Stewart, "do not belong in this court. To review individualized personal injury cases, in which the sole issue is sufficiency of the evidence, seems to me not only to disregard the Court's proper function, but to deflect the Court's energies from the mass of important and difficult business properly here." In this instance Frankfurter was joined not only by Stewart but also by Justice John M. Harlan. On some occasions Justice Charles E. Whitaker also has taken this point of view. Usually, however, the justices will grant review of a case if four of the nine want it, and Frankfurter

has a lot of trouble convincing five others to prevent review.

The argument on the other side, to which Justices Black and William O. Douglas adhere, is that personal rights usually are involved in such disputed cases. Furthermore, they say, the Court really does not review very many of the numerous cases of this type which come before it.

However, a good many lawyers in Washington tend to agree with the view of Professor Hart that "the opinions of the Justices confirm the conclusion that the Court is trying to decide more cases than it can decide well. . . . Few of the Court's opinions, far too few, genuinely illumine the law with which they deal." Hart termed this "misuse of power" not only "a denial of equal justice to litigants whose cases are not heard, but also a grievous frittering away of the judicial resources of the Nation."

Mood of the Capital

The sudden withdrawal of Nelson Rockefeller from the Republican presidential race has given Vice President Nixon another boost in his ambition to do what no other Number Two man has done since Martin Van Buren in 1836 — move up by the elective process to the Number One job. Rockefeller was viewed in the Capital as every inch a candidate, and his withdrawal was a surprise simply because most observers felt that he would like to be President. No one had doubted that it would have required "a massive struggle" to wrest the nomination from the front-running Nixon, who had so assiduously courted the Republican professionals the last eight years.

The expectation in Washington is that Nixon will try to run a "high road" campaign capitalizing on the Eisenhower peace crusade. A good many Democrats, however, doubt that he will be able to stick to it. They contend that, before election day, Nixon will be back to his more normal type of slugging campaign. In large part, his methods will depend on who is the Democratic nominee and how he attacks Nixon and the Eisenhower Administration's record. This session of Congress doubtless will see a lot of potshots fired in Nixon's direction as the Democrats jockey for position.

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Gold cup, Italian 16th Century by Benvenuto Cellini. Decorated with enamel and precious stones. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Bequest of Benjamin Altman 1913

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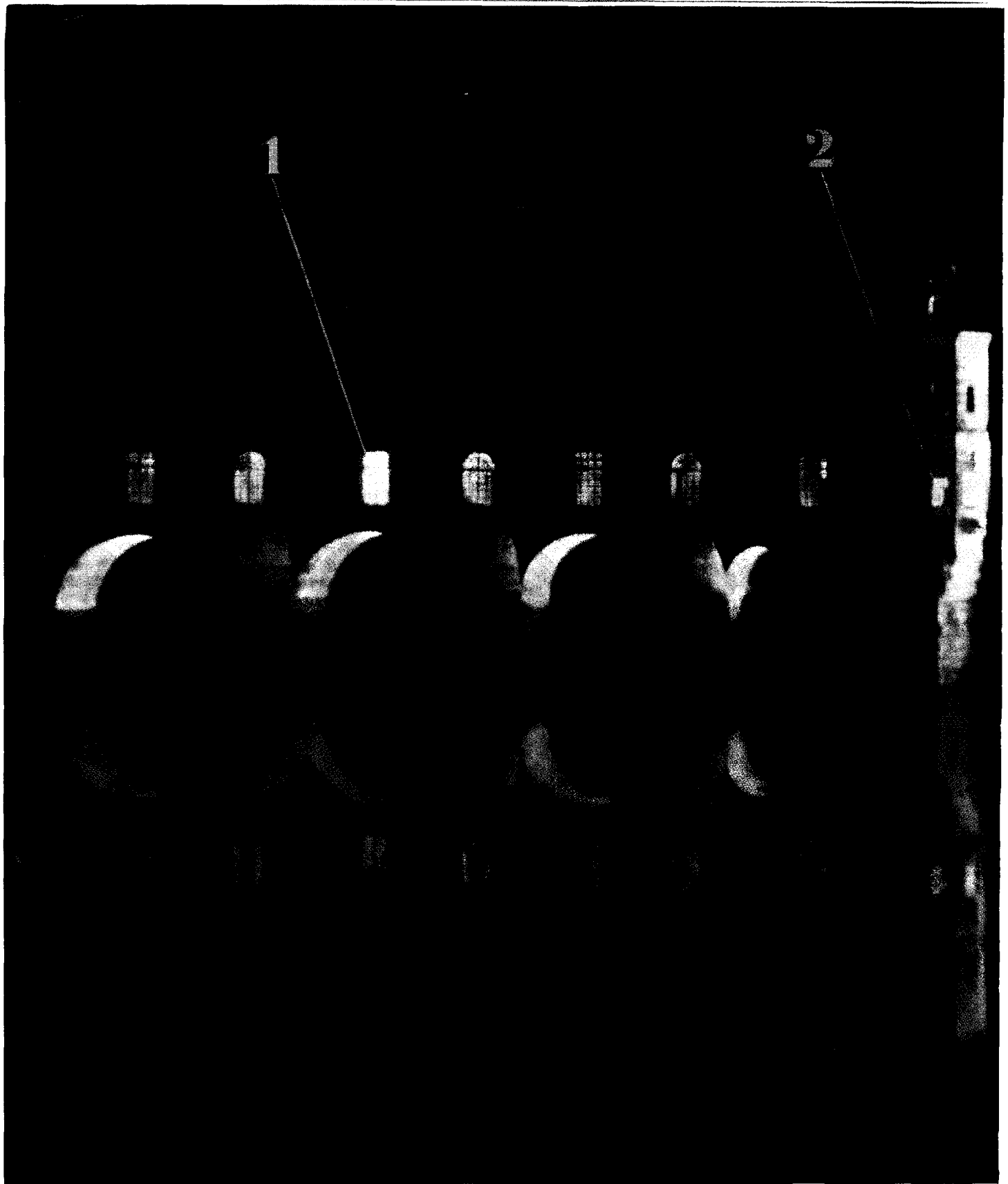
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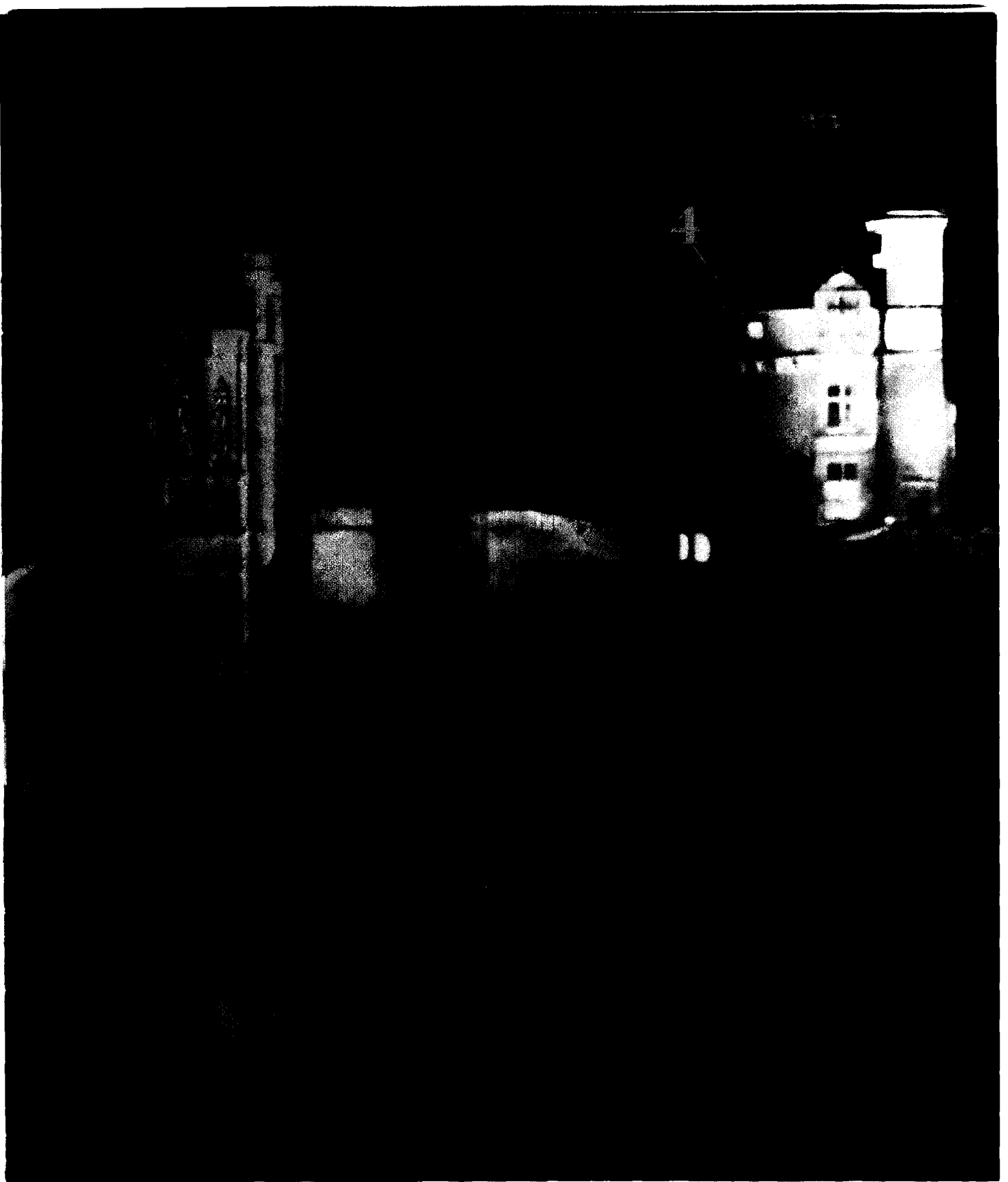
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Which woman deserved this Castle of

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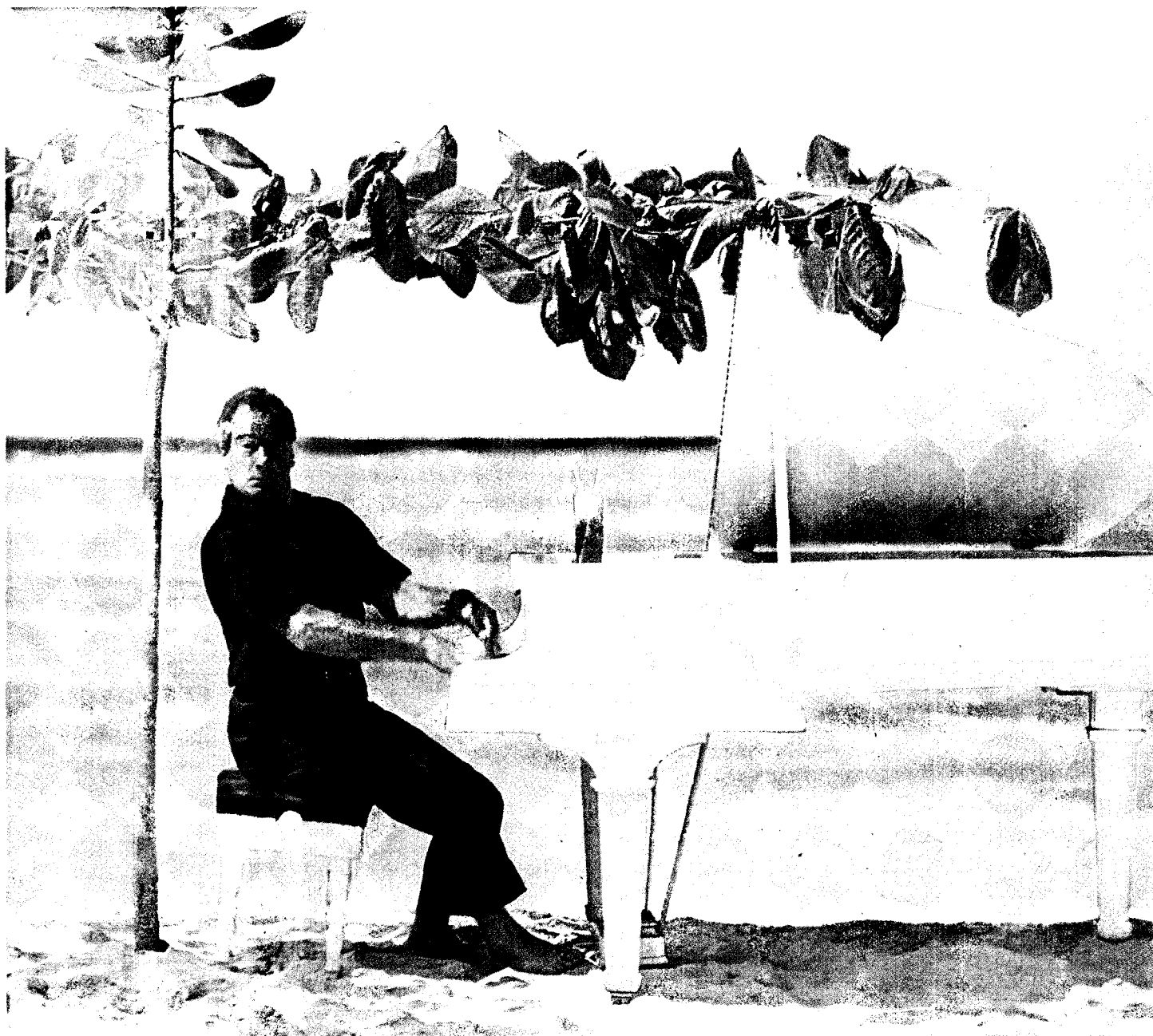
Love...the courtesan or the Queen?

Catherine evicted Diane and took possession of the chateau. Her very first act was to move that fabulous bed **3** and change its initials from H-D to H-C! Then, as in a fairy tale, the dowdy queen blossomed into one of the most glamorous queens in history. The chateau is Chenonceaux and it's called the Castle of Love. You can still see the gay signatures of romantic page boys

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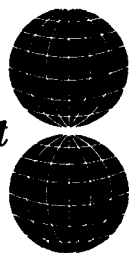
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THE impact of near-disaster in Iraq has had a most sobering effect in Cairo, Damascus, and Beirut. The spectacle of Iraqi Army generals as political captives of Communists, guided from outside the country, has induced a healthy reaction in the surrounding countries. Skepticism of Communist motives was never more open. The damage that Suez did to Western prestige in the Middle East three years ago has been nearly matched by that done to the Russians and Chinese by their overt meddling in Iraq.

The first reaction has been the closing of Arab ranks. Relations between the United Arab Republic and the other Arab states have suddenly improved. President Nasser appears to have learned the advantages of coexistence over conspiracy. Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, Jordan, and the Sudan have responded by resuming diplomatic relations with him. The beginnings of common Arab economic policies are discernible.

Within the U.A.R., the particularly knotty problem of harnessing Syria's capitalist economic structure to Egypt's mixed state-enterprise system is being approached more cautiously. Syrian complaints are being heard, and demands for more local autonomy heeded by Nasser's trusted deputy governor for Syria, Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer. There is, in short, less bickering within the Arab community, and a good deal more energy is going into solving domestic problems.

Of these the greatest is poverty on the land. Behind the imposing new façades of present-day Arab capitals stretch the unwatered deserts. For years past, one expensive survey after another has shown what needed to be done to bring water to these dry expanses and make them productive. This overlong period of surveys and studies now seems at an end. The water resources of the Nile, the Jordan, and the Litani are at last in the process of being utilized.

Up to now Iraq has led the way in river development with its extensive flood-control program on the Euphrates and the Tigris. Great technical

progress is visible in Iraq, but the lack of trained people to run new irrigation systems has slowed development. The social lag which hindered real land reform under the old regime continues to plague the new government. Soviet experts brought in, for example, to help speed up land reform have been no more successful than their Western predecessors in getting new farmers into operation.

Dividing the waters of the Nile

The race against hunger in the Middle East is still open, therefore, in spite of Iraq's head start. The most important new sign of progress in this direction came with the signing in Cairo last November of a new Nile waters agreement between Egypt and the Sudan. The stake for both countries is great. Sudan needed agreement in order to get a loan from the World Bank for the Roseires Dam, which will make possible the extension of its irrigation system. Egypt needed to end the thirty-year stalemate over Nile waters in order to start building the High Dam at Aswan on schedule this winter.

The new agreement is a triumph of moderation over domestic politics in each country. The Sudan gets nearly two thirds of the additional Nile waters that will be saved from running to waste into the Mediterranean when the High Dam is built. Sudan will also be compensated for land in the Wadi Halfa area which will be submerged by the High Dam. Total water allocations will be 18.5 million cubic feet annually to Sudan and 55 million cubic feet to Egypt. The compensation figure finally reached after President Nasser's personal intervention is \$43 million. Additional features of the agreement are that the two states will take a unified stand in dealing with other riparian states, and any waters shared with them will come in equal amounts from the allocations of both.

From any point of view, the water agreement represents a tremendous step forward. It frees both states to get on with ambitious agricultural and industrial plans. Egypt has made genuine concessions in order to obtain this new freedom of

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The Middle East

action. It secures only a 14 per cent increase in water for irrigation and must seek other water resources more actively than ever. For this reason, Egyptian Army engineers are at work drilling artesian wells around ancient oases in the western desert. Fifteen thousand new acres have been brought into cultivation in so-called Liberation Province, west of the Nile Delta, after some four years of canal and well digging. The High Dam is counted on to add one more million to Egypt's present six million acres of cultivable land by 1964.

The Jordan watershed

On a smaller scale, but equally significant for Jordan, is the East Ghor Canal, being built to carry water from the Yarmuk, the Jordan River's largest tributary, to irrigate some 30,000 acres along the eastern slope of the Jordan Valley. This project, being carried out with Jordan Development Board and ICA funds, amounts to a simple diversion just above the confluence of the Yarmuk and the Jordan below Tiberias by means of a horseshoe-shaped tunnel which will carry Yarmuk waters into a 43-mile canal. The tunnel is designed to fit into any future regional water scheme for the Jordan.

An unwritten agreement, in the fashion of Middle East agreements, has restrained both Jordan and Israel from taking from the Jordan watershed more water than either was to have received under the Johnston Plan. The Yarmuk River diversion, however, has revived the demand within Israel for a much greater share of Jordan water. Hence the river again is the focus of fresh Arab-Israeli conflict.

The virtues of the East Ghor Canal for Jordan are both economic and social. In economic terms, bringing water to the rich soil of the east bank in a valley which is entirely below sea level will enable Jordan to produce valuable new fruit, grain, and vegetable crops for export. Double and even triple cropping in this favorable warm climate are expected.

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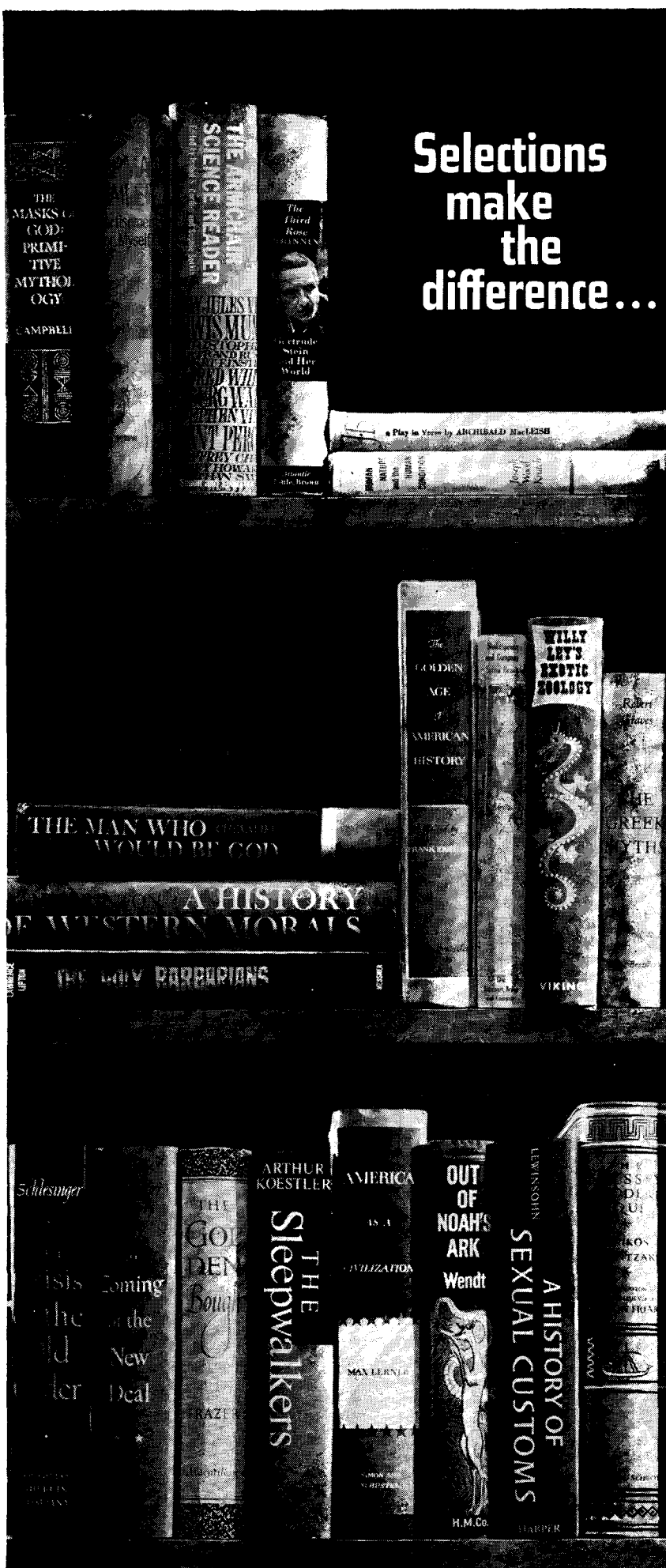
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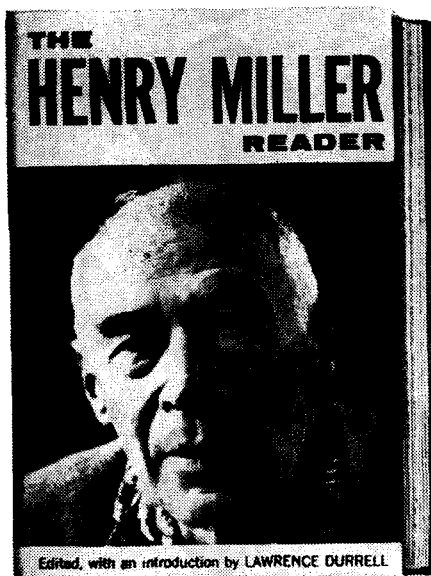
Help for farmers

In terms of social progress, the scheme has promise as well. For, under a new Jordan water law an independent East Ghor Canal Authority will have control over this development and its benefits. The law, enacted a year ago, sets up priorities which favor resident, operating farmers first and limit holdings in the irrigated district to a maximum of 75 acres. Recipients of water are to pay a prorata share of annual costs and over a longer period are to help repay the government for the cost of construction. Meantime, the authority is empowered to help farmers in getting into operation with low-interest loans, setting up cooperatives, and offering assistance for sanitation and soil conservation.

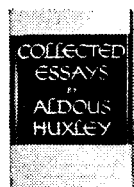
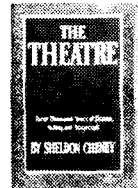
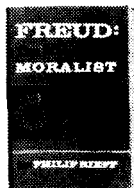
At one jump, therefore, the law strikes at prevailing usurious interest rates to farmers, which range from 20 per cent to 50 per cent for those offering collateral. It prevents the enrichment of a very few large landholders in the district and at the same time makes it possible for owners of fragmented holdings to acquire minimum tracts of seven acres to operate profitably. The law has been hailed in Jordan as the beginning of a fair deal for small farmers.

The East Ghor Canal is the most dramatic of several water-development schemes now under way with ICA assistance. Well-drilling equipment and assistance in the last five years have enabled Jordanians to discover thirty-two sweet-water wells in previously arid areas. At the same time, American aid has made possible the construction of a new road system running north and south to carry freight to Jordan's single port on the Red Sea, Aqaba.

Without substantial Western aid, Jordan would, of course, collapse entirely, creating a vacuum in which neighboring states would inevitably



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The Middle East

clash. For this reason, some \$145 million has gone from the United States to sustain Jordan's government since 1952. The aim of U.S. aid is to make the country more productive and less dependent on foreign aid than it has been during the past ten years.

A third river project, on the Litani in Lebanon, is under way again after interruption during the civil conflict of 1958. The emphasis on the Litani is on power development to relieve a chronic shortage. A \$27-million loan from the World Bank was granted in 1955. Since then, both technical and political difficulties have delayed its progress. Here, as throughout its economic system, Lebanon has paid a heavy price for the internal struggle which nearly split the country.

Compensating the refugees

The sense of urgency about getting on with economic improvements, and particularly with water development, gives a more hopeful tone to Middle East news, in spite of general anxiety over political developments. Next to the common concern over Iraq's fate is a renewed public interest in the Arab refugee question. This came to a head with the publication last summer of a report by Secretary-General Hammarskjöld on the refugee question. His recommendation that UNRWA be continued included an outline of the projected costs of any possible future settlement of the refugees anywhere in the region. He arrived at a figure of some one and a half to two billion dollars, which would be required in the next five years from outside the area in order to speed up its economic growth on a regional basis to a point where better employment opportunities could be created to attract refugees. In essence, he suggested that such general economic development would be a necessary precondition to resettlement, if the refugees could ever be persuaded to accept it.

This emphasis on the actual costs of resettlement, even in theory, sounded an alarm throughout the

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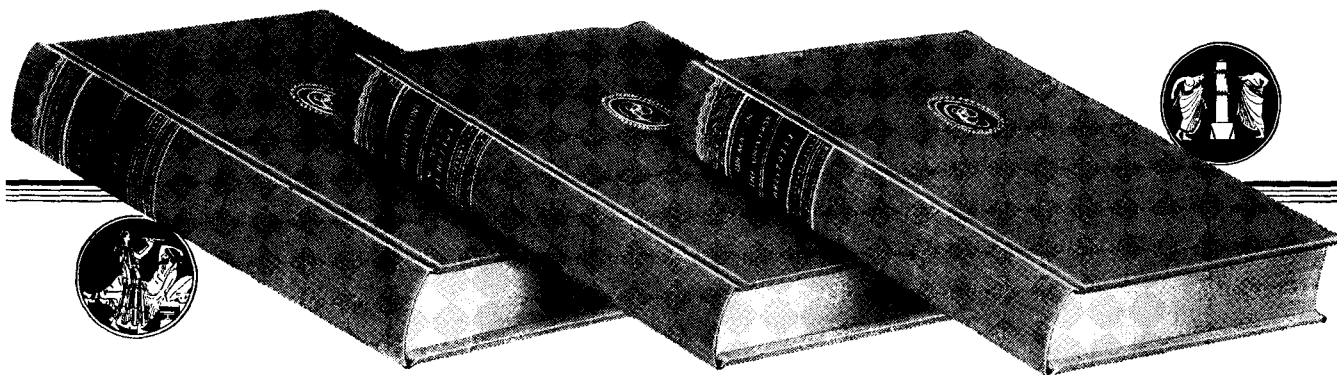
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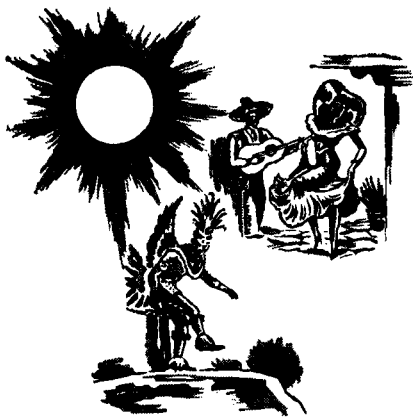
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The Middle East

Arab world and stimulated a united and uncompromising response. The Arab argument was addressed to the Secretary-General in October in a letter signed by representatives of ten Arab states. Conceding that the Secretary-General had in no way disregarded the existing body of UN resolutions which affirm the rights of the refugees to choose between repatriation and compensation, the Arab spokesmen came out strongly on the compensation issue. They stressed the failure of the UN to carry out its resolutions and suggested that UNRWA's load could be greatly reduced if Palestinians who owned property before partition could now receive full compensation, including income which such properties earned during the last ten years. Such income should be turned over to the UN Conciliation Commission for Palestine, which was established for that purpose.

UNRWA would then not need to beg annually for funds to keep the refugees alive, and some measure of justice would at last be achieved. Meanwhile, the Arabs emphatically reaffirmed their reliance on the letter of the standing resolutions which call for repatriation and compensation.

To date, the Conciliation Commission has succeeded in two of its assigned tasks. It has, as of June, arranged the release by Israel of some 2,781,164 Israeli pounds in blocked bank accounts to refugees. Transfer of other valuables has been insignificant in amount, partly because of the failure of refugee owners to apply for them. The commission has also identified 450,000 properties as those of former Palestinian owners from official mandate records. However, no machinery for compensation of these absentee owners has been set up, as the current Arab complaint emphasizes.

The question arises as to whether this complaint, with its emphasis on compensation, may not reopen the door to negotiation about properties, which could in fact lead to a reduction in tension over the whole

refugee issue. Some such possibility appears between the lines of President Nasser's offer to accept UN good offices in negotiating all standing resolutions on Palestine and on Suez, an offer which apparently still stands.

Relief for another decade

Meanwhile, UNRWA's relief operations have had to be extended officially for another three years in order to prevent the explosion which would follow their abandonment. UNRWA's director, John H. Davis, has admitted that the agency may be needed for another ten years. Most informed observers agree. Within its charter, UNRWA has accomplished such specific steps as getting those in camps out of tents and into huts. Its distribution services have never failed, even in times of acute trouble. And it has managed to prevent any major epidemics, riots, or mass demonstrations, which could touch off a general conflagration.

Mr. Davis credits the Arab host countries with contributing tangible and intangible services, amounting to about \$10 million a year, to keep the refugee situation stabilized. He hopes in the coming year to increase UNRWA's stabilizing influence by expanding some of its complementary functions. These are vocational training, for which demand is growing, university scholarships, and individual loans and grants to refugees able to start small enterprises. Of all the refugee population, the 30,000 people who reach maturity each year for whom there are no jobs cause the agency the greatest anxiety.

Entangled with the refugee question is that of passage through the Suez Canal for Israeli cargoes. Egypt's present argument that it is still in a state of war with Israel rests on the legalistic grounds that Israel denounced the existing armistice at the time of its attack on Sinai in 1956. The latest Israeli response to the blockade has been to lobby strenuously in Washington against a World Bank loan to Egypt for widening and improving the canal.

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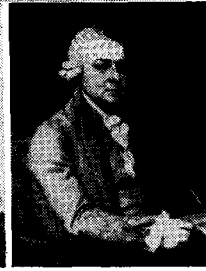
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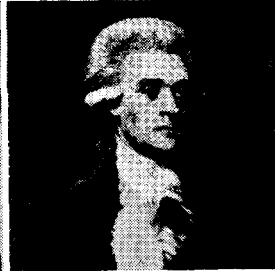
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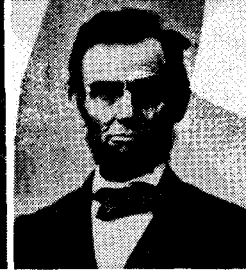
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IN GREAT BRITAIN the most striking thing about the beginning of the new decade is its incredibly liberal air. For instance, the Tory Party, the traditional party of empire, is now anxiously and urgently seeking what must be a liberal solution to the remaining problems of colonial Central Africa. What makes liberality imperative is the likely impact on the whole of Africa of the emergence later this year of Nigeria as an independent native African state of 20 million people.

Furthermore, this traditionally protectionist party, in charge of a highly protected state, secure in an unprecedented third term and an unequaled prosperity, with trade in surplus and the nation's output up 9 per cent in a year, is driving or being driven toward free trade.

The height of Britain's tariff wall has been the forgotten, and has emerged now as the dominant, factor in the situation. Britain's tariff against foreign cars, for example, in theory is three times as high as America's, and in practice, because the sales tax is charged on the tariff as well as on the price of the car, is four and a half times as high. When the Common Market's common tariff comes into operation, Britain will have the highest "most favored nation" tariff of all the large European countries.

Public discussions of differences between the Six and the Seven — between France and Germany's Common Market and Britain's Free Trade Association — have in the past largely centered around Britain's Commonwealth preferences. Now, with the changed world situation, the chief advantage Britain could gain out of an all-European union on its own terms would not be these preferences but the right to maintain higher barriers than others against competition from outside Europe.

This is a situation that is unlikely to last. Britain will have to alter the terms it offers France and Germany for association and the United States for partnership. France dug in its heels even before this became apparent. Now De

Gaulle and Adenauer have joined to make the Common Market, excluding Britain, irreversible. Their aims are political. To them the Seven appear either as a diversion or a threat. The best they are willing to do economically, if Britain will not join them, is to go toward a further general liberalization of trade, through GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade).

This attitude intensifies the challenge to Britain to reconsider its own tariffs. Formation of the Seven — Britain, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria, and Portugal — was intended to make it easier to build a bridge between the two parts of free Europe. Some kind of bridge is even more important to the rest of the Seven than to Britain. Almost half their foreign trade is with the Common Market, and if there is no bridge, they will have to trade over a tariff. Britain's own high tariffs could be the price of a bridge for the others.

Britain relaxes quota restrictions

The apparently inexorable pressure toward a greater liberalism is increased by the sudden disappearance of the dollar gap. The British were for a long time perplexed by America's lack of enthusiasm for the European Free Trade Area. Now that they have a dollar surplus, they understand better.

Besides, Heathcoat Amory has been urging the reduction of British prices. His policy therefore demands fresh competition. If wages rise, imports will be necessary to mop up the extra money and reduce the risks of inflation. At Stockholm, Amory was chaffed by a French observer: "Mr. Chancellor, it is easy to lower your barriers against small countries like Denmark. Are you really prepared to do the same for the big ones?" Amory looked astounded and rather hurt. "Of course," he said, "of course." What was first seen as virtue has assumed the characteristics of necessity.

Britain only recently freed almost all United States goods from quota restrictions. It now seems that there may be quite a market for American textiles, women's fashions, Polaroid cameras, optical instruments, refrigerating and air-conditioning

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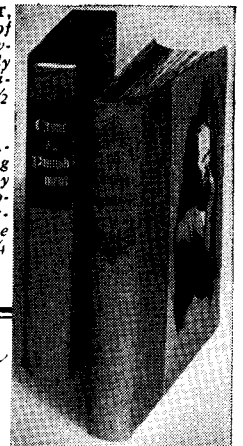
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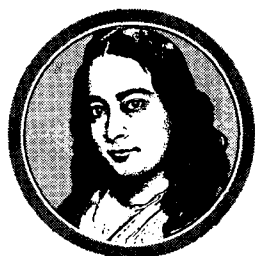
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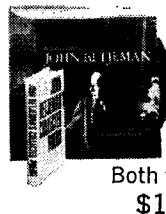
And there are two interesting new aspects to this prosperity. The first is that it marks a dramatic change from old basic industries to new. Coal is no longer basic to Britain. Even shipbuilding may not be in a few years. The truly basic industry is the automobile industry, now producing at the rate originally scheduled for 1962. Its companion industries are chemicals and kitchen gadgets.

The second new thing is the cheerful assumption that prosperity is permanent. It is now generally believed that the Cold War in its

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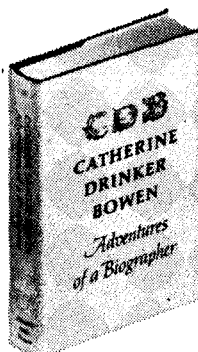
—WASHINGTON POST

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familiar form is over; henceforth it will assume the shape of economic competition. This produces few qualms in a country that knows it is rich and believes it is going to be richer.

Heresy in the Labor Party

Ironically, it is the assumption of permanent prosperity that has been mostly responsible not only for the defeat of the Labor Party in the election but for its irreparable division ever since. Hugh Gaitskell himself can see no great slump ahead. Labor, he says, must learn to live with widespread wealth. If it seeks power, it must stake a claim to improve prosperity and to control it. In a particularly courageous speech to the annual party congress, Gaitskell urged the ruthless excision from the Labor Party's constitution of Article 4, "Nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange." For him this is irrelevant now. Socialism is about progress, order, and justice, not nationalization.

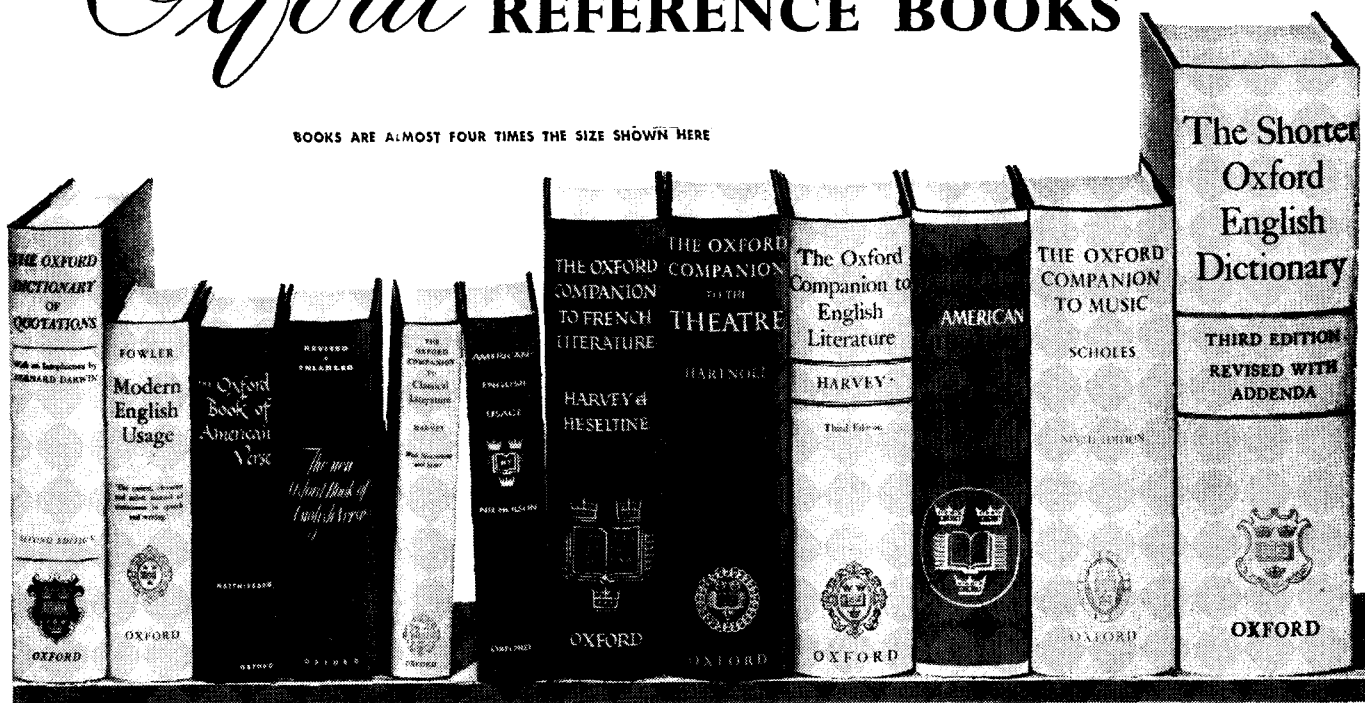
But for Aneurin Bevan, for Party Chairman Barbara Castle, for the ambitious trade-unionist Frank Cousins, and for the vocal Michael Foot, this is heresy. Bevan probably stands beside, although not behind, Gaitskell now only for tactical reasons. Harold Wilson stands alone, waiting. For, to the left, nationalization is not just the means to economic justice. It is economic justice. Nationalization is the essential factor, without which, according to the dogma, the end cannot be achieved.

There have always been these two distinct threads in the weave of British socialism. At Blackpool, at the post-election party congress last year, they parted. In their hearts, all Laborites know the same past pattern can never be repeated, the threads never joined again, at least while Britain is prosperous. Poverty was the twist holding them together.

This is the realization that spurs Jo Grimmond, leader of a Liberal Party at present so small that it can

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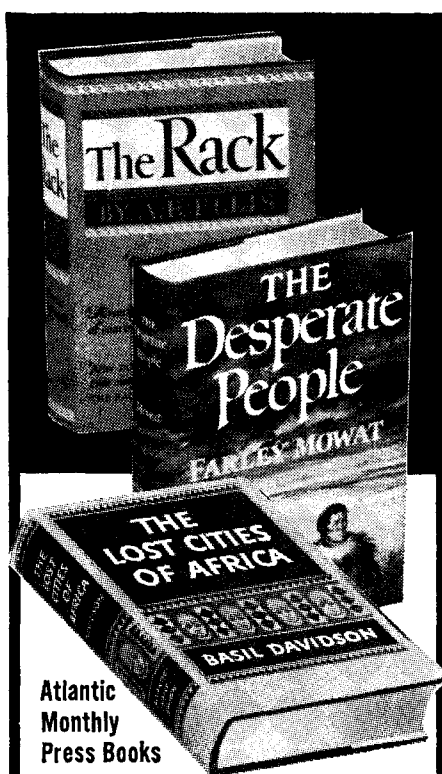
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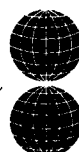
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Report on London



caucus in a taxi on the way home, to make his vigorous bids for the formation of a new, combined Progressive Party, leaving the Marxists out on a limb. And his urgings may seem to reflect the mood of almost half the electorate. But there is one snag. The liberal element of Labor still believes wholeheartedly in planning. The Liberals believe in free enterprise, with as little government interference as possible, consistent with justice. These two cannot easily join ranks.

One way or another, if any strong single opposition party is to emerge, one of the groups has got to change its mind. This may sound most unlikely, even in politics. Yet it could happen. It all depends on whether or not British prosperity is as permanent as they say.

Slowdown in investment

The one worrisome factor about Britain's expansion is that private investment in industry is scarcely rising. The most dangerous factor of all for Britain in the economic division of Europe is that both internal and external investment could be increased in the Common Market at Britain's expense. American investment is already increasing more rapidly in the Common Market than in Britain or in the Seven. Outside of Britain, there are no internal sources of investment in the Seven. And next year, perhaps, while the Seven are shopping less successfully for capital, the gradually increasing effect of a tariff barrier against them in Europe could further slow down their rate of expansion.

Failure to solve this problem could produce, temporarily, the conditions necessary for the reuniting of the divided leaders of British Labor. It could bring another credit squeeze, deflation, and possibly recession. Expansion is vital for Macmillan.

Liquidation of the empire

Equally important for the government will be its handling of Africa. The solution of the remaining colonial problem there is the cause that

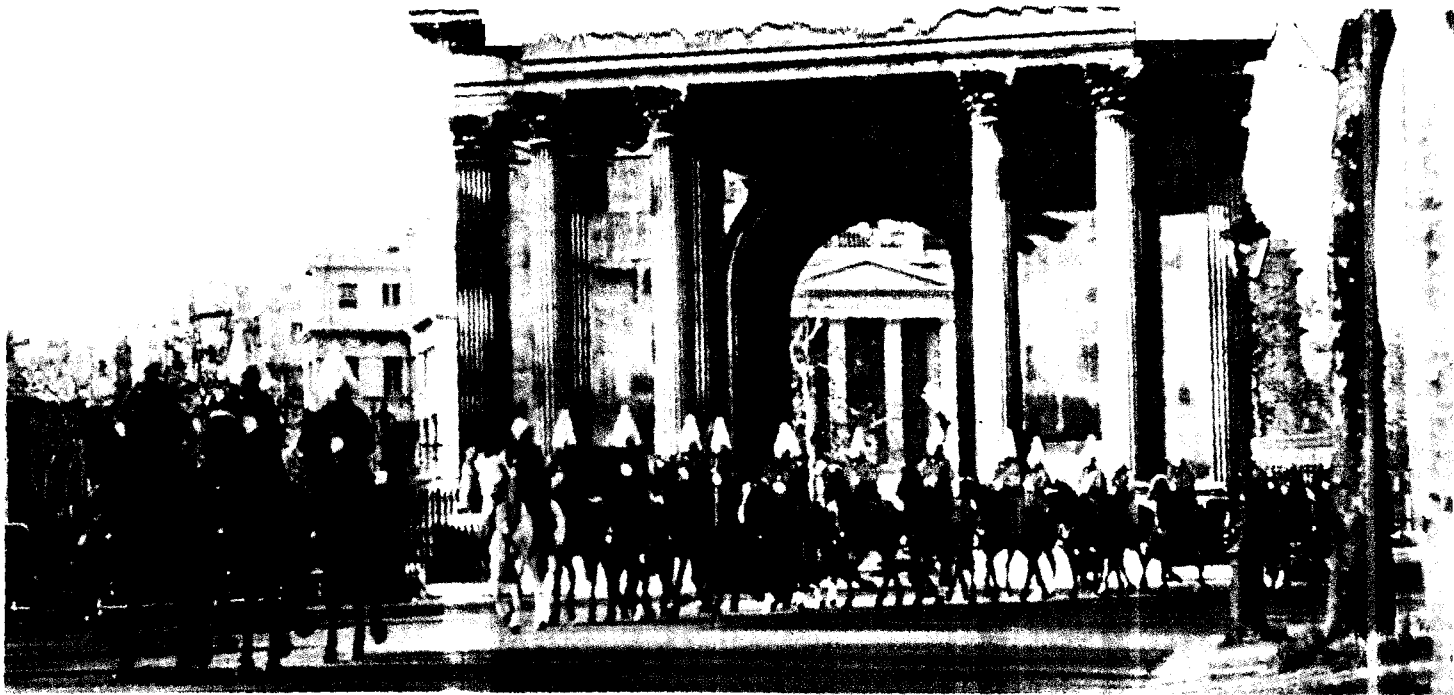
probably stirs the British people more than any other. The four-minute miler and television personality Christopher Chataway, with a compassion equal to his sense of publicity, made the main point of his maiden speech in the Commons a demand for a ban on test cricket games with the national South Africa eleven until Negro players can be included.

The African standard of liberality ascends geographically in measured steps from south to north. Uncomfortably in the middle is Nyasaland, an essentially black territory, a colony with its native leaders imprisoned as a result of an "emergency" declared last year. To the south of Nyasaland are the Rhodesias, to which Nyasaland is federated against its will for a trial period, with Southern Rhodesia strongly attracted to South Africa and apartheid and Northern Rhodesia unwilling to stand alone.

To the north are Tanganyika and Kenya. Tanganyika is about to organize a partnership government with settlers represented but African natives holding the dominant position. Kenya, its Mau Mau terror abated, is at last allowing native farmers into the white highlands. And further still to the north are Ghana, already sovereign and black, and Nigeria, much larger than Ghana.

Labor, suspicious that the Government is ready to face another grubby colonial war to appease the Rhodesias and to insist at any price on the maintenance of the federation, has refused to serve on a royal commission to probe the problem. But the man who has to solve it is Iain Macleod, former Minister of Labor and a genuinely liberal Conservative.

Macleod's political future, and to a considerable extent, Macmillan's future, too, may depend on finding a solution to the problem of partnership between blacks and whites in Central Africa. It can only be found through the discovery of a new formula for partnership. Without that there would be the probability of turning Central Africa into Britain's Algeria. But everybody in Britain knows now that the colonial era is finally over. And most are proud of it.



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The Shakespeare Season of Plays at Stratford-upon-Avon begins in April and ends in November.

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The important thing is to start planning *now*. The sooner you start the easier it is to get exactly what you want.

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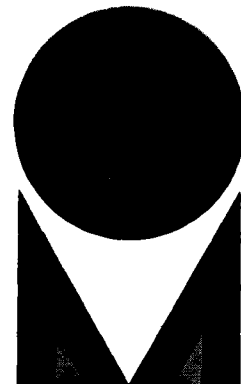
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What is happening culturally in Cuba now is a miracle. You can sense the new confidence in the destiny of this lovely island... a whole new feeling of creative freedom that has resulted in a complete renaissance of the arts. Cubans are responding with enthusiasm. Art exhibits are thronged; the Symphony Orchestra of Havana is flourishing as never before; the modern theater is offering not only original plays, but fresh translations of both European and American works. And, in this new cultural climate, the beautiful modern Teatro Nacional will be the scene of many music and ballet festivals throughout the year. But perhaps the most notable of all is the rebirth of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba. After years of inactivity it is once more on the scene — and magnificently so — starring Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch, who helped her bring new fame to such ballets as Giselle, Coppelia and Swan Lake.

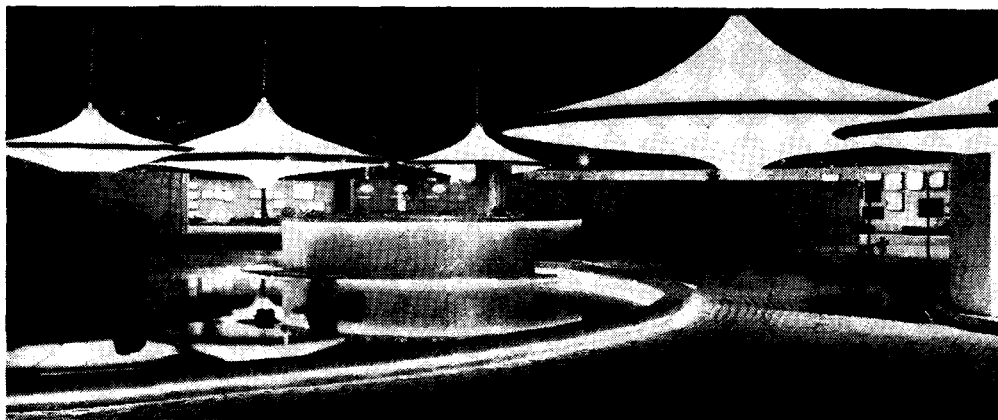
Many honors have been given Miss Alonso, but to this Havana-born prima ballerina all tributes pale beside the thrill of taking part in this renaissance. It is with a full heart that Alicia Alonso dances again in Cuba!

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We would be delighted to send you a complete schedule of cultural events in Cuba for the coming months.

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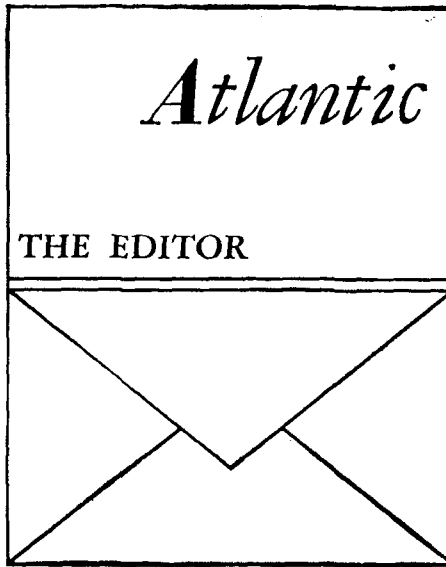


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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The December Atlantic

SIR:

Permit me to express to you my sincere admiration and gratitude for the superb job the *Atlantic* did in its December special supplement on "Red China: The First Ten Years." I cannot recall having seen a more comprehensive, intelligent, and useful treatment of this massive subject. As a teacher, I have advised my students in a course on China to invest in the December *Atlantic*, and in future years some of the articles in this issue will be assigned reading.

LEA E. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Professor*
Department of Political Science
Brown University
Providence, R. I.

Sex and the college girl

SIR:

In her article "Sex and the College Girl" (November *Atlantic*), Nora Johnson has brought to light many of the problems facing the college girl today, but we feel that there are many of us who are seeking, and will find, better solutions to these problems than those she mentions.

The fact that our generation is searching for security cannot be denied, but for many of us marriage to good old Joe is not the answer. There would be little purpose or meaning to our liberal education if that were all that the future held in store for us. On the contrary, it is this education which makes it impossible for many of us ever to be satisfied with a marriage based primarily on convenience and security.

We agree with Miss Johnson's statement that there is no absolute moral standard imposed upon the college girl from without. However,

each individual can develop her own standards, which will determine her behavior in each given situation. Problems such as those discussed by the author arise because many girls are not able to establish such a code of morals, but we wish to point out that there are many who have done so and that the situation is not as hopeless as Miss Johnson would lead us to believe. There are many of us who are struggling to come to grips with the problems of life rather than take the easiest way out.

THREE SMITH COLLEGE SENIORS

SIR:

After reading "Sex and the College Girl":

The undergraduate of Smith
Is often frigid to be with,
But if you start by getting rough
With bona fide cave man stuff,
Be careful not to rip her blouse
Or you may get her for your spouse.

NELSON C. WHITE
Waterford, Conn.

SIR:

The article "Sex and the College Girl" seems to say two things clearly: that Joe is a lazy, egotistical creature who can be won only by Susie's martyrdom to his weaknesses, and that Susie wishes she had been told what to do about sex. Two things which the article fails to point out are: that laziness and egotism are not exclusively male, and that Joe wishes he knew what to do about sex.

Although the question of what to do about sex is universally asked, with appropriate urgency, by both male and female, the answer is always given by a man and a woman who love each other.

Men are superior at being men and women are superior at being women. Susie and Joe, superior creatures that they are, are making their eternal search for each other. Let them be encouraged to ask particular questions of each other and to answer each other honestly, so that each may learn to know and meet his own and the other's unique and magnificent needs.

JEAN POOLE
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

In my experience at Marygrove College and at Fordham University, I can honestly say that every girl had some set of very definite moral standards. And just in case she was a little uncertain about a few points, she had a class in ethics. Conduct during dating, courting, engagement, marriage, and child rearing was closely scrutinized and mentally tacked up in the column of Yes or No. I am not saying that the temptations, the dating system, or the occasions of yielding were any different, but there certainly existed a strong Christian background and a very definite moral code. Any girl in college who has only a couple of rules of thumb must be insensible to her own natural moral inclinations, her inner self, and her society.

LOIS GIRARDOT
Detroit, Mich.

SIR:

As a Smith College graduate, I should like to comment on the article by Nora Johnson. I am not questioning the right of every individual to conduct his life in the way he chooses, but I am questioning the

right of any individual to imply that everybody in the group or institution described follows the same practice. Everybody out of grade school knows something about the facts of life these days; certainly college students are no exception. But knowing how to hold off a too ardent college boy does not commit a girl to spending her whole college course doing it. And, obviously, someone besides the author must have talked. I am reminded of President Neilson's advice when he heard that some Amherst men had said Smith girls were "easily kissed." "Kiss only gentlemen," he advised, "for gentlemen don't tell." Perhaps the boys should be given the same sort of advice. Or is telling part of the game?

MARGUERITE F. MILCHER
Montclair, N. J.

Reading and writing

SIR:

I have had many requests for information concerning the materials we use in our reading program in the Lincoln schools, which was discussed in my article, "Teaching Reading," in the November *Atlantic*.

Our instructional techniques are based primarily on two books, *Remedial Training for Children With Specific Disability in Reading, Spelling, and Penmanship* by Anna Gillingham and *The Writing Road to Reading* by Romalda Spalding. Both authors worked with the late Dr. Samuel T. Orton, who was a pioneer in the field of language disabilities.

The spelling curriculum we use is *A Spelling Curriculum* by Sally Childs, based on Miss Gillingham's book.

I should like to express my indebtedness to the people who have helped make our work a success. They include Miss Gillingham, Mrs. Childs, Dr. Richard Eustis, Dr. Roswell Gallagher, Mrs. Adrienne Rubin, Mrs. Helene Durbrow, and the many teachers who have put this material into use in their classrooms.

ROBERT L. FILBIN, *Principal*
Town of Lincoln Public Schools
Lincoln, Mass.

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* * *

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* * *

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THE ATLANTIC

TWO-PARTY STALEMATE THE CRISIS IN OUR POLITICS

BY JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

Professor of political science at Williams College, who served as a combat historian in the Pacific during the war, JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS has been active in Massachusetts and national politics since his college days. He is the author of ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX, and his new book, JOHN KENNEDY: A POLITICAL PROFILE, has just been published by Harcourt, Brace.

A CENTURY ago, pressures in the Democratic Party were nearing the bursting point. "We are for principles — damn the party!" proclaimed a Mississippi delegate to the Democratic National Convention in the soft Charleston spring of 1860. A Northern delegate, spurning a Southern demand for a proslavery platform, declared, "Gentlemen of the South, you mistake us, you mistake us — we will not do it." The pressure mounted; soon the party burst into pieces. Waiting to pick some of them up was a young, virile party that would capture the presidency behind Abraham Lincoln and hold it, with few interruptions, for seven decades.

A hundred years later, new pressures are coming to a head in our politics and parties. There are clear signs that the 1960s, like the 1860s, will see major transformations in our political life. We need not fear the bloodshed of civil war; still, the American political scene may change as much by the 1970s as it did during the decade of Lincoln and Johnson.

Three things cause the stream of events to cut new channels across the political landscape: 1) intensifying economic and social changes; 2) the new ideas and expectations accompanying those changes; 3) the sensitivity of political leaders to what is happening.

Consider first the population explosion. Barring depression or war, our population will increase by 30 million in the next ten years. Our birth rate has accelerated the process of urbanization. Almost two out of every three Americans now live in urban or near-urban areas. Urbanization will bring profound political changes here, as it did in Britain. Many more Americans will be facing city problems that can be met only through government action. As people move to the outer suburbs, they will find city problems following them.

Inevitably the South must fall into step: the mighty changes there are making it more like the rest of the nation. Negroes are migrating from Southern farms to Southern cities; many of them are moving out of the South and heading North and West. The school desegregation issue may slow down this whole process, but only for a time.

Bigness is on the increase: it appears to be an irresistible tendency in our national economy. The trend toward business centralization is continuing, and perhaps intensifying. The merger of the two great wings of national labor has been followed by union consolidation at the state and local levels. In agriculture we see the supremacy of the big mechanized farm with its hundreds of hired hands. The Organization Man is not confined to corporations alone; he is staffing the bureaucracies of

bigness everywhere. Even churches are holding unity talks at the summit.

Finally, observe the impact of the mass media in nationalizing our political attitudes. The magazines manufactured in New York and Chicago that pour into tens of millions of homes across the country; the role of a single journal, the *New York Times*, that has become virtually a national daily; the editorials and features canned in some word factory and gulped down straight by once proudly independent local newspapers; syndicated national columnists, political or gossip or both — these and other forces are having a pervasive influence on American opinion.

All of this tends to nationalize American politics. As sectionalism declines, as religious and nationality groups are blended into the whole of American life, as the new melting pot of suburbia expands, we are being subjected to enormous homogenizing forces. Many of us will show little enthusiasm for this drift toward national Togetherness; we fear a gray, drab society that rejects not only the unadjusted man but the unadjusted group as well. But for good or for ill, these trends exist, and they will have their influence in the world of the 1960s.

THE trend toward “a mass society living in congested urban agglomerations,” as Walter Lippmann has called it, is nothing new. Why, then, should we expect precipitate political changes in the new decade? One answer is that of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. In a memorandum privately circulated last summer, Mr. Schlesinger contended that two decades of depression, reform, and wars hot and cold had left the American people, by 1950, morally and emotionally exhausted; that the Eisenhower Administration had been an expression of this ennui; that ferment and unrest were now growing, “batteries are being recharged,” to be soon followed by a “breakthrough into a new political epoch.” To confirm this probability, Schlesinger quoted the cyclical theories of his father, who had found that liberal and conservative periods succeeded one another in our national life without demonstrable correlations with economic or any other particular circumstances. “If past rhythms hold,” Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., concluded, “the conservative period should run its course by about 1961–1962.”

Unhappily, an inspection of the cycles worked out by the elder Schlesinger reveals that, while the average length of the periods (defined in terms of the effective tendency in government) was about sixteen years, the actual lengths of the periods varied widely; one liberal period (1861–1869) was only eight years long, and one conservative

period (1869–1901) lasted thirty-two years. Can it be that the cycle of Eisenhower normalcy and quietism will last another decade or more before the pendulum swings back?

My answer is “No,” partly because Mr. Schlesinger, Jr., is correct, I think, in discerning discontent and unrest all around us today, but mainly because of a series of challenges from without. That series was heralded by Sputnik two and a half years ago. It was dramatized by Khrushchev’s warning that the United States might be enjoying the “last years of its greatness” and by his less subtle boast about digging the grave of capitalism. It has consisted of solid, dramatic accomplishments by the Soviets in space exploration, education, transportation, resource development, and other public services.

These events have served to make liberalism acceptable. The expansion of our government commitments has become less a partisan issue, more a nationally recognized need. Each new revelation of Soviet power has been followed in America by a frenzy of soul-searching, scapegoat-seeking, and renewed calls to action. Almost weekly now, businessmen, politicians, educators, and others return from Russia with ominous reports of Soviet advances in resource development, machine tools, basic research. Some of these reports are doubtless exaggerated; some perhaps are special pleading. But they are having a pronounced effect on what Americans now expect from their government.

It is rather a pity that many of these changes could not be accepted for their own sake rather than as merely a counter to Soviet advances. Are not foreign aid, economic growth at home, basic research, better resource development good in themselves? So they are — but not necessarily to most Americans. What is important is that politicians, who like to raise issues that unite people in their support, have found that liberalism has become, for many voters, good Americanism. Proposals that formerly could not be sold on their own merits can now be packaged as “Beat the Russians.”

We are, then, entering the 1960s with growing concern over the drift and inertia in government and the severe lag in our public services as compared with the enormous extent of private spending. There is widespread agreement, cutting across party lines, about our specific failings. The most serious lag is in education; Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Arthur Flemming reports a shortage of at least 130,000 public school classrooms, and one that at the present rate of building would take thirteen years to eliminate. Educational opportunity is still uneven; New York spends three times more on education per child

than Mississippi. Public health and medical services are lagging; 65 million Americans have no coverage under prepayment types of hospital care. Segments of our transportation system are in a state of chronic, and mounting, crisis. Urban blight — congested streets, air pollution, deteriorating housing — has struck deep into the core cities and infects suburbia itself. The condition of rural slums has hardly been touched. The problem of dire poverty is by no means solved; in our Affluent Society, 35 million people still live on family incomes of less than \$2000 a year. We have fallen behind in the conservation and wise development of water, soil, and other resources.

In foreign policy, despite the growing economic effort of the Russians in underdeveloped countries, we have formulated nothing in recent years to match the breadth and vision of Roosevelt's lend-lease program in 1941, the Marshall Plan in 1947, or Point Four in 1949. Militarily, the lag in basic research and weapons development means a dangerous gap between Soviet and American missile power during at least the early 1960s. To make matters worse, government itself — most notably the federal regulatory boards and taxing and regulatory power in many of the states — seems to be increasingly purposeless or frustrated.

And, above all, there are the towering problems of school integration and civil rights. The Supreme Court ruled that its decision be enforced with "all deliberate speed." In the deep South, the possibility of speed has long been abandoned; it is apparent now, almost six years after the decision, that action will not even be deliberate. Only in a few fringe areas of the outer South has there been even marginal action.

It is easy to compile lists of urgent tasks to be undertaken, but why should we expect that anyone besides the usual minority of perpetual worriers will be listening? And yet, evidently a lot of people *are* listening. The breadth and intensity of popular concern today can be measured by a document, "Decisions for a Better America," produced last fall by forty prominent Americans. This 42,000-word report showed a firm grasp of the threat posed by a "resourceful Communist leadership" abroad, of the wide sweep of foreign and domestic problems facing the country, and of the speed of all the changes and their effect on "social relationships." Although the report made the customary obeisance to individual enterprise and partnership between private groups and government, it laid heavy stress on the role of government — especially the federal government. "The Federal Government must do its part";

"the Federal Government must never allow"; "government must aid": the report is studded with such phrases, and many of its nods toward partnership programs simply cloak a call for leadership and money from the federal government.

The most arresting aspect of the report, however, was not its content but its sponsorship — the Republican Party. The report was commissioned a year ago by Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and was accepted last fall by his successor, Senator Thruston B. Morton, as marking a "new and vigorous phase in our Party's history." It was drawn up by four Republican task forces, made up of businessmen, politicians, and members of the Republican Party intelligentsia, headed by Charles H. Percy, president of the respectable Bell & Howell Company, and including White House speech writer Malcolm Moos.

No doubt it was coincidence that, about the time Senator Morton made public the report, the Conservatives in Britain won, for the first time in this century, their third victory in a row. The Conservatives were demonstrating in the arena of practical politics that "progressive conservatism," alert to the needs of a highly industrialized and urbanized nation, pays off in the politician's soundest currency — votes. Modern Republicans had the heady feeling that Meade Alcorn's task forces were charting a political program that could help them hold the presidency for years.

What about the Democrats? Ever since their second trouncing by Eisenhower they have been speaking out nationally through the Democratic Advisory Council. Boycotted by Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson, dismissed by many as one of Paul Butler's aberrations, the council got off to a slow start. But it has grown steadily in prestige and influence, partly because Democrats of the stature of Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Adlai Stevenson are among its members, partly because people seem hungry for more clear-cut party doctrine than a vague convention platform can supply. Today the Democratic Advisory Council speaks squarely in the liberal, internationalist tradition of the Wilson-Roosevelt-Truman party.

The leading presidential candidates in both parties are conspicuously working the liberal side of the street. Senators John F. Kennedy, Hubert H. Humphrey, and Stuart Symington have established perfect voting records according to the criteria of Americans for Democratic Action. Kennedy and Symington recently joined their party's advisory council. And what about Richard Nixon, the Republican Party's front-runner now that Nelson Rockefeller has withdrawn from the presidential race? The Vice President has a way of

confounding those who assign him to some intellectual or political pigeonhole, but he has been behaving like a "modern Republican" and seems to want more vigorous statecraft in Washington than the President has been supplying.

THIS much seems clear amid all the uncertainties of an election year: both national parties will speak with a strong liberal, internationalist voice during 1960. Alarmed by Soviet competition abroad and economic and social lags at home, Americans will respond to leaders who promise forceful national action. The presidential candidates, sensitive to the demands for leadership, will focus on the tough national and world problems besetting the country. The victor will enter the White House next January with a heavy burden of promises to keep. Will he be able to deliver?

The answer is "Yes" for the short run and "Probably not" for the longer run. The new President will be carried for a time by the momentum of this fall's electoral mandate. But only for a time. Soon the mandate psychology will wear off; new problems and new political alignments will rise; and all the old forces of check, delay, and defeat, sanctioned by Constitution and custom, will come into play. In moments of sharp crisis the President can wield vast powers, but in normal times he lacks the steady, assured power necessary for his day-to-day mobilization of the nation's strength.

The crisis of our parties lies here: our political leaders in Washington cannot lead, over the long run, because they have no solid political organization to help summon their forces and sustain their power. What is lacking in America is the crucial link between the nation's leaders and the voters — namely, a party system that offers people a choice between two intelligible sets of alternatives; mobilizes opinion and votes and candidates behind those sets of alternatives; and, in the case of the winning party, both holds the President accountable for enacting party doctrine and helps him to enact it.

We simply do not have parties in this sense. There is a "conventional wisdom," to use Galbraith's phrase, in politics as well as economics, and from this wisdom we have learned that, while our parties nationally may be rather feeble, they are strong at the state, county, and local levels. But this is not the case in present-day America. Except in a few states, such as Connecticut, and a few cities, such as Albany, our parties, as organizations, are futile, flimsy things, shunted aside by the politicians who understand political power.

For some years political scientists have insisted that at *no* level of government do we have a two-party system, for we have neither parties nor a system; but nobody has been listening. At best our parties are mere jousting grounds for warring politicians. At worst they do not exist at all, as in the case of Republican organizations in the South or Democratic committees in many rural areas of the North. The more powerful party machines, on closer examination, turn out to be the personal organizations of local officeholders.

Is this too bleak a picture of party organization? If the reader thinks so, he can try a few simple tests. Is he a "card-carrying" Democrat or Republican, paying regular dues? Does he take part in the affairs of his local party, as he does in the affairs of his church or nonpartisan civic group? Does he contribute money to his party? Does he work for the party at election time, or just for individual candidates? Does he even know the name of his local, county, or state party chairman?

All but a small percentage of Americans — even of civic-minded Americans — would answer "No" to most of these questions. And they would do so without apology. They would contend — quite rightly in most cases — that *their* state or local party is run by hacks, job holders, and even crooks, that the party pros are cool to outsiders anyway, and that at best the party nominates so many candidates of such varying quality for so many offices, high and low, that no good citizen could work in the party organization. There is no point in lecturing to these people from the Conventional Wisdom of politics, of preaching the old sermon "Be active in your party." They see no party to be active in. Far better, they feel, to work directly for some candidate they admire or to join some nonpartisan organization like the League of Women Voters. Even if they could get control of a party, oftentimes it would be like grabbing a handful of water.

This is not to say that parties symbolically are unimportant. Our two major parties do help keep alive two great sets of fuzzy but significant traditions, goals, and policies. Nor do I assert that winning a major-party nomination is worthless; it is worth a great deal, but not as a result of party organization. Our political parties could play a far more notable part than they do, but throughout most of the country they are decrepit and disorganized.

Who, then, does run American politics? Not party leaders, but officeholders and office seekers who achieve power through their personal followings rather than through their party power. These followings are organized around their chief, inside, outside, and across party lines. They are far more dedicated to their leader than to their

party, for they will advance as their leader advances, even though the party as a whole declines. Anyone doubting the power of personal organization compared with party organization can try another simple test: during an election campaign he should stop in at the headquarters of some candidate, and then look in on the headquarters of the local party. In most states, the chances are strong that the candidate's headquarters will be filled with scores of enthusiasts in a setting of wild but productive disarray, while the party headquarters will be the hangout of a few old-timers grumbling over the lack of money, posters, and help. Or note sometime, in a report on campaign finance, the tremendous amount of money donated to candidates compared with the pittance given the party.

THE impotence of party is the main cause of our most serious political malaise: as a nation, we lack control of our politics. For example:

1. As a nation we lack the most elementary control of all—the power to determine who may vote in national elections. This power is left in the hands of the state legislatures, most of them gerrymandered. One result is that we are unable to extend to millions of Southern Negroes the right to vote even for national offices, such as President and Senator.

2. We cannot exercise another elementary right—control of the nation's electoral arrangements. Countless congressional districts are unfairly drawn, but only the state legislatures can do anything about this, and most of them do not want to. For decades we have deplored our antiquated electoral college system and have done nothing about it.

3. We have lost control of political finance. To most politicians, our laws regulating contributions and spending are a joke or a nuisance. Despite efforts at grass-roots financing, the big political money still comes from the fat cats.

4. Our opposition parties do not oppose; they duck or fade away. This is perhaps least true at the national level, but even the Democrats have done a poor job of opposing the Administration. As a party, the Democrats have not known whether to be more liberal than the President or more conservative, more internationalist or

more isolationist. So the party has split into factions, each taking a different line of opposition. Individual Democrats, of course, have been effective critics, but that is no credit to the opposition party. At state and lower levels, the opposition party is usually even feebler, and in one-party states, of course, it does not exist at all.

5. The parties have lost control of the nomination process, especially at the state and local levels. The party primary method of nominating candidates, adopted to democratize the system, allows the responsible party leadership and membership little control over the nominees who will carry the party banner in battle, and hence impairs party responsibility. Men and women who in national politics proudly call themselves Democrats or Republicans often cannot stomach the office seekers who win their party's nomination for state jobs.

6. We lack popular control of the policy-making process. Our splintered parties set up barriers between the people and their governments rather than simplifying the alternatives, clarifying competing party doctrines, and allowing the victorious majority to govern.

7. Teamwork is lacking in government, or, where it exists, it produces only the integration of drift, as is so often the case with the Eisenhower Administration. Ideally, the winning party under a two-party system pulls together the executive and legislative branches in order to deliver on the party's promises to the people, as in Britain. But a fragmented party system cannot do this, because the party factions are at war among themselves.

It is supremely ironic that, just as France under De Gaulle has junked its multiparty system, at least superficially and temporarily, America is entering a most demanding decade with a chaotic, multiparty system of its own. For the bigger personal organizations are virtually parties in themselves, with their own leadership, organization, money, doctrine, and political goals. Can we meet the stiff demands of the 1960s with a splintered, disorganized party system? What leader of this decade will see the possibility of strengthening not only his own power but also his party's power? Could this be done by anyone besides the new President? The answers to these questions will illuminate the problems and the possibilities of the new decade.

(In the March issue of the ATLANTIC, Mr. Burns views the presidential contest this year as a prelude to the even more significant struggle that will break out next year between the liberal and conservative wings of the victorious party.)

THE INSIDE STORY OF



RUDOLF HESS

BY SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK

As First Secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin from 1933 to 1938, SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK established himself as an English expert on Hitler's Germany and was accordingly the man with whom Rudolf Hess had to deal when he made his sudden flight to Britain in 1941. After the war, Sir Ivone was the logical choice for Britain's High Commissioner to Germany.

RUDOLF HESS was a simple, stupid soul with a strong streak of fanaticism and some eccentricity. He owed his high position — second only to Göring's in the chain of command — to his unquestioning loyalty and to the circumstance that he had been with Hitler from the earliest days of the Nazi movement. He had been imprisoned with Hitler at Landsberg, where he took down *Mein Kampf* from dictation. In 1925 he became Hitler's private secretary, and when the Nazis came to power in 1933, he was made a deputy führer and minister.

Hitler rather liked stupid men around him, and Hess was allowed to play a prominent role in the days of peace. He was intelligent enough to master the Nazi catechism, and he could make the stock speeches around the country and appear on the platform at Party gatherings. But when war came, something more was required, and Hess was gradually relegated to the background. This change in his fortunes was grievously wounding to his vanity, and he cast about for means of rehabilitating himself with his Führer.

In this predicament, he conceived the idea of arranging by his own enterprise an Anglo-German peace. To achieve this he had to make contact with some important Englishman. His first step was to address himself to Professor Karl Haushofer, Hitler's closest adviser on foreign affairs, who was popularly but erroneously believed to have some

knowledge of England. "Who," Hess inquired, "are the really important people in England?"

"Without doubt, the dukes," replied the professor. "In England it is really the dukes who have the last word."

"Do you happen to know any reliable, influential dukes?"

"Yes," said Haushofer, "I have met the Duke of Hamilton. He seemed nice and sensible, just the very man for you."

"Good, where does he live?" A Who's Who and a map of Scotland were produced, and the ducal seat was carefully plotted on the map. Unfortunately, the two conspirators omitted to scrutinize the whole entry in Who's Who. Otherwise they would have noted that the duke was serving in the Auxiliary Air Force, and if one thing was certain, it was that he would not be living at home during the war. But with a lack of thoroughness which was un-German, this point was overlooked, and Hess, abetted by Haushofer, concluded that all he needed to do to achieve his end was to meet the duke in person. He would fly to Dungavel and parachute himself into the ducal park.

He accordingly instructed his friend Willy Messerschmitt to prepare a two-seater fighter plane with an auxiliary, detachable gasoline tank. He said baldly that he required the aircraft for a special purpose and the matter was secret. Mes-

messerschmitt did not think it proper to question the deputy führer and complied without demur.

Once the aircraft was ready, it was necessary to consider the question of timing. So long as Germany was winning resounding victories, a peace initiative was unlikely to win Hitler's gratitude. On the other hand, it would be imprudent to approach the English while they were under the influence of their victories in North Africa. The question of weather was also important. After months of indecision, Hess eventually decided, at the beginning of May, 1941, that the omens were favorable, and he instructed Messerschmitt to have his aircraft ready to await him at Augsburg on May 10. In the course of the afternoon, he drove to Augsburg accompanied only by an A.D.C. Here, without a word of explanation either to his companion or to Messerschmitt, he entered the machine and took off.

He first set course for Amsterdam, but before reaching the city turned off toward the North Sea and set a new course for Edinburgh. He arrived off the coast of Scotland rather sooner than he had expected. Also, he had omitted to calculate that in Scottish latitudes darkness would fall later than in Bavaria. So he decided to circle for some time over the North Sea and to drop his auxiliary tank, which was subsequently recovered by a British drifter. At about midnight, he judged it to be sufficiently dark to proceed, and he crossed the coast north of Edinburgh. As soon as he reckoned that he had reached his destination, he tried to bail out, but to his dismay he found that the wind kept blowing him back into the cockpit. He then noticed that the lights on his instrument board had gone out, and he no longer knew his height. He tried to turn the aircraft onto its back and drop out, but he had no means of ascertaining whether or not he had succeeded. Eventually, however, he did leave the cockpit. The next thing he knew was that the tail had hit him in the back. He pulled his rip cord, and the opening of his parachute gave him such a jolt that he became unconscious. He was still unconscious when he hit the ground, but suffered no injury except for a sprained ankle.

WHILE all this was going on, London was being subjected to one of the heaviest raids of the war. The Duke of Hamilton was in his control room at Turnhouse airfield. Suddenly the Observer Corps reported that a Messerschmitt had been sighted in his sector, crossing the coast in a westerly direction. He at first discounted the accuracy of the report, for he knew that no German fighter had sufficient range to get home from there. But a

flight was sent up to chase the German, and it followed him across Scotland. Shortly after midnight, the pursuing aircraft reported that the German had crashed not far from Glasgow, and, everything being quiet in the sector, the duke turned in.

The following morning, which was a Sunday, a message was received at Turnhouse to the effect that the German pilot of this aircraft, a Captain Horn, was in the hands of the Glasgow police and was asking most insistently to see the Duke of Hamilton. The duke attached no particular importance to this message, but the episode aroused his curiosity, and he decided to drive to Glasgow to see the prisoner, who was detained in hospital.

When they were alone, the pseudo Captain Horn declared dramatically, "I am Reich Minister Hess."

The Duke replied dryly that he had never met Reich Minister Hess and was quite unable to say who the prisoner was.

Whereupon Hess retorted, "I can give you proof of my identity." He opened a pocketbook and extracted from its folds a snapshot of himself with a small boy on his knee. "There you are," he said triumphantly, "you can see that this is a picture of me."

Hamilton replied that he could see that the photograph was indeed a picture of the prisoner but that he had no evidence that it was a picture of Hess.

"I never thought of that," said Captain Horn in a dejected tone.

At this point, Hamilton decided that there was nothing further to be done in Glasgow and that he must report the occurrence to higher authority. He accordingly drove back to Turnhouse and flew one of his fighters to London. There he was put in touch with the Prime Minister, who was spending the weekend at Ditchley. At first Mr. Churchill was naturally indignant at being disturbed by what he described as a cock-and-bull story. But he must have had misgivings, for later that night he woke the Foreign Secretary by telephone to ask him to look into the matter. Nothing further could be done at that hour. Everyone went to bed. Reich Minister Hess had been with us for twenty-four hours.

The following morning, before going to the Cabinet, the Foreign Secretary asked the Permanent Undersecretary, Sir Alexander Cadogan, whether we had anyone handy who knew Hess sufficiently well to be able to identify him with certainty. It was always possible that Horn might be a double of Hess and that the story was a plant. I was working at the B.B.C. when the telephone rang and Cadogan asked me in the most casual manner whether I knew Rudolf Hess. I replied

that I did, and he inquired whether I would recognize him with certainty if I saw him. This seemed to me an odd question, but I assured Cadogan that I knew Hess well and could not possibly fail to recognize him if I saw him. Cadogan asked me to come around to the Foreign Office as soon as possible.

On my arrival, Cadogan gave me the gist of the Duke of Hamilton's report. The matter obviously required investigation, and the Foreign Secretary wanted me to go to Scotland at once to identify the man. It was quite likely that he was an imposter, and Cadogan asked again whether I was quite sure that I could identify Hess without any possibility of a mistake. I gave the necessary assurance, though I did have one horrid moment of misgiving at the possibility of being hoaxed by an expert impersonator. I then waited for the Foreign Secretary to return from the Cabinet, since he wished to give me instructions. I was told that I should confine myself to identifying the prisoner, reporting the identification, and taking note of any statement he might volunteer. I was not to attempt more. Meanwhile, a special airplane would be made ready at Hendon, and the Duke of Hamilton would accompany me.

There was some little delay in producing the aircraft. Consequently, it was not until nearly 5 p.m. that the Duke and I were able to leave London. As luck would have it, our slow Flamingo aircraft was not only held back by strong head winds but was obliged to come down at Catterick to refuel. There we were received with a certain suspicion and were allowed to proceed only after our identity had been checked. In consequence, we did not reach Turnhouse until 9:40 p.m. Dinnerless and rather tired, Hamilton and I motored across Scotland to Buchanan Castle, a military hospital to which Hess had been moved from Glasgow. We lost our way in the dark and did not arrive until after midnight. We were met by the commandant, who led the way up winding stairs and passages to what must have been a servant's bedroom under the roof. A door was opened, and there I saw Hess, fast asleep on an iron bedstead. He was dressed in the gray flannel pajamas issued to soldiers in hospital and covered by a brown Army blanket.

Accustomed as I was to the pomp and splendor in which the Nazi nabobs lived, I surveyed the bare room in silence. Then we woke up the prisoner, and after a moment of dazed uncertainty he recognized me and gave me a warm welcome. Two hard wooden chairs were produced for Hamilton and myself, and we were left alone with Hess. Seizing a large packet of manuscript notes, he embarked on a long and evidently well-prepared discourse of Germany's grievances

against England. He traced the history of Anglo-German relations since the beginning of the century and sought to prove that Germany's legitimate aspirations had always been thwarted by the treacherous brutality of British policy. This oration had not reached its culminating point when the Foreign Secretary telephoned to inquire how I was getting on. I left the room to speak to him and was able to say that I had identified the prisoner as Hess without any doubt whatsoever.

ON RETURNING to the bedroom, I found Hamilton comatose and Hess itching to get on with his speech. By 3 A.M. the bundle of notes had almost all been used, and he was evidently reaching the peroration. But my patience was exhausted. I cut him short and summarily demanded that he should define the object of his visit. He replied that it was to convince the British government of the inevitability of a German victory and to bring about a peace by negotiation. He explained that Britain's position was now completely hopeless. We had been expelled from the continent of Europe and could never recover a footing there. We stood alone and our strength must decline, whereas Hitler's would expand with the aid of all Europe's resources, including those of Russia. There were therefore two courses open to us. The first would be to continue our ineffective resistance. But, in that case, he must warn me, Hitler would be very angry, with consequences appalling to our people. Here he drew a vivid picture of Germany's capacity, untrammelled by any warlike operations, to concentrate on an enormous program of aircraft and submarine construction. The aircraft would be used to encompass the systematic and pitiless destruction of our industries and dwellings. The whole island would be reduced to rubble, and millions of our people killed. Meanwhile, the submarine fleets would completely blockade us. Those who escaped the bombs would perish of starvation.

I asked Hess whether Hitler still intended to invade Britain. He looked rather sheepish and said he really did not know. The Führer, who was a tenderhearted man, might be reluctant to expose his soldiers to the sight of so much suffering. On the whole, he was disposed to think that the most likely plan would be to isolate us, destroy our towns, and leave the survivors to starve until the government sued for peace. Even when we had surrendered, it was by no means certain that food would be made available for our famished people. He must beg me not to follow this suicidal course, because there was a way out which promised honor, safety, and a glorious future. He could

claim to be in the Führer's closest confidence, a circumstance of which I must be aware. He was therefore in a position to speak with complete authority, and he could assure me that the Führer, who had always entertained a high regard for Britain and its empire, would be prepared to conclude a magnanimous peace on the following terms: German hegemony on the continent of Europe and the return of the former German colonies; British hegemony in the overseas empire, which would remain intact and would be guaranteed by Germany. Thus, the German Army and the British Fleet would rule the world.

There was, however, one condition to this offer. The Führer, understandably enough, would not negotiate a peace with Mr. Churchill. Hess assumed that, in view of the generous character of his proposals, this would present no difficulty, even with Mr. Churchill. So now it only remained to open negotiations with himself. At this point he produced a dirty little scrap of paper on which he had written the name and number of a German prisoner of war. He said that he would require this man as secretary and general assistant in the forthcoming negotiations.

Except to correct some of Hess's wilder deviations from the truth, I did not interrupt his speech, which lasted until nearly 4 A.M. By that time the duke, who had been unable to follow Hess's German, was nearly asleep, and I was very hungry. So we took our leave and went downstairs to eat a dish of scrambled eggs prepared by the night sister.

It was 6:00 before we reached Turnhouse and got to bed. At 8:30 A.M. I telephoned to the Foreign Office to give a short account of our proceedings. I was told that the government was embarrassed by the whole affair and did not know exactly how to handle it. Meanwhile, it would be helpful in dealing with the press if I could give some local color, such as the type of food the prisoner was eating, what he was wearing, how he was housed, how he was looking, and so on. I answered all these questions, and I remember that there was some public indignation at the news that he had been eating chicken. I was then told that, as soon as the Foreign Secretary was available, I should be given further instructions. I spent the rest of the morning preparing an account of Hess's statement, which I dictated to a charming and competent W.R.A.F. stenographer, who was clearly thrilled at joining the small band of people in the secret. My report was flown to London in the afternoon.

THE following day, Wednesday, May 14, I had still received no further instructions. So I decided

to accompany Hamilton on a visit to H.M.S. *Victorious*, our latest carrier, which had only just been commissioned. On the way we were stopped at the Firth of Forth ferry by a message from the Foreign Secretary that it was imperative that we should pursue our conversations with Hess. I deduced that the government was still in difficulties and wished to be able to say that Hess had not finished all he had to tell us and that, in the meantime, no decisions could be taken. I asked, however, what I was to converse with him about and received the answer that this must be left to my discretion.

We accordingly cut short our visit to the ship and drove on to our second interview. I found that the atmosphere had deteriorated in the thirty-six hours which had elapsed since I had seen him. He was clearly disappointed that nothing at all had been done to meet his reasonable request for an Anglo-German negotiation. But he was friendly enough to us personally and still seemed to have some faith in the ability of dukes to deliver the goods. He said at once that there was one small point he had forgotten to mention at our first interview. Hitler would, of course, have to look after Rashid Ali, in view of what had occurred in Iraq, but that was a detail which need really cause no difficulty. I then asked Hess to tell me how he had got to Scotland, and he gave me the account which I have reproduced at the beginning of this article. I inquired whether he had acted entirely on his own initiative, and he told me petulantly that the project had been conceived by himself and that the only German with whom he had discussed it had been Professor Haushofer.

From this topic we passed to a dreary catalogue of complaints. In the first place, there was the incomprehensible delay in getting to grips with the peace negotiations. This was a very serious matter, since Germany could not be expected to wait indefinitely on our pleasure, and Hitler was not a man with whom it was safe to toy. Secondly, there was the question of his treatment. His quarters were unworthy of a Reich Minister, and, in particular, he must have a less blinding light. He was under constant surveillance, which was humiliating and unnecessary. Medical attention left much to be desired. For example, the doctor who had examined him had done so on a couch on which no clean sheet had been laid. He might have picked up any skin disease. Finally, there was altogether too much noise. He was convinced that the sentries wore heavy boots and stamped about outside his room on purpose to annoy him.

I had noticed that Hess had brought with him a large assortment of medicine bottles, which were

displayed on a table beside the bed. The importance he attached to these remedies and the tone of his complaints led me to ask the hospital doctors whether he was sane. They assured me that, though he was distinctly odd, he was certainly not insane and could not have been declared so. However, whether he was sane or insane, I was not prepared to waste further time listening to his complaints, and I left the hospital.

The following day, May 15, I received a message that I was to have a further conversation with Hess and that it would look better if I were to move from Turnhouse to the local hotel at Drymen. I was getting rather tired of my friend, but I had to comply. I reminded Hess that he had raised the question of Rashid Ali and Iraq. What, I inquired, were Hitler's views on Ireland? Hess replied tartly that Hitler took no interest in Ireland and that, so far as Germany was concerned, Britain could do what it liked in Ireland. I then turned to Russia. By May, 1941, we had fairly complete information about Hitler's impending attack on the Soviet Union. I said innocently that German-Soviet relations seemed to have deteriorated recently, and I inquired whether there was any chance that Hitler would lose patience and resort to military measures. Hess replied that it was out of the question. I pressed him again and again, but he assured me that Hitler was a man who stuck scrupulously to his engagements. I got the impression that Hess was so much out of things that he really did not know.

As soon as we had exhausted political topics, Hess reverted eagerly to his complaints. It was clear that he was even more soured than on the preceding day. We went over much of the same ground, in particular the intolerable manner in which he was kept waiting about. There were also new grievances to be heard. He had taken a personal dislike to the officer of the guard. There were no German books for him to read. There was a plot to poison him. I tried to reassure him on this point, with some success, but he insisted that the officer of the guard should taste his food. Meanwhile, the authorities, fearing that Hitler might make an attempt to rescue Hess, had deployed an infantry battalion in the park and had taken steps to impose a strict control on all access to the castle.

The next day, I evaded an interview with Hess, although he asked me to see him. Instead, I arranged to play a round of golf with the hospital commandant. Just as we were getting into the car, we were called to the telephone. Hess was to be moved that night in the greatest secrecy to the Tower of London. We abandoned our game of golf to make the necessary arrangements. At 6 P.M. Hess was placed in a military ambulance

and driven to Glasgow, where he entrained for London. To complete the deception, I stayed in Drymen until the following day.

ON MY return to London, I made a full report, which went to the Prime Minister and to the Foreign Secretary. The Hess affair was still cloaked in mystery, and only a small inner ring of ministers and officials was acquainted with the facts. Shortly after my return, the Prime Minister called a small meeting to consider the next step. He was at first in a distinctly bad temper, because he was afraid that the government might be thought to be embarking on peace negotiations. He cross-examined me closely, and I gave him an account of what Hess had said to me. When I had finished he growled, "Well, if Hess had come a year ago and told us what the Germans would do to us, we should have been very frightened — and rightly. So why should we be frightened now?"

In reply to further questions I said that, while Hess represented no one and was certainly not in possession of all Germany's war secrets, it was possible that he had picked up some useful miscellaneous information from conversations with Hitler and others. This might range over a wide field, such as aircraft and submarine construction and technical developments. I had not been briefed on any of these points, and I thought it might be useful for someone in authority to see Hess in order to ensure that, before he was put away, he had been sucked quite dry. I admitted that he might have no information to give. On the other hand, it seemed a pity to miss even the most tenuous chance of obtaining up-to-date high-level intelligence from Germany. Mr. Churchill did not relish this advice, since it involved a meeting with Hess, which might prove embarrassing. In reply to further questions, I told Mr. Churchill that it would be no use sending me again to see Hess. His mind was set upon meeting a representative of the British Cabinet, and he could be usefully examined only under cover of a meeting which was ostensibly convened to hear his peace overtures. In any other circumstances, he would sullenly refuse to speak. After some discussion, it was generally agreed that an emissary should be sent, and the choice fell on Sir John Simon. On this decision the meeting broke up.

I thought that I had finished with Hess, and a few days later I traveled to Ireland, where I had urgent business in connection with my property. I had been at home only a few hours when I received a telegram from the Foreign Office instructing me to come back at once. In London I

was told that Hess had been moved from the Tower to a house near Aldershot and that I was to accompany Simon there. It was absolutely essential that no one should know that a minister had seen Hess. In consequence, it had been decided that Sir John Simon and I should assume the names of Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Mackenzie, who would be described to the guard as two well-known psychiatrists. We would be received by two specially detailed German-speaking officers, who were in on the secret, but nobody else would be informed.

When the day came, I called for Sir John Simon at Sunningdale, and we motored on to Aldershot. The villa in which Hess was housed had been surrounded by a barbed-wire stockade, and we established our identity as the psychiatrists to the satisfaction of the guards, who were expecting us. They seemed to see nothing familiar in the features of Dr. Guthrie. We drew up at the door and were met by the two special officers, both of whom I already knew. They explained that the plan was for us to have lunch first, alone with them, after which the meeting with Hess would take place — if, indeed, it could take place. Hess was apparently in an odd frame of mind. He had for some time been looking forward to the meeting which would at last fulfill all the expectations with which he had set out from Germany. In order to add weight to the occasion, he had decided to dress in his uniform. He had, however, that morning displayed a sudden lack of confidence in his own ability to take on a man of Simon's stature. In consequence, he had childishly declared that he felt unwell and did not propose to get up. He was now in bed, but every effort would be made to produce him after lunch.

This news seemed to show that Hess's mental state had deteriorated since I had seen him in Scotland. The officers were mortified at the behavior of their charge but said that he might well change his mind. So we ate our lunch quietly, discussed the best method of broaching intelligence matters with Hess, and sat down to await developments. After some time, one of the officers came down with the news that Hess was getting up. Shortly afterward, word reached us that he was ready, and we were taken upstairs to a room in which a little conference table had been prepared. On the way, I noticed that the top landing of the house had been completely fenced off. The only access was through a door at the head of the staircase. It was through this door that Hess, in despair at the collapse of his hopes, pushed his way a short time later to throw himself onto the ground floor. The attempt at suicide failed, and Hess escaped with a broken leg.

We entered the so-called conference room. Hess was awaiting us in his smart new Air Force uniform and jack boots. Formal introductions were made. He seemed strangely pleased to see me again. We sat down at the table, Hess on one side, Simon and I facing him, and the interpreter at the head. A full account of this Mad Hatter's tea party was given at the Nuremberg trial. Suffice it to say that Simon did his best to lift the conversation onto a reasonable plane. He asked every conceivable question. But it was no good. We abandoned the unequal struggle and went home as secretly as we had come. No whisper of our visit ever got out.

That was the last time I saw Hess. He was subsequently taken to an establishment in Wales, where he stayed until the end of the war. During the war I occasionally had news of him, and it was clear that he was gradually going downhill. In 1944 his letters home became so rambling that the authorities feared that they might justify a German demand for his repatriation under the Geneva Convention. I might have seen him at Nuremberg, for I was invited to the trial, but I refused on the ground that I had already seen too much of the defendants. The Hess episode was one of the oddest in history, and the oddest thing about it was that it was not in character. When the news broke, an enterprising commandant of a prisoner-of-war camp in England summoned a few senior officers and said to them, "A Nazi minister has flown to England without the Führer's knowledge. Who do you suppose it is?" They replied that they did not believe the story. But if it was true, there was one minister in Germany whose loyalty to the Führer made him incapable of such a thing — Rudolf Hess.

In view of the secrecy with which the whole affair was enveloped, it is not surprising that speculation in the press should have run rife. One American newspaper published a long and circumstantial story to the effect that I had not been in Scotland at all but that Hess's visitor had been an important man who had disguised himself as Kirkpatrick. A Canadian newspaper with prophetic insight described me as a famous psychiatrist, and of course my visit to Ireland was regarded as evidence of peace moves. But the best report came from a West African newspaper:

KIRK PATRICK APPOINTED SUCCESSOR OF RUDOLF HESS

London. May 13. Hitler has appointed Kirk Patrick Herr Hess's Chief of Staff as Hess's successor and has abandoned the post of Chancellor's Deputy. The new office taken by Herr Hess's successor is Chief of the Directorate of the Nazi Party.

A
PROPOSAL
FOR
NEW
LEGISLATION

A professor at the Harvard Law School, who was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1937 and who has been increasingly interested in matters of labor relations, ARCHIBALD COX served as chairman of the Wage Stabilization Board in 1952. More recently he was a consultant to Senator John F. Kennedy in the preparation of the controversial Kennedy-Ives labor bill.

STRIKES and the PUBLIC INTEREST

BY ARCHIBALD COX

THE steel strike has precipitated a demand for new legislation providing a better solution to labor disputes which endanger the nation. With the settlement of the steel strike, the pressure will ease, yet we should not put our heads back in the sand. Emergency disputes will continue to press upon us.

In twelve years, the emergency-disputes provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act have been invoked on sixteen occasions. Since World War II, there have been five major steel strikes. Two nationwide railroad strikes were averted by drastic presidential intervention after the machinery of the Railway Labor Act had been exhausted, and a more serious dispute in the railroads now looms over the horizon. East Coast shipping has been tied up five times during this same period. The country has survived each apparent crisis without a catastrophe. But even in management circles, there is wide agreement that the emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act are inadequate.

The boards of inquiry, which are charged with reporting the facts to the President before he seeks an injunction and again after sixty days, have sometimes engaged in useful mediation, but they can do no more. The injunction may forestall calamity by keeping the wheels of industry turning for an additional eighty days. It can take the leadership off the hook if management or union blunders into an unwanted strike, or if the rank

and file compels union officials to sanction a strike against their better judgment.

In the typical case, however, the injunction simply postpones the showdown by relieving both employer and employees of the necessity to bring about a settlement. For example, the steel companies would surely have felt more pressure to make concessions if they had not known that they could renew operations under an injunction. Employees grow more obstinate when put back to work under a court decree. All the disputes handled under the Taft-Hartley procedure, except two, have been settled either at the outset or after the injunction was lifted and the renewal of the strike brought about a negotiated settlement.

It is sometimes said that the real pressure for a settlement under the Taft-Hartley Act comes from the balloting which the government conducts upon the employer's last offer of settlement. A vote to accept the offer puts irresistible pressure upon the union leaders, but the evidence available shows that the employees almost always support their leaders and vote to strike. The political strategy of the referendum distracts both sides, but especially the union leaders, from collective bargaining, just when negotiations are most important. The future, if not the existence, of the union is at stake. The resulting emotionalism, particularly if there is a big vote against the company's offer, may make it even harder for the

union leaders to make the necessary concessions.

In canvassing the alternatives to the Taft-Hartley Act we must keep in mind the dilemma which confronts us. All of us desire three things, with varying degrees of emphasis: to preserve an economic system in which wages and conditions of employment are fixed by private contract rather than government regulation; to give employees effective bargaining power through unions of their choosing; and to avoid the interruption of operations in a business essential to the national health or safety.

It is impossible to pursue all three objectives to complete satisfaction. We can avoid government regulation and prevent strikes—at least in theory—if we are willing to turn over to management the exclusive power to fix wages and conditions of employment. Yet a strike is the only effective way for employees to exercise bargaining power, for it is nonsense to talk about 200,000 coal miners or 300,000 steelworkers individually bargaining with their employers. Theoretically, we can eliminate strikes and safeguard the interests of both employers and employees by substituting compulsory arbitration or government regulation, or we can have free collective bargaining and suffer the interruptions which threaten the national welfare. The legislator's task will be to find the workable accommodation which will bring the largest measure of satisfaction in terms of all three objectives, even though a bit of each must be sacrificed in order to attain the others.

UNIONS AND THE ANTITRUST LAWS

One rather popular solution calls for removing the immunity which labor unions enjoy under the antitrust laws. The Sherman Act was applied to unions from 1890 until 1940, but only to formulate judicial policies for preventing strikes and boycotts which the courts regarded as unjustifiable interference with an employer's business. Even in suits filed by the Department of Justice the courts were not concerned with the size of unions or their monopolistic power.

There is nothing in experience to indicate how the Sherman Act can be used effectively to prevent the growth of excessive union power or to avoid the conditions giving rise to emergency disputes. Indeed, the basic theory and concepts of the antitrust laws are inapplicable to labor unions. The antitrust laws are designed to ensure free markets by preserving and enforcing competition among a sufficient number of sellers of goods and services having such equal power as to prevent any one of them from controlling prices, supplies, or quality to the detriment of consumers. But

labor unions do not compete against one another in the sale of labor.

The Hartley Bill and Ball Amendment of 1947 proposed to eliminate "industry-wide bargaining" (a misnomer for industry-wide unionization) by confining the bargaining rights of each union to a single employee and then forbidding the several company-wide unions to combine or conspire by coordinating their negotiations either directly or through an international union. In the automobile industry, there would be one union for Ford, one for General Motors, one for Chrysler, and one for each of the smaller companies. The same pattern would be enforced throughout the economy with a possible exception for very small firms in a single industrial area, such as the garment shops in New York City.

Obviously this proposal would provide no safeguard against a national emergency dispute arising at a single plant. In 1952-1953, a strike at one plant of American Locomotive Company cut off the entire supply of nickel alloy pipe used in the gaseous diffusion plants of the Atomic Energy Commission. In 1952, North American Aviation Company was the only producer of jet airplanes needed in the Korean conflict.

Breaking up the international unions would hardly affect the course of negotiations in the oligopolistic industries, such as the producers of steel, automobiles, and copper. One could hardly expect each company-wide union to negotiate without an eye upon the others; the companies do not make prices in that fashion. The decentralized negotiations last winter between the major airlines and bargaining committees from the various International Machinists Association locals, which made their own decisions, resulted in a succession of strikes as each company-wide group sought to leapfrog to a higher wage than that of the preceding settlement. The aluminum, aircraft, and lumber industries, where there have been rival unions, have felt the same wage pressures as if they were dealing with one union.

In an industry where the firms are smaller, to break the labor union into company fragments, each of which is forbidden to bargain in consultation with another fragment or a parent international, would affect the course of collective bargaining by weakening the labor unions and destroying a great many. The employees of a single company are too small a unit to support the experienced officials and professional staff required to negotiate and administer contracts effectively. But these are not the industries in which the inflationary wage pressures are serious, nor, except for coal mining, do they experience national emergency disputes. The great vice of the proposed antitrust weapon, therefore, is that it would

kill and maim innocent bystanders while leaving the ostensible targets unaffected.

Even if such a program were theoretically sound, it is impractical. A program of breaking up labor organizations could not succeed without a vigorous effort to break up giant corporations too. We cannot turn back the clock.

FLEXIBILITY THROUGH CHOICE

Many students of industrial relations are now convinced that the best hope for avoiding national emergency strikes, while preserving a large measure of freedom and private responsibility for the terms of the settlement, lies in legislation which opens the door to a wide choice of procedures. I favor this method, but would divide it into two parts: industry procedures and government procedures.

Each industry in which a labor dispute might affect the national health or safety should be admonished by law to create a standing procedure for resolving disputes which will not yield to the ordinary processes of negotiation. This procedure would include private mediation, fact-finding with or without recommendations, voluntary arbitration, or reference to a permanent bipartite board with power to decide by a stipulated majority. There are endless possibilities. The essential points are: first, that it be a standing procedure which survives the termination of regular collective bargaining agreements; second, that it come into play at an early stage in negotiations before positions have hardened; and third, that it give reasonable assurance of avoiding an emergency. The Railway Labor Act should continue to provide the machinery for the railways and airlines until modified, but they should be brought under the second stage of the choice-of-procedures plan.

Experience under the Railway Labor Act, despite recent failures, and in atomic energy installations seems to show that the best settlement procedures are those devised for a particular industry by its own management and labor, taking into account its peculiar background, technology, customs, and needs. The central issues in labor relations have become too complicated to be resolved by splitting the last nickel or finding a happy formula under pressure of a crisis. Consider, for example, the complexities of increasing industrial productivity by electronic devices or atomic energy with adequate provision for human costs and a just allocation of the monetary savings. Reaching a settlement of the work rules issue on the railroads will require complete revision of an elaborate structure, including methods of wage payment, which dates back to 1920.

The new statute should provide that, upon re-

quest of the industry or a recommendation by the Secretary of Labor, the President should appoint a board of public responsibility, chosen from men of experience and high standing in the field of industrial relations, who would serve as the occasion required. Such a board should have two duties: to assist the industry in setting up its own procedure and to serve the functions of an industry procedure whenever there is none. Except for this and the normal work of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, the government should not be brought into the first stage of the procedure.

PRESIDENTIAL INTERVENTION

Notwithstanding the industry procedures, there will always be some critical disputes. There should, therefore, be established by statute a National Emergency Disputes Board, which the President would summon and consult whenever the Secretary of Labor certified the existence of an unresolved dispute which he considered an imminent threat to the national health or safety. The board should be composed of the Secretaries of Defense, of Commerce, and of Labor, and two eminent citizens, one with a background in management and the other from labor, neither of whom is currently associated with parties to the controversy. Clinton Golden and Sidney Weinburg illustrate the type of man required.

The National Emergency Disputes Board should have three functions: first, to arrange a settlement, if possible, or a method of obtaining a settlement without the cessation of normal operations; second, to make all possible arrangements for protecting the national interest in the event of a strike or lockout; and third, to hear the parties and advise the President upon the single question of whether a strike or lockout would do immediate harm to the national health or safety. The hearing not only would deter hasty government action but also would focus public pressure upon the parties.

If the President finds after studying the report of the Emergency Disputes Board that an emergency is imminent, he should have statutory authority to follow five courses of action, singly, consecutively, concurrently, or in any sequence:

1. He might appoint a fact-finding board with power to mediate and also to make public recommendations for the settlement of the dispute.

2. A board of inquiry might be appointed for the purpose of arranging voluntary arbitration, or, if this fails, reporting to the public the blame for imperiling the national health or safety.

3. Since an injunction may be the only way to stop a strike, the statute should authorize the President to obtain an injunction for as long as six

months. The public health and safety are more important than the rights of either party.

4. The President should also have power to seize and operate the industrial property affected by the dispute. Such a step would be as distasteful to employers as are injunctions to unions, but the very aim is to make presidential intervention objectionable to both. Since strikes would be forbidden during the period of government operation, the President should be authorized, but not required, to appoint an adjustment board to recommend any changes in wages and conditions of employment for the period of government operation. The parties would be under heavy pressure to adopt these interim conditions as the terms of the final settlement in order to terminate the seizure, but the appearance and some of the reality of voluntary action would be preserved. The pressure is less than under compulsory arbitration, which I reject, even as an available procedure, upon the ground that it would too easily become the normal course.

In Massachusetts the employer may elect either to allow the Commonwealth to operate the business for his financial account or else to sue for just compensation, the measure of which would presumably include an allowance for the employer's inability to use the strike-bound property. This method of financial adjustment seems to have worked pretty well, but I am inclined to think that the government should also have the right to elect to pay only just compensation; otherwise, seizure might become a sham, a method of breaking a strike without disturbing the management's control or the owner's profits.

The act of seizure is a drastic measure, but it is not a novel remedy. Its use by the federal government began in 1918. It was fairly common in World War II. Several states, notably Massachusetts and Missouri, have seizure statutes. When a business becomes financially insolvent, an equity or bankruptcy court may assume possession and operate the business for the benefit of interested persons. Seizure is little more than an executive receivership imposed because the company and union are insolvent in their labor relations.

5. Finally, the President should be given his most important power in explicit terms—the power to do nothing. Sometimes the parties negotiate agreements very promptly after they are convinced that no one else will carry the burden.

In academic discourse it is easy to argue that the country has never faced a true emergency as a result of a peacetime strike, that the President has ample constitutional authority to deal with a crisis, and that we can best preserve collective bargaining by repealing all legislation applicable to emergency disputes. In my opinion, muddling

through will not meet the challenges of the atomic age and space exploration.

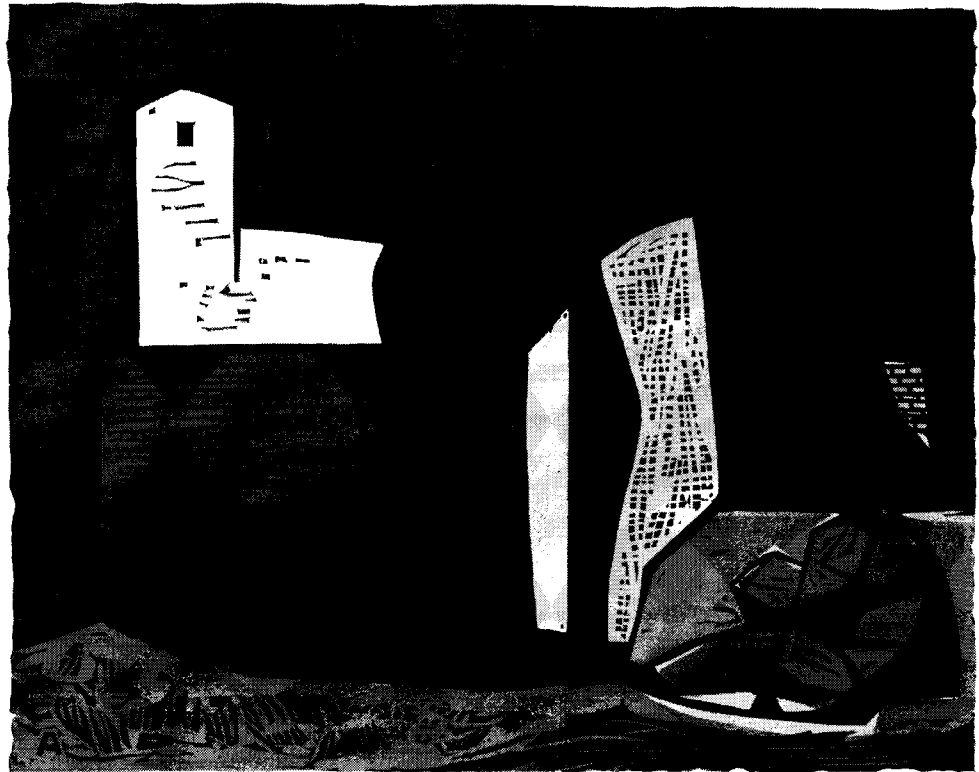
The flexibility of the choice-of-procedures approach is an important asset, but its chief advantage over other solutions to the problem of national emergency disputes lies in the capacity for preserving uncertainty as to the form and extent of government intervention. Any set course of procedures enters into the calculations on both sides, with the result that their negotiations tend to run the full course before the parties buckle down to business. This weakness has frequently developed under the Railway Labor and Taft-Hartley acts; the 1950 coal strike is a good illustration, and history may record the recent steel strike as another. In ordinary labor negotiations, the risks and costs of a strike are among the most powerful factors in bringing about an agreement. The choice-of-procedures approach creates new uncertainties. Some alternatives would be objectionable to employers, others to unions. The stage would be set for active mediation in which the President or his representative would not hesitate to influence the substance of the bargaining nor to remind both sides that his choice of a procedure in the event of continued disagreement might be influenced by his judgment that either party was unreasonable. Thus armed with a variety of weapons, the Chief Executive would probably be spared the use of any.

The policy of the Eisenhower Administration has been to avoid government interference with collective bargaining. My suggestions go so far in the other direction that some may suggest that it would be better to formalize the government's responsibility by establishing a labor court or wage regulation board. Space prevents more than two short observations upon the point.

First, I am convinced that during the next ten or twenty years, in an age in which international tensions, the challenge of space exploration, and an exploding population strain the productive capacity of our economy, we will be unable to ignore the public interest in the substance of collective bargaining agreements. The problems of inflation and automation are only two examples.

Second, there is a vast difference between compulsory arbitration or a labor court or a government wage board and government participation through mediation or fact-finding. The former involve adjudication or regulation supported by legal sanctions. When the government participates through mediation, its representatives may persuade, cajole, and even threaten, but in the end they must secure agreement without the power to command. Thus, the suggested techniques preserve the challenge to creativity presented by the necessity for securing common consent.

*Italian landscape #2.
From a color linocut
by Irving Amen.
Courtesy of
the Print Department,
Boston Public Library.*



DON NICOLA by MOLLIE McCUSH

After her graduation from Scripps College, MOLLIE McCUSH studied at the University of Strasbourg on a French government fellowship. Later, in Paris, she met and married her Italian husband and lived for a few years in southern France and in Italy, the locale of the following story.

I DIDN'T like Don Nicola, he frightened me. Not because he was a gangster, or had been one back in America, but because he shouted so loud. He spoke two languages, English and Italian, both of which he rendered incomprehensible to me. His Italian was not Italian but a glorious hodgepodge of all the varied dialects the immigrants brought with them to America. And his English was no English I had ever heard before. Like so many immigrants, he had ended up not being able to speak any language coherently. During the fifty years he had spent in America, he had lost his familiarity with his native tongue, and during the eight years he had been back in Italy, the English he had learned had slipped away from him.

To the villagers, Don Nicola signified America. For him, the streets of New York had really been paved with the proverbial gold. He had been a millionaire. Often, in the evenings, when the wine had gone to his head, we could hear him through the open windows telling *Petito*, the peasant who worked the farm for him, of the riches that had been his in America — the enormous house with marble bathrooms, the black Cadillac limousine with bulletproof windows and a uniformed chauffeur, and the bodyguard that went everywhere with him.

My husband's family, with whom we were spending our vacation, rented the top floor of Don Nicola's villa on the outskirts of the village. Daily contact with him was hence inevitable. Although there was a separate stairway to the upper floor, it was impossible to go in or out without passing the doors to Don Nicola's part of the house. These doors were open from long before we awoke until late at night. Inside it was always dark. Sometimes I could perceive his shadow in the vast realms of the kitchen, or he would be sitting in cigar smoke in the little hole that served as office and parlor, staring out through the open doors into the courtyard. But he was always

there, lying in wait, or so it seemed to me. He would pounce on me with a roar when I came in sight, forcing some of his syrupy black coffee or syrupy yellow liqueur on me. It was impossible to refuse. Not only because in Italy it is a cardinal sin and insult to refuse what your host offers, but because he simply would not accept a refusal. I had tried, in spite of the danger of thus compromising the family honor.

Don Nicola always wore the same dirty striped shirt and grease-stained vest, the same wide gray suspenders and fraying trousers. Knowing the habits of these mountain people, I doubted whether he had bathed or even washed since he had returned from America, if before. To add to my discomfort, he reeked of stale cigar smoke and wine. It would not be exact to describe him as being always drunk, for, apart from his general bellow and incomprehensible speech, which were not directly attributable to alcohol, he displayed few of the customary signs. However, it was well known that he consumed great quantities of wine. Some days it was noticeable, and on those days I tried to go down into the courtyard only when there was someone else there. Maria was almost always in the courtyard or the kitchen.

Maria was Don Nicola's mistress, housekeeper, overseer, and anything else he could think of. In the afternoons I would see her standing at the well, washing the clothes on the stones with great violence, as was the custom, her back hard and supple beneath her black sweater and skirt, her legs at once muscular and graceful as a dancer's. She was not especially young. She had a twelve-year-old daughter who appeared mysteriously from time to time on Sundays. But Maria must have been a good twenty or thirty years younger than Don Nicola. It is impossible to tell the age of the peasant women from their faces. As soon as they are married, which is in their teens, they age indescribably physically, and the faces they acquire remain relatively unchanged until way past middle age. Having passed her youth, Maria had become ageless. She was not generally considered attractive or desirable. But her swarthy face was alive with a barbaric animal beauty, and when she smiled widely and exuberantly, her eyes and white teeth flashing, she had an electric charm. She would stand, her hands dripping with the slop she was mixing for the pigs, laughing hoarsely at my amazement at the pig's diet (I had always thought pigs ate garbage and corn; these ate an elegant mixture of stewed pears, acorns, and meal), and her *éclat* was frightening. Indeed, she frightened me only slightly less than Don Nicola did. It was an instinctive fear of the elemental and the unknown.

Don Nicola had a wife in America, too, and

sons. But in the village it was told that, in his better days, when he came back to his villa in Italy each summer, instead of his wife he brought a mistress with him from America, and a new one each year. This greatly impressed the villagers. Every summer he arrived in a new American car, at a time when the road up the mountain was not only unpaved but practically impassable to all means of transportation but mules. The car was important to his prestige, as was the mistress, his many public gifts, such as the medical clinic and, finally, the paved roads, and his reputation of private generosity. No one in the village denied that he had been generous. He was a good man, they said. He had given to whoever asked, and in this arid, mountainous region of southern Italy, many asked.

My husband told about the time his mother had decided she could greatly increase the family income if she had a sewing machine. She could not afford one, so she went to see Don Nicola. My husband, then a boy of four and a particularly scrawny, undernourished-looking child, was taken along as a means of moving the great man. The child broke into an unrehearsed dirty song in dialect that so moved Don Nicola to laughter that he gave her money for the machine and extra money for the boy.

Don Nicola was still generous — with us, at least — although his fabled wealth was now only legend. Aside from the coffee and liqueur he forced on us, he gave us apples when they became ripe, chestnuts, walnuts, and whatever he had that he thought might please us. He respected my husband with the respect of the illiterate for the educated and enlightened. He never called him anything but *Professo* — "Professor." In all Europe, but especially in these remote villages of the Italian Mezzogiorno, the college professor is an exalted personage.

"*Professo*," he shouted, whenever he saw my husband come down into the courtyard. "*Professo*, 'Na tazza e' caffè."

My husband hates coffee, but of course he had no choice.

"Maria!" Don Nicola bellowed. "*Caffè!*" Maria bellowed back from the kitchen. He was always very much upset because I preferred to sit on the edge of the fountain or on the steps rather than on the hard-backed chairs he brought out from the house. He could not permit a Lady (a professor's wife) to sit anywhere but in a chair. We sat under the grape arbor and obediently drank the coffee that Maria brought while Don Nicola fumed on in his incomprehensible way about everything from the Italian government and taxes to his peasants and the grapes, which weren't ripening fast enough.

"Crooks!" he said to me in English with a look of complicity. "All crooks! The world is full of crooks, nothing but crooks!"

My husband's comment after these conversations was always the same. "*Pazzo!*" he would say. "He's crazy."

THE grapes never did ripen. I was awakened one morning by Don Nicola's screams and came down to find the courtyard enveloped in fog. Don Nicola was thrashing his arms wildly in the air and shouting at Petito, who was shouting back at him. It had apparently frosted during the night. Maria told me the frost had ruined the muscat grapes, the most prized of the vineyard. From what I could gather, Don Nicola was accusing Petito of not having harvested them in time, and Petito was accusing Don Nicola of not having given him the money necessary for cultivating and fertilizing them so that they would ripen before the frosts. Don Nicola saw me and, raising his arms toward the heavens in a gesture of helpless anger and despair, screamed "Son-of-a-bitch crooks!" With that he stomped into the kitchen and slammed the door. It was the first time I had ever seen the door closed. The rest of the grapes, those for red wine, were cut the next day and pressed. The peasant girls carried the baskets on their heads up the hill from the vineyard, the purple juice running down their faces like sweat, staining their blouses. Don Nicola bellowed orders at them, and they laughed, their faces wet and shining.

Harvesting the many crops on the farm always seemed to take place in an atmosphere of general hysteria, mainly the result of Don Nicola's conviction that his peasants were cheating him — which they probably were, my brother-in-law, Enzo, said. When they harvested the wheat, Don Nicola almost suffered a stroke. At least I thought he would, to look at his purple face. The whole process was done by hand. The grain was cut and tied into sheaves by the women. I was told that it would have been impossible to do it any other way, even if they had had the money and the means, because the wheat was grown on the steep mountain slopes and in the orchards around the apple trees, no inch of the precipitous land being allowed to go to waste. But it was the thrashing that made the tempers boil. The white oxen dutifully strode around on the wheat breaking up the sheaves, but then for days the wind would not blow and the chaff could not be separated from the wheat. Don Nicola made Petito go through the motions of trying anyway. With the gunny sack over his head to protect his eyes, Petito raised the

big sieve in his hands, throwing the grain high in the air, but the wind didn't carry away the chaff and it fell back with the wheat. Finally the wind came, and the harvesting was all done in a frenzy, just before the rain fell. I was standing on the hillside behind the house watching the barefoot girls carry the bundles of chaff down the path on their heads. The hay, wrapped in heavy canvas, made such an enormous heap on their heads, so much out of proportion to their small bodies, that I couldn't believe that they could carry it across the road, much less the mile and a half to their cottage. Then Don Nicola came lumbering up the hill from the courtyard.

"*A do' vai?*" he shouted at a girl's retreating figure. "Where're you going with that?"

"Home." The girl turned from the path and started down the road.

"That's mine!" he shouted after her. Then he saw another girl, who was ahead of her sister and had already reached the bend in the road.

"Those are mine," he roared. "You took yours this morning. Come back, thieves. Mariolo! Mariolo!"

I understood that they were taking, or he thought they were taking, more than their share of the harvest. The girls neither hesitated nor hurried but continued stolidly on their way.

"Petito!" he shouted, thundering on up to the top of the hill.

"Papa's gone home," a third sister said. She steadied the huge bundle on her head with her right hand and, passing directly in front of the astonished Don Nicola, began to wind her way down the hillside path with the steady, sure-footed step of a mountain mule. It was at this point that I thought Don Nicola might have a stroke. Indeed, I often wondered what kept him from dying of a heart attack or something. He obviously had high blood pressure, and he drank enough to drown a horse. He also suffered from some sort of breathing difficulty. He sneezed and coughed and would slap his chest and say to me in an explanatory way, "The bronks. They'll kill me." Occasionally he would be in such a bad way that he couldn't get out of bed, and we would have to tiptoe around the apartment to avoid disturbing the ailing Don Nicola below.

Unable to work the land himself, he had to rely on those he felt he really could not trust. When Don Nicola came back to Italy he had nothing but his land holdings, which turned out to be much less vast than they had been before the war. And what was left soon dwindled away through his own inept management and shortsightedness and through government taxes, petty theft, and sales that profited only the lawyers involved. Now he had but the strip of land where

the villa stood, with its orchards, vineyards, and chestnut forest. This was his only source of income. He could not make it pay, but he had at least to make it feed him.

DON NICOLA had not been deported, I learned. Whatever he had done in America, the law had never caught up with him. His sons had sent him packing. They had hired hoodlums who had beaten him, broken his right arm and four ribs. But with his rhinoceros hide and stamina, he had not died. He seemed indestructible. His sons wanted his money, Enzo said, and they got it. Don Nicola brooded about his sons a great deal, especially in the evenings, when the day's wine had rendered him melancholy and morose. He never gave up the idea that someday they would come and there would be a grand reconciliation.

Once he showed me a picture of one of them. I was sitting in the hard chair he had placed in the doorway for me. "Ah!" he had said, pushing himself up out of his chair with apparent effort. "I show you something." He went to the heavy black walnut buffet, unlocked one of the drawers with a key from his vest pocket, and began carefully setting out stacks of neatly tied papers. From his awe-inspiring manner and the way whatever he was looking for was hidden, I thought it must be a diamond stickpin. He finally brought out a tattered photograph which he thumped down on the table before me. He stood back and said solemnly, "My son." It must have been a graduation picture of some sort. The boy appeared to be sufficiently uncomfortable in his stiff collar and tie, rather like a peasant in his wedding clothes. He did not look like any of the boys I had known in America. I knew it was a great honor to have been shown the picture, which was obviously one of his prize possessions, and that I was expected to comment on it. But all that could be said of this blank-faced boy was that he resembled his father, and I was not sure even Don Nicola would consider that a compliment.

"He looks like a fine boy," I said, cringing at the banality of my own words.

"Ah!" he grunted in satisfaction. "Fine boy!" He took the picture and looked at it fiercely and lovingly. He saw things in it that I did not, naturally, as all fathers do. But there was more behind his gaze than mere paternal pride. There was the primitive ferocity of the peasant's family instinct, the pain of the thwarted patriarch in a patriarchal society. Here where all honor and security depend on one's sons, on their ability to inherit and care for the land and to provide for their parents' old age, no misfortune was greater

or more humiliating than to be abandoned by them.

One night after supper we heard a car start up the long driveway toward the house. Papa opened the shutters a crack and we watched the headlights moving toward us in the dark. "Robbers!" Mama whispered, putting words to what we were all thinking. Having only recently moved out from the village to the villa, she felt she was at the end of the world and had an obsessive fear of robbers. Not without reason, Enzo insisted. There was the famous bandit, Nardiello, who preyed on the roads that came up through the mountain passes from Naples, and his activity kept the villagers' ancestral fear of brigandage alive. And he was not the only one, Enzo would add ominously. The peasants were capable of anything, he said. At any rate, there could be little doubt that no honest person would be coming here in a car at eleven o'clock at night.

"Get back." Papa waved us women back from the window as the car drove into the courtyard and stopped.

"Hello!" someone shouted into the night. "We come from America!"

There was a great silence. "Anybody home?"

We listened in amazement and looked over Papa's shoulder into the courtyard below. Don Nicola tumbled out the kitchen door, in the last throes of a late-evening alcoholic stupor. "*Figli miei!*" he bawled. The rest of what he said was incomprehensible. Two men had stepped out of the car.

"It's Don Nicola's sons!" Mama said in wonder.

Don Nicola's shouting grew louder. The men were shouting too, waving their arms in great agitation. "Rossi, Rossi!" they shouted. Rossi was our name. We looked at Papa. "Get my coat," he said. He and Enzo went down into the courtyard. Don Nicola was swearing now. He waved his arms over his head and then shouted clearly, "Crooks! Son-of-a-bitch crooks!" It had become apparent to us, as to him, that these men were not his prodigal sons. Maria half pushed, half dragged him back into the kitchen. We could hear him bellowing below us like a bull.

The strange men turned out to be distant relatives of Papa's from New Jersey. They were leaving the next day from Naples after a tour of Italy, but had to pay their respects, even at this late hour.

The next day Don Nicola did not appear. He was indisposed, Maria said. He seemed more depressed than usual in the weeks following the incident of the men from America. He didn't shout as often or as loudly. He sullenly watched over the apple harvest from the top of the hill, coming

out of his brooding gloom to shout at my husband, who had entered into the spirit of things and was also picking, gaily tossing the apples into the tin bucket from a distance of four or five yards and unthinkingly but unpardonably bruising them.

The cut corn was spread out on the courtyard stones to dry in the sun, and Don Nicola shouted when the chickens got out and set to devouring the corn voraciously.

The beans were laid out to dry, and when it began to rain he grunted and gasped but did not bellow. He stood in the rain with an old felt hat pulled down over his ears and watched Rosalia, Petito's daughter, thrashing the beans with a stick to remove the shells while Maria scooped them up and into the gunny sacks as they fell.

Maria, too, was more somber. She seemed pre-occupied and had little time to answer my questions, as she had laughingly done before. She had friends, I observed — two men. They appeared when Don Nicola was not there. Often I would see them in the late afternoon, standing in the kitchen, peering out the doorway. Thin, dark, with heavy, suspicious eyebrows and black, sinister eyes, they wore striped jackets in the Neapolitan style but with an awkwardness that betrayed their peasant origin. They would have looked ridiculous had they not looked so evil.

ONE evening when Mama and I were alone, Don Nicola came wheezing up the stairs to our apartment. I was horrified, especially considering his alcoholic content at the time. But Mama, even with her fear of robbers and ghosts and mice, was undisturbed. She sat him down in the kitchen, made him some coffee, and listened to his ramblings. Whatever it was he wanted to tell her, he was very unhappy about it, and I was afraid for a while that he was going to cry. The coffee seemed to perk him up, however. He asked her for "the money." She went into the bedroom and came back with a handful of bills. We watched him reeling back down the stairs. "He'll never make it to the bottom," she said. "He'll break his head."

I thought this highly possible. But he reached the bottom safely, and we both sighed in relief.

"But he's borrowing money from us now?" I asked. "Where did all the money come from?"

"Oh, no. It's his money," she answered. "I've only been keeping it for him so Maria won't steal it. He wanted it all back. He's going to buy something at the sale of the livestock at the Fiera tomorrow. I couldn't make out what."

"Do you think he'll be sober by tomorrow morning?" I asked. She shrugged.

I didn't see him the next morning when we set out for the market place. The doors were all closed. I didn't see him in the village, either, but soon forgot him in my wonder at the braying donkeys, bleating goats, and screaming pigs. The peasants stood silently beside their animals, patiently waiting for buyers. The traveling salesmen from Naples lined the road with their carts and trucks that opened to make stalls, where their wares were hung. The multicolored underwear, stockings, blouses, and sweaters swayed in the wind. The narrow crumbling steps to the upper piazza were so lined with women selling pigeons and chickens that we could hardly pass. They sat on the steps screeching their wares with the birds in their aprons, or stood and flapped them, lively and squawking, in our faces as we passed. On the upper piazza, the women shouted their prices and waved their lettuce. The din, with the noise of the bellowing animals rising from below, was deafening. The press and the stench of the people and animals crammed into the small village square were frightening. The peasant women, statuesque, with their baskets on their heads, were magnificent in their full velvet skirts and tight calico blouses, their heavy leather boots white with the dust of the country roads they had traveled on their way to market. In the far end of the square was a vegetable truck from Naples, its load of red and yellow peppers strewn out over the stones looking like spilled paint.

We left at noon, the church bells thundering in our ears. Even as we turned into the driveway from the road, we could hear the braying cattle and shouting voices coming over the meadows from the village. There was quite a gathering in the courtyard. Enzo and Petito were standing by the kitchen door, their faces serious and sad.

"What's wrong?" Mama asked.

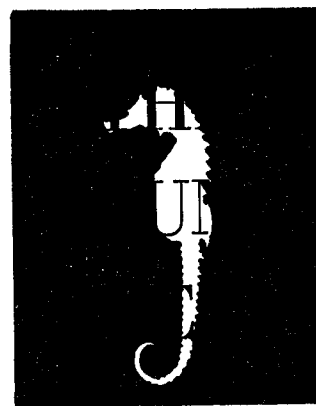
"Don Nicola's dead."

"*Santa Misericordia!*" she said, crossing herself, and began to cry.

"Maria's gone, of course, and so are all the money and valuables," Enzo said. "They stabbed him in his sleep."

From the hill behind the house, I still heard the rumble of the Fiera from the village and the muffled boom of firecrackers as they resounded against the mountains. I looked away from the village, its ramparts and ancient walls set like a crown on the top of the opposite hill, and gazed down into the deep valley of Ansanto, miles below. It lay spread out like a topographical map, bleached by the sun, arid and treeless to the horizon. What had happened? Nothing, really. An illustrious and infamous Italian-American gangster had died — how would they have said it in the newspapers? — violently, as he had lived.

At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we set aside a number of pages in our February and August issues to be devoted to the work of young poets.



FIRST PORT

BY ROBERT BEUM

To the turvy decks in the swells and to love's
port and starboard
we were seventeen and in all ways green
when our maiden steamed in and we harbored
in a peace of poverty over the booming headlands
and the peril of coves;
plain plaid girls resonant with pride were sleeping
when the rumor of our smart destroyer
spread from the watch,
and they woke and chored early to come down peeping
and pass on through that chill dawn and the bright prayer
of Sunday how tan and how striding we towered toward them
as they shivered in the innocence of their catch
and their fathers of curfews sang out against sailors;
past the scallop sloops
in the mewing we climbed the slums in scattering troops
and slanted and shook on the bolt-loose wind in trams
to Sunday parks, panes of shut stores, beer and tattoo
in sawdust cellars
raucous with that voyage into everything new;
blind without neon, hot in the pride of our sowing
in that ruined old
serenity of squalling and sweet backwardness,
we sang our brown going
in the leaping warmth saved in that conservative cold.

IN A COURTYARD

BY ARTHUR FREEMAN

The gargoyles by Saint-Severin
protrude like clothes hooks: you could hang
a sky on six. Or pick out one —
my cloak of musings, snagged thereon,

alongside stoles of piety,
makes me to sit at a plane tree's
crooked knees, and think about
gargoyles — how now each ugly snout,

fashioned to frighten evil off
an age ago, has been rebuffed,
and, battered shapeless, scraped and rubbed,
might sense our century had snubbed

its. Listen, Warden, the winds say
weal and wonder wear away
like gilt . . . the modern doctrine finds
evil only in men's minds.

Devils do not exist any more!
Evil itself is slated for
extinction, as time renders tame
any species it can name.

You statues: your utility's
made art, our curiosity
faith's lonely end. Here, laved in dust,
a cast-iron Virgin blushes rust.

So beasts conduce to clothes hooks. See.
A twist of blue smoke lazily
rises like haze, or soot to soil
the chipped low lip of one gargoyle.

Then, from behind some colonnade
peers, ungrotesque and undismayed,
the smoker. Pin-striped, fat and short,
he ambles through the crumbling court.

GARDEN

BY DOM MORAES

I wake and find myself in love.
And this one time I do not doubt.
I only fear, and wander out,
And hold long parley with a dove.

The innocent and the guilty, met
Here in the garden, feel no fear:
But I'm afraid of you, my dear.
There was a reason: I forget.

And I by shyness am undone
And can't go out for fear I meet
My poems dancing down the street
Telling your name to everyone.

The lichen peels along the wall.
My conversation bores the dove.
He knows it all: that I'm in love
And you care much and not at all.

I shall stay here and keep my word,
And glumly wait to marry dust.
It grieves me somewhat that I must
Speak not to you, but to a bird.

WHERE SWALLOWS SLEEP

BY SUSAN SMITH

where swallows sleep
deep keep the waterways and neap
tide ride slow under —
let no blunder
shatter their domed homes.
oh ship! slip slow
let no wake wake them.

LINES FROM THE LATIN

BY JOY SAVAGE

She is fair young poet she is newly fair
That muse of yours who with her liquid limbs
Embraces all your senses, winds her bright
Bold hair to taunt your wild eyes, turns
your love

To sorrow plowing in your great white bones,
And like a summer burns you back again
To worship in the morning. Hide your eyes,
She whispers in your ear and howls you deaf
With shoutings and with summons. Have you
thought

There has not been a poet old enough
To keep his peace from passion? You will lie
Alone again only when you die.
If then, at that.

Sometimes my speechless bones
Plague me with a longing for a wind
To sing them like a woman, and my soul
Recites a soundless poem in me still.

To My African Friends

This wise and touching appeal to the young nations of Africa was written by ALBERT L. GUÉRARD shortly before his death last November. Paris-born, he came to this country in 1906, where he made a distinguished record as a teacher in various universities, notably at Stanford. He was the author of twenty books, the most recent being FRANCE: A MODERN HISTORY, which was published in 1959, in his eightieth year.

GOD knows it, I am with you; I feel your frustrations and your hopes deferred in my flesh. I pray for your victory. But I do not want your victory to be a defeat for civilization. It is my conviction that, in your devotion to a great purpose, you are tempted to blunder into blind alleys. And many of your American supporters are likewise led astray by partisanship. Because they condemn unequivocally the injustices you have suffered, they commit themselves to whatever action you may take, right or wrong. Loose thinking and warped sympathy will not help you. The end may be defeated by the means. Your cause is reasonable and just; it should rely on justice and reason.

I shall not dwell on the moral aspect of the problem. A forgiving spirit is the core of Christianity, and Allah is the All-merciful. In down-to-earth terms, massive retaliations do not pay. In five years, the Nazis piled up more crimes than the colonial nations in a century. Yet Germany today, without an admission of guilt or any sign of repentance, is our best friend and our most trusted ally. Neither shall I insist upon the ultimate futility of violence; that is too obvious. In all ages, ardent believers thought they could serve Christ by torturing their fellow men; their light was darkness. It was not the terrorism of the Fenians that won Ireland's independence, nor the silly pranks of some suffragettes that won votes for women. Violence is no argument and no solu-

tion; it only breeds counterviolence. As a rule, its apparent triumph sullies and defeats the ideal it claimed to serve. If a Berber tribe swoops down on a hospital created by the Europeans, but for the benefit of the whole population, burns it to the ground, and slits the throats of doctors and nurses, the tribe does not thereby establish its moral claim to independence. In the good old phrase, two wrongs do not make a right. Terrorism is a relapse into the most brutal form of tyranny. As a lifelong student of history, I have come to believe that all violent revolutions, even the most great and glorious, all wars, even the holiest crusades, have retarded human development. Practical men should learn the cruel lessons of the two world wars and understand at last the precepts and example of Gandhi. But my argument will not be on that ethical plane, because I am a teacher, not a preacher. My friendly criticism is that you are committing yourselves to four major delusions, heresies, or idols. These must be exorcized, for they are obstacles in your path.

The first of these is the continental fallacy: Asia for the Asians! Africa for the Africans! Europeans go home! *La valise ou le cercueil* — “pack your grip or fill your coffin.” This seems so crude as to be hardly worth discussing. Yet, as a slogan, continentalism has a baleful power, even over minds that are not primitive. The tyranny of words, empty or weighted, is the first that we must guard against. And continents are mere words,

conventional historical terms. As a continent, Europe does not exist. It is a series of peninsulas jutting out of the huge Eurasian mass. Michelet said, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," and André Siegfried, "Asia begins at the Elbe." As a child, I was taught about Russia in Europe, Russia in Asia, and it did not make sense. Today, the Arab Republic straddles the boundary between two continents. What is there in common, physically or culturally, between the tundras of arctic Siberia and the jungles of Southern Asia, between North Africa, for millenniums an integral part of the Mediterranean world, and Equatorial Africa beyond the Sahara Desert? In judging a man's ability, thought, and character, the continent of his origin is wholly incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. "Truth on the hither side of the Pyrenees," said Pascal, "error beyond." Does truth change color when you get to the Gaza Strip?

THE second heresy is nationalism. It was not you who evolved the idea; you have borrowed it from nineteenth-century Europe. You do not realize — many of us do not realize — that the sacrilegious principle "My country right or wrong!" is recent and that its strength is waning, even though its manifestations are more lurid than ever.

Nationalism was in Europe the prolonged shadow of monarchy. The king owned a domain, with which he was identified: Louis XIV was not merely the state, an apparatus; he was France. Loyalty to the sovereign was man's first duty. Even in matters of religion, "he who rules the land dictates the faith." To the present day, the British pledge their allegiance to the throne and the crown. When Kings failed to provide enlightened leadership, they were cast aside, and the people took hold. Demos is now the sovereign. But democracy preserved the coloring, the trappings, the maxims of the old dynastic state. The nations are still haunted with that ideal of unity, which is natural when one man alone owns and rules the land, but which is an absurdity when millions have won the right to express their own thoughts and defend their own interests; democracy should be pluralistic, not totalitarian.

The national state, like the dynastic, has a domain which it wants to increase, a great seal, a coat of arms, a standard, a sword which must be drawn in defense of a punctilious honor. These symbols and metaphors of yesterday do not correspond with either the eternal verities or with the actual conditions of our age. But empty words and forms are still potent for evil — perhaps they are the chief forces of evil. Men have killed for theological subtleties which they did not in the

least understand. Millions perished to uphold "Blood and the Soil," both dynastic conceptions.

The men of the Enlightenment were free from this delusion of nationalism. Goethe and Schiller were *Weltbürger*; George Washington was proud to call himself "a citizen of the great republic of humanity at large." The survivors of the ancient regime despised nationalism: Metternich was loyal not to the vague entity Germany but to the Hapsburg dynasty. The dusk of the old world blended with the dawn of the new: Metternich did not fall from power until 1848; Victor Hugo, in 1849, prophesied the end of nations and the coming of the world republic.

After many decades of romantic-nationalistic turmoil, the men of the twentieth century have returned to the sanity of the eighteenth — reluctant, however, to confess their error, their heads still heavy with the fumes of the nationalistic intoxication. Woodrow Wilson sought to lay the foundations of world law, and he was hailed as a prophet by the common people of Europe. Wendell Willkie was a symptom, because he was no genius, but a fine example of the sturdy, sensible average man, and he discovered the plain fact that this is "One World." When presenting his Four Freedoms, Franklin Roosevelt chanted as a refrain, "Everywhere in the world." The United Nations he created must be either a lie or the germ of a superstate. It is slowly, haltingly assuming substance and consciousness. But, apart from the still nebulous United Nations, the present pattern of world politics is not national. The People's Republic of China calls itself multinational, which means nonnational. The Soviet Union is not a nation but a cluster of historical and cultural groups with — in theory, at least — a common ideal, and its component parts are not nations any more than our states are. Beyond its boundaries, the U.S.S.R. is seeking to establish ties with many Communist countries. It does not conceal the hope that tomorrow the world will accept its pattern and its way of life.

Ghana is planning a close union with Guinea — not conterminous, totally different in stock and traditions — and beyond that union, a Union of West Africa, a Union of Pan-Africa. In its flight from the evils of colonialism, and the far worse evils of tribalism, Ghana pays hasty lip service to the national idea but immediately proceeds beyond.

On this wider plane of reference, the strictly national model — a tight territory with impregnable frontiers; with one government, one faith, one language, one culture — that unrealistic and unlovely Utopia, is fast losing significance. Leaders of Africa: nationalism is not in your normal line of development. You had a shop-soiled

obsolete model foisted upon you. Many of you jump straight from the jungle trail to the jet plane; there is no reason why you should go through the stage of the early-nineteenth-century mail coach.

THE third idol is that of distinct, autonomous, consistent, organic cultures. This conception blends confusedly with the national. Ideally, it would seem that every culture group has the right — we might almost say, the duty — to form a separate political state. Conversely, historical states attempt, in the teeth of evidence, to create cultural unity within their frontiers. The attempt failed egregiously in the case of the Hapsburg dominions. It is failing in the case of Spain, where Basque and Catalan regionalisms are repressed but not destroyed. It did succeed in France. Before the Revolution, the Bourbons had whittled down, without obliterating them altogether, all provincial differences. The Revolution hastened that process; the heavy centralized machinery of Napoleon almost completed it. The plain duty of Flemings, Alsatians, Lorrainers, Provençaux, Corsicans, Basques, and Bretons was to speak, think, and feel as citizens of France, one and indivisible. The last resistance to that ruthless policy of assimilation was the autonomist movement in Alsace between the two world wars. In Algeria, this kind of integration has manifestly failed, perhaps because it was adopted too late, halfheartedly, and not quite honestly. In America, we call this confusion of the cultural and the political “hundred-per-cent-ism” or loyalty to the American way of life. Anything that deviates from the thought of the late Senator McCarthy is branded as an un-American activity. In other countries, we call it totalitarianism. According to that creed, fostered by many anthropologists, every culture is a living entity. If you attempt to alter the pattern, you wound, and perhaps kill, that delicate and precious organism, the mores of the group, and its flower, the people’s soul.

The idea of cultures has undeniable appeal. It gives pseudoscientific cohesiveness to a set of inchoate passions. And it is clothed in picturesque details. It is amusing to know how the Trobrianders behave, or what the coming of age means in Samoa. But modern anthropology, in its more ambitious moods, has turned into a mythology. This is no aspersion on the fact-finding work of many anthropologists, whether they study Muncie, Peyrane, or the Zuñi Indians.

There may be admirable research, and even cogent thinking, within the framework of doubtful hypotheses. The augurs and haruspices of antiquity; the necromancers and astrologers, who

were still held in great respect at the height of the Renaissance; above all, the Ptolemaic astronomers were learned men. They had a vast store of facts at their disposal, and they could display admirable cogency in piecing these facts together — a skill worthy of the late Scholastic philosophers. But a true science is based on systematic doubt. It must be ready to examine fearlessly and to challenge every hard-and-fast theory instead of merely expounding it. Anthropology, psychoanalysis, and Marxism have yet to achieve the freedom of thought which, barely three hundred years ago, and not without strife, was achieved by medicine. Freud and Marx must be raised to the dignity of Hippocrates and Galen — impressive marble busts with blank eyes.

The myth of organic cultures may be richly adorned with entertaining facts. But, in its essence, it is contrary to facts. Even where the most rigid taboos prevail one hundred per cent, we know they have to be enforced, at times ruthlessly. When there is apparent conformity, we do not know how deep it goes, whether it is resented and breeds inner revolt, whether it is nullified in secret by ironical lip service, whether it is the result of torpid habit, superstition, or conscious, wholehearted acceptance. To take an obvious case, if we hear that the Mexicans are practically one hundred per cent Catholics, that gives us no clue to the realities of their religious experiences. For the same name and the same forms cover the enormous range from rankest superstition to loftiest mysticism, not to mention the most Voltairian rationalism. When, in an admirable encyclopedic book, Max Lerner attempts to define America as a civilization (here “culture” and “civilization” are practically synonymous), his key words are “pluralistic” and “dynamic”: America is made up of innumerable conflicting elements, and these are constantly changing, in various directions, at different rates. A great cultural epoch is one that ignores or deliberately strives to break the established patterns, so as to liberate man. When patterns are set, that means decay — late Scholasticism, pseudoclassicism, the epigoni of romanticism, those of naturalism, and, already, those of surrealism. If the primitives have been for ages the slaves of the same taboos, it only proves that they are groups struck with congenital senility.

If we are told that cannibalism, human sacrifices, slavery are part of the aeonial African pattern and therefore should be cherished for the self-respect and mental health of the Africans, we have the right to shrug our shoulders. Here again, Ghana, the pioneer, is pointing the way. It rejects the native cultures, which are tribal. I have seen pictures of a demonstration in Accra, with banners reading “Down with tribalism!” It is healthy for

man to be ashamed of certain features in his past. Tribalism is not a foundation but an obstacle.

The belief in cultures is a superstition. It is ignoring, or attempting to suppress, the two essential facts in the study of man. The first is the infinite variety of individuals, which cannot be reduced to material patterns: a GI in uniform remained himself. No Nigerian is the exact, interchangeable replica of other Nigerians. Even individuality is not a pattern. Man strives to conform to the picture he has of himself or to the picture he believes the world has, but he cannot impose upon himself rigid consistency. Four centuries ago, Montaigne noted that man is "fluctuating and diverse." The second fact, at the opposite pole, is that mankind, in every clime, in every age, has common aspirations: dignity, security, love, work, and play.

The present revolt of the non-European world is not a secession from mankind, not the denial of free universalism. It is not even the rejection of the European contribution to culture. If Africa is in ferment, it is not because the Europeans tried to Europeanize it; it is, I must repeat, because they failed to do so fast enough, thoroughly enough, generously enough. Africa will not have European mores forced upon it, because the manners and customs of Europe, like all forms of tradition, are a sign of collective arteriosclerosis. It is, of course, not essential that African judges should put on eighteenth-century wigs or that African society should wear tails and a white tie after dark, as they do, or did, in Mayfair. Africa has the right to transcend its own tribalism without adopting ours. And in that quest, there is a spirit, there are methods which are universal because they are human. If by "culture" we mean the striving for self-expression in art and thought — Goethe's conception, and it remains the best — then Europe shows no contempt for the fruit of African effort. Indeed — in sculpture, in particular — Paris and London have for several decades gone to West Africa for their inspiration. A connoisseur from Ouagadougou might well say of Epstein's most characteristic work, "Not bad, but a trifle crude."

THE fourth and most insidious fallacy is that of race. Here we find confusion worse confounded. Both you, my African friends, and your supporters in America are at the same time on both sides of the fence, and neither you nor they seem to realize the absurdity of that position. Liberals throughout the world unite in fighting the color bar. They denounce unsparingly the Dixiecrats and the Boers, segregation and apartheid. They refuse to accept any longer the compromise "separate but

equal." For a fence creates a prison. They do not deny or even minimize physical or mental differences: there are Tom Thumbs and Primo Carneras, "balls of fat and bags of bones," blondes and brunettes. There are blood types. There are fools and smart fellows, knaves and decent citizens, sinners and saints. But the humanists claim that no single trait or assembly of traits can create a priori an insuperable barrier between man and man — "a man's a man for a' that." A man's intrinsic worth, his fitness for a particular task, his desirability as a colleague, a friend, a mate do not depend on those hazy composite figures we call races.

The race question goes deeper than color. From Boulainvilliers and Gobineau to Vacher de Lapouge, from Daniel G. Brinton and Houston Stuart Chamberlain to Madison Grant, another horrific mythology was evolved. A European could be branded as inferior if he were brachycephalic (roundheaded), like the mathematician and philosopher Henri Poincaré; as Gertrude Atherton ingenuously put it, "You can't get away from the cephalic index!" This mythology was exploded, I hope once and for all, by Jacques Barzun. But it has left traces in our federal statute book. Our immigration laws were cunningly rigged up so as to favor the "Great Race," the noble Nordics, at the expense of the undesirable Alpines or Celto-Slavs and of the unreliable Mediterraneans. "This way Hitler lies" — that should be sufficient warning. The cream of the jest is that Hitler was not a Nordic.

Now, in this case, also, you Africans are following a doctrine not of your own devising, and you are adopting it just as it is fast losing caste. Once again, your attitude is guided by the crude assumption that two wrongs will make a right. Because there has been racial consciousness, exclusiveness, and pride on the part of the whites, you want to ape one of their most glaring errors. You should show us the way in transcending race feeling; instead, you are seeking an apartheid on your own terms, no less objectionable in principle than that of the Boers: "Africa [not North Africa, however] for the darkest skins alone! Better be killed by medicine men of our own color than cured by white doctors! Oust Albert Schweitzer, as a last remnant of the hated colonial regime!"

You work yourselves up into a belief that you must not think of yourselves as men but, first of all, as men of a particular color. This is exactly the reverse of what we are striving for in the United States. It is the reverse of what Brazil and France have almost achieved. Brazil is working deliberately for the emergence of cosmic man. The French do not feel virtuous because the quadroom Alexandre Dumas was not only a most successful

romancer but a great social favorite, and his son a member of that most exclusive of clubs, the French Academy; because General Dodds was in command of an admirably conducted expedition; because Governor General Félix Eboué was a key man in the Free French movement and has won a place in the national pantheon; because Houphouët-Boigny has repeatedly been a cabinet minister, and Monnerville President of the French Senate. A man should think of himself as a human being and not as the member of a group, determined, without any choice, merit, or fault of his own, by some chance physical trait.

I can understand your temptation, but to understand is not to condone. Reaction against injustice all too easily takes the form of counterinjustice. The Socialist-Communist anthem, *The International*, proclaims: "The world's basis is going to change. We were nothing; let us be everything." This is a reflex: we were hit, let us hit back. But it is not wisdom. Nor is it realistic.

I was bitterly disappointed by the attitude of Léopold Senghor, teacher, writer, and political leader, who has risen from the tribalism of Africa to the humanism of Paris and who now speaks of "Negro consciousness," of the obligation to think and feel as a Negro. I know him only through his brilliant career. I take it for granted that he is sincere, that his racialism is not a mere political trick against possible rivals. I find something of the same problem in myself. I do not believe in social classes; I praise America and Russia impartially for proclaiming themselves classless societies. But so long as classes exist in the minds of the privileged, I take my stand with La Bruyère: "If it comes to a choice, I want to be one of the people." Africans have the right to tell the Europeans "Mend or end," or, in coarser terms, "Step down or get out." But the alternative must remain open. Senghor's attitude is valid, in the quarrels of the moment, against the French Dixiecrats. It is not valid against those Frenchmen in the tradition of Michelet, Hugo, Jaurès, who spurn the race idea altogether. Senghor belongs with them, and he should be against those who

assert, "My race *über alles!* My race right or wrong!"

I have sought to warn you against the continental, the national, the cultural, the racial fallacies that beset you. Any victory you might win on these grounds will exact a heavy price. It will force you to mutilate your own culture, in the nobler sense of the term, by rejecting natural and profitable cooperation, by overemphasizing minor differences. You will be led into totalitarian tyrannies, for fallacies cannot brook discussion, they must be enforced. It is the truth alone — the quest for the truth — that makes you free.

I am still wholeheartedly with you, because what you are fighting for, under equivocal and antiquated banners, is the great humanistic ideal. First of all, we must reject privilege, for privilege is but a legal mask for injustice. This is but the negative aspect of the universal aspiration for liberty, equality, fraternity. I know these Jeffersonian words elicit a smile. Vague, empty promises, old-fashioned, naïve, fit only for that quaint creature "the egghead with starry eyes." No, they are not blueprints, but lodestars. They are of use only as incentives and guides to definite, practical action. And that action must be immediate, "with all deliberate speed," but it must also be patient, laborious, unremitting. It is easy to adopt a hard-and-fast system, with a proper set of shibboleths, that will excuse us from further thinking. It is easy and dramatic to substitute one tyranny for another, one racial pride for another. For a moment, there seems to be an apocalyptic change of scene; it looks as though "the world were going to change its basis," as though a new heaven and a new earth were at hand. The curtain falls; when it rises again we discover anew the ancient wisdom of Ecclesiastes, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" What we need is no half-demented "Excelsior!" mood, but constant, humble, plodding striving for the right. The right is practical because it is farsighted. In that perspective, the problem is not "Are you for the whites or for the blacks?" but "What is best for men?"



THE LONELINESS OF BILLIWOONGA

BY PETER USTINOV

A born writer, who gives himself to the stage or to mimicry or to fiction as the spirit moves him, PETER USTINOV has recently been acting in Australia, where he found the setting and inspiration for this story, the third in his new sequence.

EUROPE occupies the same position in many European hearts as does a school, loved and hated at the same time. Its habits are irreplaceable, its secret, intimate pleasures cannot be recreated in wider pastures, and yet its stern rules seem to be built on firm foundations of bigotry, its actions obedient to an ancient stupidity. Every twenty years or so, at the blow of a bugle as casual as the chiming of a clock, it is *de rigueur* for the healthy men to go to the railway station and leave for the frontier amid a forest of sad white handkerchiefs and the blare of martial music from the crackling speakers. What frontier? Any frontier, for they shift like the tides; politicians call them historical, generals call them strategic, simple men call them a confounded nuisance.

Jiří Polovička was sick of it. He had been sick of it in 1939, he was sicker of it now. Born in 1904, of a Czech father and a Slovak mother, he had found himself a Hungarian citizen after the end of

World War I, for no other reason than that his father had settled on the wrong side of a river. Eventually old Mr. Polovička decided to move to his mother country, since minorities have their problems in Central Europe. Desiring to travel as far away from Hungary as the somewhat freakish geography of Czechoslovakia would allow, he opened a small grocer's shop in Teschen, a mining town on the Polish frontier. Life was relatively calm until the anxieties of the late thirties, when overnight the whole Polovička family became Polish. Since their entire capital was invested in the disputed town, it was economically impossible for them to emigrate again. Whatever patriots may say when unveiling statues, the threat of starvation is a more powerful argument than abstract sentiments of belonging. Before long, Hitler had made a nonsense of all the finer feelings in any case, and Jiří had not been in the Polish army for two days before he found himself a prisoner

Wood engraving by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

of war among people whose language he understood with difficulty, undergoing gratuitous hardships to the taste of the master race.

A spell of digging potatoes for a kindly Silesian farmer was interrupted with an offer to join a Bohemian-Moravian brigade, which was destined to fill the gaps on the eastern front when the time came. When this offer was refused with great politeness, the German government took it as a personal affront, and Jiří was sent on a visit to Ravensbruck, which was interrupted only after six months, when he was transferred to Auschwitz. The Gestapo made it clear that they considered his masquerade as a Pole a deliberate attempt to deceive them, declaring that as a Czech he was now protected by the Reich and that his engagement in a foreign army had been nothing less than treason.

Luckily for him, they took several years to decide the exact extent of this treason, and so he survived, moving from one camp to another. It was the Russians who eventually liberated him, and he spent some more time in a camp, answering endless questions to the best of his exhausted ability. They found it difficult to decide whether he was a Pole, a Hungarian, or a Czech, and seemed to be skeptical about everything he told them. Eventually they relented, and he returned to a gray, unsettled Czechoslovakia late in 1946.

His father had disappeared without trace; so had his mother. The shop was no longer there. He was forty-two years of age and felt like an orphan, drained of emotion, hard, empty, without the energy for suicide. Self-pity would have been risible under the circumstances. The hibernation had been too long, the wound too deep, too clean. He wanted to walk, to use his legs, to breathe again consciously — in, out, in, out.

For a time he worked as night watchman of a sausage factory. He was used to solitude; in fact he felt lost without it. He was not used to freedom, however, and he boiled himself some atrocious coffee every night, and every night it seemed to him a kind of miracle that such a thing was possible: to desire coffee, and to make it. These were the nights of the slow thaw. Gradually he dared to think. In time, he even dared to doubt. It was like the slow, painful recovery from some accident, an accident of the spirit.

ONE day, when he was ready, he took stock. He believed he had a distant cousin in America. America — the *New World Symphony*, Dvořák — where Czechs could be Czechs under the Constitution. On second thought, he didn't care whether he was a Czech or not. He just wanted to exist,

and perhaps even find a reason for not being a pessimist. He longed for a place totally without traditions, for escape from the hothouse of Central Europe.

A casual remark overheard at work gave him the idea of Australia. There was a map on the wall of the managing director's office, peppered with little flags showing the areas in which the sausages were selling well.

Bulgaria seemed to be consuming nothing but sausage if the map were to be believed. Hungary tended to make its own, but Greece and Turkey were surprisingly good markets. Down there to the right, tucked in a corner, was Australia, virgin land without a Czech sausage to its name, mysterious and far away from the nightmare. The center of it seemed to have no town name for miles. This was the place for him. At night, he used to sit in the managing director's office and stare at this enormous island on the map, imagining the central space, unfulfilled, raw. Where there were no humans, there would be no inhumanity.

One day he knew instinctively that the moment for the great migration had come. It would have been unnatural if he had not developed a sense of impending disaster after his experiences, and now he realized there was no time to lose. Four days after he crossed the Austrian frontier, the Communists swept into power in Czechoslovakia, and once again slogans took the place of conversation.

From the International Refugee Organization in Vienna, Jiří discovered that workers were urgently needed on several hydroelectric power schemes in the highlands of New South Wales. Within two weeks he was on board the Italian steamer *Salvator Rosa*, heading toward Suez and freedom. The sea was calm and friendly, and he stood on deck, a slightly ludicrous figure in his thick collarless shirt, staring at the golden water as though it were a fire, a background for fantasy. He was not dreaming at all, since he had nothing to dream about. He had no imagination about the unknown. Even in the office, gazing at the empty map, he had thought only of the emptiness, not of imaginary landscapes. Reality had been too ferocious for him ever to ignore it, even as an escape. The sun had never been so hot, and it induced an exquisite drowsiness, the voluptuous sense of well-being which dogs express when they find a particularly satisfactory undulation in the ground and blink half-blindly, waiting for sleep to overwhelm them. Jiří was as happy as he had ever been. At the same time, he could never roll up his sleeves because of that number branded on his arm, a relic of the Nazis' administrative efficiency.

He did not talk to the other immigrants. There

were Italians, Hungarians, Germans — you could never tell who was who. Safer to keep quiet. If he bumped into someone, he apologized inaudibly, or if a passenger held open one of the heavy doors for him, he muttered his thanks under his breath. The last thing he wanted was to become involved with some other Czech and wallow in all the bleak miseries, all the premature homesickness of weaker spirits leaving their habits behind them. He wanted to be alone.

In Aden he bought a silly black pillow, his first purchase in years. Stitched on it in colors alternately electric and bilious were a snow-capped peak, its reflection in some uncertain water, a minaret, and a pine tree on a slope. "Souvenir of Aden." He had begun to build a home.

SYDNEY was much larger than he had thought, and he was both disappointed and frightened. Loneliness gripped him as his eye took in the sky line and his ear the traffic, the mumble of industry. Still, he did not stay there long but was soon on his way to the town of Billiwoonga in a large modern coach. His new land was strange, with its reckless majesty, its great green sweep, flecked with light and shade as the pregnant clouds passed in an endless procession from horizon to horizon.

Although the landscape was inanimate, it seemed to be in continuous motion. Billiwoonga, proudly marked on the map in somewhat heavier type than some of the surrounding towns, turned out to be a casual agglomeration of houses in the modern suburban style, reminiscent of married officers' quarters on some remote air base. There was a Gothic church which might have wandered straight from a sad, misty section of London; a sparse little war memorial with one or two names on it remembered by the tiny bundles of flowers in its shadow; a row of shops; a long, low building boasting a wrought-iron arcade with tethering posts, proudly called the Royal Antipodes Hotel; and a very new construction in the contemporary bus station manner, where ex-servicemen could congregate, drink beer, play table tennis, and reminisce. Only the main street was tarred, and that only for a hundred yards or so beyond the town limits on either side.

The work on the hydroelectric scheme was tough, but the pay was good by any standards. He was perhaps a little old for some of its rigors, but the physical effort made him forget his troubles, and it was good to fall asleep out of sheer weariness. It was the weekends he dreaded. This was not like the ship; there was no chance of escaping comradeship here. There was not even a chance of avoiding other Czechs, and soon an un-

reasoning homesickness began to bewilder him, a longing for a country which had only vaguely been his home, and then under oppressive circumstances.

It was a clash of lonelinesses which brought him and Ida together. She was a blonde girl well into the years of established spinsterhood who served powerful tea out of not too clean cups in the Anzac Café, a wooden shed which was cheerful enough, in a slightly desperate way, to emphasize the desolation outside. The bloneness of Ida was not of the kind that people are born with, and her skin was clogged with powder, which suggested a determined counterattack against the callousness of time and the brutality of nature. Her powerfully aquiline nose and the watery blue eyes set comically low gave her an air of some German princeling connected vaguely to international royalty at the turn of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, isolated from her head and stridently unmusical voice, her body was full and generous, as Jiří noticed whenever the copious bosom shuddered over his table. He found it more and more difficult to concentrate on the slender menu.

She was not unmoved by his attentions. Often she would shoot a glance of studied negligence in the direction of this miserable little fellow with eyes the color of dry stones, who was too shy to raise his voice in ordering his tea. His smile was pleasant though, and she liked his walk as he came in, the underslung, jaunty walk of a light man of unexpected strength. The back of his neck had never grown up. It was young and defenseless and undernourished.

After a while, the little smiles, the hesitations over the choice of food, the awkward jokes about his bad English became a habit, and before long they left the café together. He knew from experience when the place closed, and he consequently went for his supper later and later. One day they found themselves on the pavement side by side. It was dark, and she put her arm through his. After a few yards they kissed, both more astonished than passionate. They had both given up hope so long ago.

She lay beside him in her narrow bed, and all her being was alive, craving, warm. When he closed his eyes, he knew that the most beautiful woman in the world was his and that he was the most desirable of men. The illusion of perfection has many levels, and, being an illusion, it is obedient to the mind.

The romance did not last long. They were too old to spend much time dragging a ration of conventional poetry out of the moon's presence on a night too cold for kissing. It was too late in life for them to excite each other with the suggestive words of popular songs, those prefabricated bits of

utility seduction, pumped out around the clock by radio, the people's Casanova. For them were the moments of pleasant indolence snatched around a fire, the crackle of a newspaper, the impact of teacup and saucer, the song of the kettle, the feeling that they had known each other a long time, since youth perhaps — security. Being a woman, however, and a big woman at that, Ida soon began to exercise those driving and sometimes sinister qualities which her sisters Messalina and Delilah and Lady Macbeth had put to effective use in more ample periods of history. Although both she and Jiří had so recently been forcibly content with mere survival, she took their new-found luck for granted much more quickly than he dared to and began to tell him that work on the hydroelectric scheme was beneath his dignity.

"But the money good," he would remonstrate, "sixty Owstralian pound a week!"

"You're better than a mere laborer" was her reply, always uttered with absurd yet dangerous passion. "You got class. Look at those sensitive hands of yours. You goin' to spend your life in that crook tunnel now you've got me? Another Itie was blown to bits only last Friday, nice young fellow with a lovely singin' voice. Small wonder the money's good — the work's dangerous. No, Georgie, you've got responsibilities now, and it's time you was your own master."

What did she mean? He gazed at his hands and saw nothing particularly sensitive there — ten spatulate fingers culminating in corrugated nails. He must remember to clean them. Without arguments, he could only repeat, "Money good."

"Listen," she said softly, altering her feminine tactics with the grace of a locomotive, "you know Aldo Zenoni. He started work in the tunnel like all the other new Australian boys. Then he began patching clothing torn at work. They'd all come to him. He'd do a dinkum job, you see. Then one day he got married to an Irish girl, local girl. She gave him the confidence he was lackin'. That's what wives are for. He left the tunnel and set up shop. Now he's got the Venezia dress and men's wear store in Billiwoonga, with a branch in Canberra selling sweaters to the embassies."

"Yeah, that's one case," replied Jiří, miserably.

"One case? You seen them six-wheel trucks goin' around with that man's name on the door, that Polish man whose name nobody can pronounce? The biggest haulage contractor for miles. How did he start? In the tunnel. Kept his eyes open. Noticed there was a transport shortage. Started with one pre-war truck. Now he's got thirty, brand-new. Or take the Germans. They stick together, like the Jews. Old Heidelberg Cordial factory, Otto's Delicatessen, K. K. Dry

Cleaning, the new garage on the corner of Snowy River Street and Imperial Way, the one that handles the Volkswagen — they're all German-owned, and the owners all came over to work on the tunnel. It's only no-hopers who go on working up in the mountains. 'Cause they make good money, but what they got to do with it? They come down here of a weekend with fifty, sixty, seventy quid in their pockets, and they go lookin' for women. There aren't any. Men outnumber women ten to one in Billiwoonga. You're lucky to have got me, you are. They get shickered, fight, and go back to the tunnel of a Monday dead-broke. I tell you, Georgie, them alecks from the tunnels got a lot of money to spend. That's why the smarties stay in town and open up shop. There's prosperity when you've got a lot of men loaded with money and nothin' to spend it on."

There was no answer to this. It was true.

One day she added a curious note to her usual catalogue of temptations, saying, "I'll have to get you in with the Germans; they're the hardest workers."

Jiří had been in with the Germans before and had no desire to renew the experience, but when he talked, she no longer listened. She had a friend, a little younger than herself but quite as homely, a girl who had also braved the distant provinces in an unconscious search for men with less discriminating tastes. This person, whose name was Floss, had married one of the German colony of Billiwoonga, a Herr Willi Schumacher, now Mr. Bill Shoemaker, an enterprising immigrant who had founded a radio repair shop, to which he had added a sporting goods shop and even a small factory manufacturing carbonated beverages.

It was not long before the ambitious Ida had talked the head off Floss and even succeeded in penetrating the wary defenses of Bill Shoemaker. Her idea was a restaurant which would be run by Jiří and herself on a partnership basis with the Shoemakers.

"I don't like to stick my neck out in a business I don't know," said Bill in his curious accent, half Australian, half North German.

"Did you know the radio repair business when you went into it?" asked Ida with her usual fire.

"I was knowing how to mend a radio."

"Did you know about huntin' rifles and games of Scrabble and plastic dinghies?"

"Rifles, yes."

"And did you know about fizzy lemonades and all those crook drinks you put out? Well, I do know about the caterin' business, and, as for Georgie, he worked in a sausage factory back in Czecho-slavia where he came from. You've got a Syrian coffeeshouse in Billiwoonga, a Yugo-thing one, an Itie one, and not one German one, al-

though you're the biggest group of new Aussies in town. A disgrace, I call it!"

"What a woman!" cried Bill with a chuckle, while Floss looked at her friend with more than a trace of jealousy.

WHEN Jiří and Ida were married, Bill was best man, and the reception afterwards was held in the newly painted shell of the Rhinegold Restaurant. It was a day of elation, although Jiří felt, every time he looked at Bill, that he had seen him somewhere before. The memory was not unpleasant; on the contrary. Bill had a rather agreeable face, a long turned-up nose, twinkling blue eyes, hair with a tendency to curl, and a huge mouth, which was always eager to smile. He was ever ready with a proverb for a given situation, but he chose well from his vast compendium of platitudes, and this extreme quickness on the draw with the correct folksy comment gave his personality a twist of irony which removed him from the body of struggling mankind. It was as though he saw and studied the paradoxes of existence from a point of vantage, and that inspired confidence. Jiří admired such a man.

"I toast our new partners, George and Ida, or should I say, Ida and George Pollen?" said Bill, raising his glass of Australian champagne; and, holding up a hand to silence the enthusiastic clapping, he went on. "I welcome the fact that Billiwoonga, the home for so many from us, will at last have a proper German-Czech-Central European restaurant of quality, where you can gather in an evening and enjoy Bratwurst, Königsberger Klopse, Kasseler Kippenspehr, and all the other dishes we remember and love from our home towns. We will give you quality with value, service with smiles, and I know I can trust you to give us your patronage. I now call upon Mr. Victor Ludlow to propose the toast of the newlyweds."

Mr. Victor Ludlow, who had arrived in Sydney Witold Lubomirski from Lwów, made an eloquent speech about the George Pollens, describing them as symbols of the new Australia, which was rising like a phoenix from the conflagration of European despair, and pictures were taken in profusion by Mr. Bernie Peters, who was born Bratislav Petrovic in Zagreb. Ida found it intensely romantic to be treated as an immigrant, and late in the day she attempted a drunken Serbian folk dance to the accompaniment of an accordion, a fife, and two soupspoons used as castanets. There were tears in many eyes as the party broke up. It had created a little intimacy, a little claustrophobia, in a land which so singularly lacked it.

Business was good. It could hardly be otherwise.

The only problems were the weekend drunks and the licensing laws. Bill had been accorded a license for beer and wines, but the sale of hard liquor in the Rhinegold was prohibited. Still, the lonely would force their way in on Saturdays and Sundays, begging for drinks in their various languages, and it was not always easy to refuse them. Not to break the law could be bad for business. Nobody, except the police, cares for a spoilsport. The Rhinegold could soon afford a three-piece orchestra, which droned through the clink of cutlery as orchestras do the world over, making conversation impossible for those who have it and sparing the necessity for conversation in those without it.

As Monday was a slack day, Bill and George used to go hunting, like gentlemen in the Old World. It was on one of these jaunts that George told Bill of his feeling that they had met before.

"Funny you should say that," Bill replied. "I was having the same feeling. Were you spending much time in Sydney?"

"One day."

"Ah, well, it couldn't have been there."

There was a pause as they scanned the horizon for ducks.

"In Europe maybe?" George ventured.

"I doubt it. I didn't get about much. As soon as the war was over, I was packing my bags and come out here."

"During the war —?"

"No. No, it couldn't be. Why, where were you to that time?"

"Me? Oh," George sighed. "You really want to know?"

"My motto is, Ask no questions, you'll be told no lies."

"I've nothing to hide," said George. "I was in Auschwitz, Ravensbruck, Belsen, Dachau, Mauthausen, and some others."

"You're not Jewish, are you?" asked Bill, raising his rifle to his shoulder.

"No. Why?"

"Most of them poor bastards ended up in the camps, at least so they tell to me."

"Oh, not only Jews."

"No? Well, I only go by what I'm told. That whole time I could have done without. Like pigs they were all behaving, everyone — we, the Allies. . . . I never think of it."

"Where were you in that time?"

Bill brought down his rifle. "Me? Where you think? In the Army. Medical orderly. To Greece they sent me. And North Africa. The flies was worse than the enemy. Then I was getting out."

"How?"

"Ulcers."

"You had ulcers?"

Bill smiled. "No."

George looked at his friend in intense admiration. Even then he had the makings of a great industrialist.

Bill said softly, "You are not spending your time helping out a doctor without you learn something yourself."

IT WAS on a Friday that Ida announced she was pregnant. It was scarcely credible, and yet Dr. Chalkburner, who, as Dr. Kalkbrunner, had been a leading specialist in Szeged, was categorical about it. Once again champagne was drunk, and George made a down payment on a small modern house. He also bought an American car, old but very large. His friend Bill gave him a magnificent hunting rifle when he heard the news. As George accepted the gift speechlessly, he racked his brains for all the kindnesses which he had ever known, trying to remember, trying to place his friend.

The Rhinegold expanded. It now had nearly thirty tables. As Ida's time drew near, extra help was hired. The standard dropped slightly, but people didn't notice. It had been established as the elegant meeting place in Billiwoonga.

Then, one morning when George was already at work, stocktaking, the phone rang. It was Dr. Chalkburner, who told him that Ida had been rushed to the local hospital and that there was nothing to worry about. George called Bill immediately. Bill told him to close the restaurant and that he would meet him at the hospital.

"We can't afford close the restaurant just for this," said George in the waiting room when Bill arrived. "Is Saturday, best day of the week."

"Listen, you're not becoming a father every day," replied Bill. "I remember when young John was being born I was near broke. I was only having the radio store then, and we wasn't make too good a start, but I shut the shop. As I was leaving to come to the hospital, a customer she arrived. I was turning her away."

"All the same — Saturday."

Bill laughed pleasantly. "If the child is being born in the next few minutes, we can open the restaurant tonight. Don't worry about it. Here, I bring a bottle of schnapps, the real German schnapps. We need it." As they drank, George was overcome by conflicting emotions, those of joy and an intense, inexplicable sorrow. He was frightened for his wife. Everything in the waiting room was so functional, so workaday; the weather was nondescript. It was hardly a fitting background for a great, a fearful event.

"What will you call it?" asked Bill.

George was grateful for his tact. Bill seemed to understand the anguish in his friend's heart, and

his words were like steppingstones over an abyss.

"If it's a girl, Ida. If is a boy, Malcolm."

"Why Malcolm?" asked Bill with genuine surprise.

"I don't know. Is a good name. So far from the names we know. When I think on my life, I not understand how I ever came to this position — almost a father, married, with a car and house and a business. Them camps, they was end of the world —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bill, almost harshly, "but don't think of that now. In this Australia of ours, no one has a past, everyone has a future. I never don't want to see Europe again. I know the food's better, the workmanship is better. There's more amusement, there is no licensing laws, but I want a future for my kids which is different from what I was knowing. By the time they is my age, this shall be a place worth living in, and God only knows what Europe shall be like."

"I ask to myself why we always is talk English to one other," said George. "We is both speak German better."

Bill refused to go home for lunch, and as the afternoon wore on and the schnapps dwindled, the relationship between the two men became warmer than it had ever been.

"I will never know how thank you, Bill."

"I need no thanks. You are a good worker, and a good worker is a good partner, and to have both together is good business. We have good wives. They're not beautiful, but beautiful wives means trouble. Wives should be good cooks, good housekeepers, good mothers, good in bed. That's all I am asking."

"Everything good."

"Everything good," echoed Bill.

Just then the nurse came in and announced in a measured, air-hostess voice that it was a boy. Malcolm Pollen had entered the world and, more particularly, Australia.

GEORGE would not hear of closing the restaurant, and at seven o'clock it was open for dinner and crowded. As the evening wore on, the usual drunks came in, begging for alcohol. Two in particular became obstreperous. One was German, the other a Czech. They banged the table and threatened to sing. They demanded that the three-piece orchestra play *Lili Marlene*.

George tried to reason with one in Czech. It did no good. The Czech began to weep and said he was far from home. What did he want? Slivovitz — to remind him. Bill came up to the table. The German drunkenly began to run down Australia and demanded liquor. Anything they had,

"Better give them some slivovitz in a coffee cup to keep them quiet," said Bill softly.

"When we serve them and they start break up the place, we not able call police. We no license," said George.

"We'll say they come in here drunk."

"O.K., if you say."

A moment later, Bill glanced across at the drunks from behind the cash register. They were no longer drunk but were writing surreptitiously on bits of paper. He looked at the service hatch and saw the waiter approaching with two coffee cups on a tray. He rushed through the tables to intercept the waiter, and, just before the latter had reached the drunks, he pushed the tray onto the floor, shouting, "You clumsy idiot, can't you look what you doing?"

George came up when he heard the noise and saw Bill apologizing to the drunks.

"Get hold of that cup on the floor," said one drunk to the other, now cold-sober.

Bill trod on the cups.

George knew at once that the drunks were detectives from the 21 Division, a curious flying squad of *agents provocateurs* employed by the government of New South Wales in order to cajole restaurateurs into breaking the licensing laws. Acting drunk was one of their most successful strategies, and they were not above using agents of various nationalities in order to play upon the patriotism and homesickness and, worse, kind-heartedness of the immigrant innkeeper.

George could well imagine the kind of German or Czech who would leave his own country simply in order to become a policeman elsewhere. To him that was hardly the point of voluntary exile, but he knew there were people in the world who felt lost outside a uniform or at least outside the strait jacket of authority.

The German detective brusquely revealed his identity and demanded, in German, to examine the broken coffee cup. Bill went white with anger. He began shouting insults, also in German. A great vein, like a tree, rose and throbbed on his temple. For a moment, his fury seemed to spill over into epilepsy. The two detectives shouted back, and a few diners rose to add the weight of their opinions to the brawl.

George had never heard Bill speak German before, let alone shout it. Medical orderly? He saw a room full of naked people, men and women, some of transparent thinness, others bloated by hunger, and he smelled the odor of decomposition. The voice carried him back into the half-light, the white coats of the doctors, the parchment yellow of the naked flesh, the glint of glasses, the routine of the nightmare. Stout Dr. Tichte, loading his hypodermic dispassionately, swabbing with

cotton wool, holding out his pudgy hands for implements. "Cough." "Cough." "Breathe." "Deeper." "Take him away." "Unusable." A quiet, rational voice. And behind him, in brown, under a brown cap, shouting hysterically, a great vein, like a tree, throbbing on his temple, another man. "Still stehen!" "Schweine!" "Schweine!" "Judische Rassenschänder!"

As the shouting increased in volume, George tottered to the kitchen and vomited on the floor. Now he remembered his friend. When he got home, the house was empty. Ida was in the hospital, sleeping in her pain and contentment. He switched on the lights. It was too light. He switched them off. It was too dark. He opened the window. It was too cold. He opened another one and stared into the night. He was burning with fever. He must kill his partner, as a memorial to those who had died uselessly. First, he must torture him. He played out the scene in his head a hundred times, perfecting it, polishing it. He saw Bill scream, cringe, beg for mercy in a hundred different ways. There would be no mercy. He would shoot him with his own gun, his present. There's irony.

But why all these presents? Why had this savage been so kind to him? Could it be that he had developed some kind of conscience? Had Bill remembered him when they had first met in Australia? Out of the millions who had passed through his hands in Mauthausen? Hardly. Even if he were only a symbol of contrition, however, it could be that good and evil were not equated in that unhappy heart and that he, George Pollen, had become the means by which Bill was able to look men in the face again. Nonsense. Bill had existed comfortably and commercially in Billiwoonga for a long time without such help.

"In this Australia of ours, no man has a past, every man has a future." How very convenient. It was made convenient by the Australians themselves. He remembered the rumors around the International Refugee Organization in Vienna. America was hard to get into, even Canada insisted on a thorough screening, but Australia would take those rejected by the other two. Who could tell what venomous seeds had been scattered in the wilderness?

The idea of murder gave him comfort, and he tried to sleep on the sofa. He dreamed, and his own shrieks awakened him. He looked at his watch. He had been asleep ten minutes.

A distant cock crowed, and a dog barked somewhere. He went out into the darkness and walked. He had no idea on which dirt road he was when

dawn broke, but suddenly, after a few moments of slate-gray sadness, a vast, trumpeting sun burst over the black trees and a market place of birds opened among the branches. The earth seemed to turn in her light sleep, and night died painlessly in a second.

It was hot almost at once in the sun, cold in the shadows. He stared at this curious land, at the weird boulders which had been scattered over the landscape during some prehistoric flatulence of the earth. The dying gum trees stood among the dead, white unburied corpses, the aftermath of battle. Mauthausen again. The piles of bodies. He wanted to kick himself. That was self-pity, overdramatization. The trees had died not out of malice but out of neglect, which was almost worse. They had been allowed to die; permission for them to die had been granted. And those still alive were waiting.

He shuddered. Life was valuable, and everything mattered. Near his foot, a civilization of ants was building its empire, every bit as important as Australia, as Czechoslovakia, a microcosm, but none the less a world. The course of their labors took them over a large stone. They were building their hydroelectric scheme. He smiled slightly at the thought, then frowned as he realized that with one foot he could kill a squadron of them. He could do so easily, without remorse, since he could not communicate with them. A man cannot feel affection for an ant. Life is imperfect.

"Still stehen!" "Schweine!"

He was a father, for the first, doubtless the only, time in his life, a father in his late forties. It was a day of considerable importance, of joy. And yet here he was contemplating revenge. Oh, what to do? He held his head in his cupped hands and suddenly yawned. He was tired. When you are at a loss, nature takes over, irreverently, mockingly. He walked slowly back to town, his hands in his pockets.

If he broke the partnership, he would have to give up the house. By now he was probably too old for the tunnel. It would mean starting afresh, humbly. Was that fair for Ida or Malcolm? A new thought struck him. Could he have been mistaken about Bill? It was so long ago. He had heard so much shouting in his time. Voices resemble each other. They are bound to. Vocal chords have less range than faces, fewer possibilities for difference. In his heart, he knew there was no mistake.

He would give the rifle back. A rifle, of all things, as a gift! How could he without explanation? Explanation would break up the partnership. He would either have to destroy utterly or to leave everything as it was. Ants.

Ten minutes later he was at home. He looked at his house, something where there had been nothing. Through the window he saw the cushion lying on the sofa, still dented where his head had been. "Souvenir of Aden." He had started with that. He opened the front door. A pram stood in the entrance hall, new and gleaming. A price tag was still fixed to the axle. He heard a noise behind him. There, before the door, its tail wagging, its ears sharp, its eyes both generous and febrile, stood a red kelpie, one of the multitude of stray dogs which infested Billiwoonga, chasing cars in the main street.

George found these dogs a nuisance.

"Don't go away," he said, and fetched it a large meal from the kitchen.

At eleven o'clock he went to the restaurant, followed by the kelpie. Bill arrived shortly afterward, haggard and furtive.

"It shall mean a thirty-quid fine," he said, "and there may be a charge for assault. Never mind, if I was having it over again, I would use the same language on those bastards."

"Those schweine," said George in German.

"Ja, ja, schweine. Schweinehunde," replied Bill absently.

George continued to talk German. "Like the Gestapo," he said.

"Genau. Die selbe Mentalität. Dass die Australische Regierung hier so etwas erlaubt!"

"They exist everywhere," said George, still in German, "the police and others. It's not a question of uniform, it's a question of mentality. Creators and destroyers. Masters and slaves. An employee can be a master, an employer a slave, just as a policeman can be a human being and a man you'd never suspect can be a policeman. It's a question of mentality."

"I suppose there's something in that," murmured Bill, and then looked up suddenly with a hunted expression and asked, "Why are we talking German?"

"Oh, I don't know. Force of habit, I suppose," answered George.

"Force of habit?"

Bill blinked nervously, searching George's face. Suddenly Bill was pathetic, so strong was his desire to be liked. Every gesture was a bribe — the rifle, the schnapps — the payment of a debt on the installment system.

"Force of habit. I'll be back soon. I'm going to the bank."

"To the bank?"

George left Bill looking after him through the restaurant window, and after a short visit to the bank he bought a bunch of flowers and walked to the hospital, still followed by the dog.

GRAMMAR IS OBSOLETE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

An author and editor who believes that English should be accurate, WILSON FOLLETT here takes issue with Bergen Evans and his sister, Cornelia, for what he regards as their tolerance of sloppy American usage. Mr. Follett is now at work on a comprehensive and systematic book on grammatical usage.

LINGUISTIC scholarship, once an encouragement to the most exacting definitions and standards of workmanship, has for some time been dedicating itself to the abolition of standards; and the new rhetoric evolved under its auspices is an organized assumption that language good enough for anybody is good enough for everybody. We have come into a time when the ideals preached and, sometimes, practiced by exalted authority can only take shape in uses of English that are at best tolerable and at worst revolting. Such official pressure as is now put on the young learner is no longer in the direction of forcing him to ask himself whether his way of saying something could have been made better at a bearable cost — as, in a language so rich and various as ours, it generally could have. Everything now taught him concentrates on the lowly question, Will it do at a pinch?

For the handiest possible conspectus of what the new ideal is, one can do no better than to glance at a recent comprehensive manual of rhetorical practice. *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, by Bergen Evans and Cornelia Evans, comes from authors of prestige and influence, one of them a university professor of English and conductor of a radio and television program devoted to questions of spoken and written usage, the other a writing consultant in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and a prize-winning novelist. The reason for turning to this 570-page, 600,000-

word volume is not that its publisher proclaims it to be “up-to-date, complete, authoritative” — an assertion of three attributes inherently unattainable by any such work compiled by mortals — but rather that it is declared with strict accuracy to be “based on modern linguistic scholarship.” It is essentially a popularization of findings about modern English arrived at and promulgated by contemporary philologists, semanticists, virtuosos of historical and descriptive (as opposed to prescriptive) grammar and morphophonetics, and learnedly implacable assailants of the discarded idea that to speak or write well means hard work, the taking of sometimes painful thought, the constant rejection of labor- and thought-saving alternatives, and the practice of canons that are mastered only by arduous self-cultivation and discipline.

The Evanses manage to convey, along with many shrewd discriminations and salutary warnings often very engagingly phrased, an overall impression that acceptable usages are arrived at by a process about as automatic as breathing; that to torment oneself with questions of better and not so good is to be a seeker after gratuitous trouble and, what is worse, a purist; and that the way to attain effective expression is to keep our ears open, bank on our natural and inescapable linguistic inheritance, and cultivate an English that will make us indistinguishable from the ostensibly

educated surrounding majority. Let us see where anyone will come out if he accepts and applies the combination of what these authors recommend, what they defend or condone, and what they do themselves. He will come out speaking and writing an American English faithfully represented by the scattering that follows:

"Ask whoever you see." "He had as much or more trouble than I did." "He works faster than me"; "he is taller than me." "More unique." "Different than." "The reason is because. . . ." "I can't imagine it being him." "Let's you and I"; "let's you and me." "Bob as well as Frank were there." "Neither D. nor A. are at home"; "neither he nor I are timid"; "either of them are enough to drive a man to distraction"; "neither of them had their tickets"; "I do not think either of them are at home"; "each carried their own pack"; "each of the men were willing to contribute." "Every member brings their own lunch"; "either the boy or the girl left their book." "I cannot help but think." "Nobody was killed, were they?" "Less than three." "If one loses his temper." "We did not find a one." "The sheriff with all his men were at the door." "Not one of them were listening." "Some grammarians claim that this is not permissible." "He allowed that we were right." "Refer back to." "Back of" (behind). "Between each house"; "between every pause." "He blamed it on me." "I haven't but a minute to spare." "I don't doubt but that you are surprised." "Who did you see?" "Who are you looking for?" "Children whom we know are hungry." "Everyplace"; "anyplace"; "someplace"; "someway"; "noplacement"; "I have looked everyplace." "It is not I who is angry." "These kind of men are dangerous." "You don't know Nellie like I do." "It is you who will be blamed for it, not them." "That's her at the door now." "A minimum of sufficiency." "We most always go shopping on Saturday." "Very amused." "Overly cautious." "Datas"; "phenomenas"; "much data"; "very little data"; "the data is now in." "I asked him what was he doing." "The rationale for his attack on the President." "As regards." "Somebody left their umbrella." "I will get one someday." "There will only be him left." "Subsequent to his release from the Air Force he got a job with a commercial air line." "A continuous use [of a word in a specified way] is vulgar." "He went no further than Philadelphia." "Neither of these reasons justify the use of the present tense." "He failed, due to carelessness."

This little anthology could be several times multiplied from the same source; thus much will do to imply a general pattern. Some of the specimens are patently better, or less bad, than others. Say of the whole, if you wish: "Some of it might

be worse." There is no point in using a microscope on the gradations or on the merits of the arguments used to defend this locution or that. It is enough if we perceive — as we cannot very well escape doing — that collectively they define a stratum of diction that invites defense and seems to require it, one that it is now fashionable to defend with all the resources of specialized learning. No one could possibly contemplate any such handful and then declare its components above challenge and in no need of condoning; no one could associate them with an unremitting effort to discover and to utilize the best that our common language is capable of. A collection of the same size could hardly vary much from this one if it deliberately set out to specialize in the marginal, the dubious, the suspect. What it seems to represent is the pattern of habits deliberately adopted by the educated when they set out to show that they are no better than anyone else, if as good. It goes to show the lengths to which we can carry conformism and the terror of being noticeable in a society that is (as Bierce said of the republic long before H. L. Mencken was heard of) daft with democracy and sick with sin.

If anyone wanted to execute a piece of writing that would be from beginning to end the densest possible concentration of what the elder rhetoricians classified as solecisms, he could hardly do better than to attune his prose to the dicta laid down in *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*. The book is an astute, artful, and tireless harvesting of whatever in American speech is barely tolerable to those who do not make a virtue of pushing either tolerance or intolerance to pathological extremes. And it is a translation into practical advice of what the most erudite philologists and lexicographers have for some time been telling us about the sources of health and vitality in our language. The great nuclear principle seems to be that we should speak and write not as well as we can learn how, but ignobly enough to escape notice.

Now, a resort to this kind of first aid may result in some tactical advantage to the purveyor of insurance or real estate, the chairman of a fund-raising campaign, the soapbox orator, the candidate for minor office. Even that advantage can be doubted: there seems to be a fairly powerful undertow of envious popular respect for the man who uses language with easy distinction, provided that he does it in quiet assurance with no air of showing off or of spitting on his hearers to see if they can swim, as the rude old Yankee folk saying has it. An instance is the standing that ex-Gover-

nor Adlai Stevenson seems to have with all classes of his fellow countrymen, whether they applaud his political opinions or not. But whatever the practical momentary advantages of slovenly diction, what is its long-range bearing on education, on the language itself, on its literature? Will, say, two or three consecutive generations of calculated effort to speak and write without excellence enhance the prospect of our producing an Irving, a Hawthorne, a Melville, a Henry James, a Howells, a Sarah Orne Jewett, a Willa Cather? Or will it tend to blight that prospect? Did the virtue of English prose, from Sir Thomas Browne and the King James translators to Bernard Shaw, come out of the acceptance of language on the permissive or lowest-common-denominator basis — out of a preoccupation with what was tolerable, what could barely be endured in default of better?

Is it not one of the shames of modern scholarship that it has so little to say for what is really good, what is best, and so much to say for what is merely allowable or defensible? Scholarship is trying, of course, to discount the factor of taste as nonscientific; but is it scientific to discount it? Taste is the faculty of criticism, the faculty of intelligent choice; and to it belongs the last word about any given use of language. After all, the argument from usage carries only a permissive force, not a mandatory one. Even if it were possible to prove an overwhelming preponderance for “He failed, due to carelessness” and “You don’t know Nellie like I do,” the proof could mean only that one may use these expressions without being condemned. There would be nothing to say that anyone has to use them, and all of us would still have the freedom of “His failure was due to carelessness” or “Carelessness caused him to fail” and “You don’t know Nellie as I do” or “the way I do,” which will never raise any problems or any eyebrows.

Nobody is under compulsion to like a construction just because it exists or to use it if he does not like it. This is a principle that applies equally to present and to past usages. We have the whole range of linguistic resources at our disposal; and there is no virtue in flirting with ways of expression that we think dubious or inferior when there are alternative ways — as there always are — to which no exception can be taken. The formation of any style, even a bad one, is an affair of constant acceptances and rejections; and everyone has to lean on his own taste for acceptance of the better and rejection of the worse.

THE discussion of usage was probably never shrouded in more fog than it is now. Those who

want to fling wide the gates to all manner of laxity maintain firmly that change is the great inescapable law, that the only criterion is what people are doing with language *now*, and they can find no words severe enough for resistance to change, especially when resistance takes the form of quoting classic sources; but if they can unearth in Chaucer or Wycliffe or Donne or Hazlitt some parallel to whatever change is being resisted, they cite it as if it settled the matter forever. Whether the use cited was typical or exceptional in that author is a question not raised; it is enough that the passage exists. The Evanses give us a list of twenty authors, Shakespeare to Maugham — a list as easily extended back to Chaucer — who use *like* as a conjunction, but there is no attempt to show that any one of them regularly or even frequently used it so. A dictionary that illustrates a secondary meaning with a quotation may, for all we can tell, be using the only known occurrence of the word in that sense.

The radical, the innovator, the grammatical iconoclast and libertine is ready to beat down all opposition as tradition-bound and ridiculously conservative, but he is equally ready to demonstrate that whatever is objected to has been English for four or five hundred years. Both forms of argument are supposed to be unanswerably crushing. If some locution now current defies a past consensus, so much the worse for the past; but at the same time any locution ever written by a good writer is *ipso facto* attack-proof, and if a precedent can be adduced for anything, however shabby, the case is closed.

Actually not everything ever written by a good writer, or even by quite a number of good writers, is good, any more than everything ever written by a bad writer is bad. Every good writer has committed himself at one time or another to practices without which he would have been a better writer. It is our privilege to pick and choose, alike from the superior and the inferior, alike from the past and the present. For the winnowing of the past we have the guidance of perspective in addition to taste; for the present, taste alone has to suffice. For taste there is no substitute, nor is there any excuse for not using as much of it as we have. The unexpressed excuse that underlies most refusals to use it is the delusive feeling that every demolition of a barrier, old or new, is a freeing of the language from needless restraints and a further emancipation of its users.

What is overlooked is that language and its users grow by restraints, too. Especially in a time when looseness of many kinds is a dominant fashion, it may be salutary to cultivate a tightness and exactitude not customarily demanded. Linguistic resources are expanded not only by the seizing of new

liberties as fast as they become available but also by the rejection of liberties that may be only license. A writer is not alone what he writes; he is likewise everything that he will not write because he finds it not good enough, and his power may be as much a function of his renunciations as of his self-indulgences. The libertarians will pity him as self-deprived and call his austerity a crotchet, but he and we are the gainers by his discriminations, and the language may be the loser by the indiscrimination of the loose constructionist.

In no domain is there a clearer illustration of the power of negative choice than in the domain of diction. Good writing has always been marked, and is marked today, by selection of words for their central and not their peripheral meanings. A word, particularly an abstract word, has a core of meaning from which it gradually spreads over associated meanings, perhaps in several directions, until it overlaps words that have likewise spread out from entirely different, possibly remote centers.

The liberalistic view now regnant ranks all such extensions as improvements of language, all as equally good. But the fine writer or speaker is habitually aiming at bull's-eyes, not at general target areas, and he does not care for the idea of shelling the woods with language. His dictionary gives *apparent* as one synonym of *evident*, and vice versa, but he still finds an important kind of integrity in applying *apparent* to the thing that seems to be so whether it is or not and in saving *evident* for that which both seems to be and is so. *Infer* once meant exactly what *imply* means now — it is generally, perhaps always, so used in the seventeenth-century plays of John Ford — but the two words have developed a clear differentiation whereby *imply* goes with the transmitting end and *infer* with the receiving end of the same process of deduction; smoke *implies* fire, but when you smell smoke you *infer* fire. It is a clear loss, not a gain, when we ignore the differentiation in such sentences as these from the best-selling murder story of the decade: "The defense is trying to infer that the prosecution is trying to conceal something."

"And surely you do not mean to infer that it would be an unjust verdict if X. were acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity?" *Infer* is being so chronically abused by many who should know better that lexicography no longer quite sees what to do with it, but a decent writer sees, and he is well aware that the widespread confusion makes the English vocabulary not richer, but poorer. True, "language grows," as Greenough and Kittredge said in 1901, "by the felicitous misapplication of words"; but there is no profit to be had out of misapplication per se, without the felicity — a reservation that brings us straight back to the necessity of taste.

The obvious and growing indifference of many publishing houses to hundreds or thousands of such distinctions as those illustrated cannot be called one of the more gladdening signs of the times. No practicing editor of any great competence ever sees a book manuscript for which he could not do appreciable favors if he had a free hand and time, and ninety-nine of any hundred published books could have profited by good offices that they never received. But these phenomena, depressing as they are, seem not quite so shocking as the latter-day hospitality of the very learned to every popular usage that volunteers to make the language more fuzzy, inarticulated, and fumbling.

What steadily preoccupies everyone fit to be called a writer is the possibility of improving everything in his work that is improvable. In no other way can he contribute his much or his little to the effectiveness of language as an instrument of precision combined with power. The linguistic scholarship that impedes and discourages where it might help him is operating beneath its privilege, not to say beneath its obligation. Let those who choose define usage as what a swarm of folk say or write by reason of laziness, shiftlessness, or ignorance; the tenable definition is still what the judicious do as a result of all that they can muster of conscious discrimination. It is time we had a philosophy of usage grounded in the steadfast conviction that the best, whether or not we have it in us to attain it, is not too good to be aspired to.

BRUNSWICK'S

FATED

CHIEFTAIN

BY

HUMPHREY FRY

IN MY school days, whenever progress bogged down in the classroom, it was the pupil who took the rap. Today it is the teacher. Since Johnny shows such a remarkable interest in baseball statistics and guided missiles, it stands to reason that his enthusiasm could be equally aroused by trigonometric functions and French irregular verbs, if only those subjects were presented in the right way. This pleasing habit of blaming the teacher is even applied retroactively. "I've never cared much for history," candidly admits a charming ignoramus over a cocktail. "It must be the way I was taught at school. All those dates!"

If the teacher attempts to defend himself, it is pointed out that Russian students show avid curiosity over the most unpromising subjects. Obviously the quality of teaching behind the Iron Curtain is something unknown to the West. Or can it be that the Russian student's ardor is so intense that the wettest of academic wet blankets cannot quench it? Whatever the reason, the popular belief that American youngsters value learning not for its own sake but as a means to an end, the college degree being regarded as a kind of key to commercial success or social distinction,

As the head of the English Department of St. Bernard's School in New York, HUMPHREY FRY has occasionally felt the probing of inquiring young minds, as his account will show. Readers who enjoy his humor are directed to his satirical novel, IF THE CAP FITS, published by John Day a year ago.

is widespread and growing. It is with the object of puncturing this myth that I introduce the reader to Perkins, an American student whose curiosity, differing only in degree from that of the average run of his classmates, is as boundless as it is disinterested.

The scene is my classroom; the subject, English history. Perkins has the floor.

"Did Charles the Second have fourteen children, sir, as the book says?"

"Yes, Perkins. Give or take a child, that is."

"But that's five more than Queen Victoria, sir."

"Assuredly, Perkins."

"How is it that none of them came to the throne? Did they all die first, like Queen Anne's children?"

"No, Perkins. Most of them survived their father, just as those who were born before 1665 survived the Plague. And, speaking of the Plague, Samuel Pepys, the eminent diarist, has left us a vivid account — what is it, Perkins?"

"You haven't answered my question, sir. According to the law of primogeniture, the eldest son should succeed to the throne, followed by his heirs, if any, followed by —"

"Yes, yes, of course. But those, er, offspring of Charles were not the children of the Queen."

"Catherine of Braganza, sir? Not her children?"

"No, Perkins."

"Then, exactly whose children were they?"

"Exactly, Perkins?"

"Exactly, sir."

"It doesn't always do to be too exact in these matters. There are more rewarding fields of research for the student who wishes to preserve a sense of historical values. For instance, the decline of the royal power under the Stuarts, foreshadowed by the betrayal of Strafford and Clarendon by the two Charleses respectively. What a wealth of —"

"But, sir. How can you justify inexactitude in any field of historical research?"

There is no sidetracking Perkins when it comes

to personalities. He ferrets out the secrets of the most inconsequential characters and stores them in the attic of his mind. When he has you on the historical ropes, you can only hang on in the hope that you will be saved by the bell. In most cases I frankly admit ignorance and refer Perkins to the encyclopedia.

"Let's consult 'the useful book that knows.' That's Browning, by the way. 'Mr. Sludge the Medium.' Or is it 'Bishop Blougram's Apology'?"

"I suppose it doesn't do to be too exact about Browning, sir."

"On the contrary, Perkins, I think one should be as exact as possible. I therefore suggest that you verify the quotation in your spare time, as well as clear up the little question you raised yesterday about Brunswick's fated chieftain."

This is, of course, hitting below the belt, but in the eyes of the class I have scored a point, and as for Perkins, he is delighted to pursue his favorite pastime with the express approval of authority.

I have to admit that Perkins has done much to extend my acquaintance with the byways of history. Take this Brunswick character. For years I have been as familiar as the next fellow with Byron's stanzas on "The Eve of Waterloo." For the benefit of the next fellow but one, let me quote the relevant stanza:

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Until Perkins came along, my knowledge of the Brunswicks was confined to what these nine lines tell us. I had accepted the epithet "fated" as a kind of label, like "Tiger" Jones or "Slammin'" Sammy Snead, which tell you "all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know" of the character labeled. I flattered myself that I had a pretty vivid picture of a romantic young misanthrope brooding over his father's death in the "windowed niche," until, goaded into furious action by the supercilious smiles of the young bucks at the ball, he made a mad dash for the battlefield, which he sensed by a sort of prophetic instinct — aided, of course, by the sound of the guns — would turn out to be the little village of Waterloo. (In my day in Flanders, just a hundred years later, we had to report to our units, but in the Napoleonic wars the army men were apparently spared this kind of red tape.) As for the elder Brunswick, I pictured him lying in a bloodstained coffin and let it go at that.

Forestalling, for once, the searching questions of the insatiable Perkins, I had put in a little spade-work on the Brunswicks before introducing the class to Byron's lines. (This didn't prevent me from allowing Perkins to do his own digging.) I soon discovered what I had been vaguely aware of throughout, that the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball had taken place on the eve of Quatre Bras, not of Waterloo, and it was into this field, or crossroads, that Brunswick Junior rushed and foremost fighting fell. Blame, by the way, for the inaccuracy must rest with the compilers of popular anthologies of poetry; Byron never headed his stanzas "The Eve of Waterloo."

And what about Brunswick Senior and the bloody bier? It turns out that he was wounded mortally — if you can call it that — in 1806 at the battle of Auerstadt but remained with the armies in the field, being carried, apparently, around on a stretcher for a full month before succumbing to the effects of his wounds and the rigors of the campaign. So much for the mental picture I had gleaned from Byron.

Now, it so happens that I have friends who teach on a much higher level than mine, professional historians full of recondite lore, authors of learned treatises designed to bestow prestige on the colleges that employ them, though to the neglect of the students they are paid to teach; the kind who say *empathy* when they mean *sympathy* and *recondition* when they mean *repair*. There was a time when I used to consult some of these friends on factual history, but they had a way of putting me out of my depth which I found discouraging. The conversation would go something like this:

FRY. "By the way, old boy, would you mind giving me the dope on Brunswick's fated chieftain? Byron's account is tantalizingly meager, and I wondered —"

PROFESSIONAL HISTORIAN. "Yes, of course. But the really interesting member of that clan was the man behind the scenes in the early days of the League of Augsburg. Descended from a cadet branch of the family, he has been largely ignored by the Bavarian school."

FRY. "Sounds fascinating, but at the moment I happen to be more interested in the Eve of Waterloo man."

P. H. "Ah, that's because you've never met the League of Augsburg man. There's scope there for a really penetrating biography. Given the proper empathy, that is. With all the spare time you have, you might —"

FRY. "I'm afraid all my spare time goes in keeping up with Perkins."

P. H. "Who's Perkins?"

FRY. "One of my students. His research quotient is colossal."

P. H. (glancing at watch). "That reminds me. I have research to do on my comparative study of Zulu and Polynesian eroticism. I must hurry along."

Sometimes the question would be a scientific one, but my professional friends proved equally evasive. Thus:

FRY. "Is there any truth in the theory that, in order to compensate for the beard they can't grow, women have an extra layer of skin which enables them to stand higher degrees of temperature in their baths?"

PROFESSIONAL SCIENTIST. "In their baths?"

FRY. "Yes. I speak from hearsay, of course. But I have noticed that, in peeling eggs that have been boiling for four minutes —"

P. S. "Oh, I see. Well, there's more than one school of thought among dermatologists. It would be idle to deny that certain differentials exist, though at present still in the exploratory stage. To me, however, the most significant distinctions between the sexes —"

FRY. "Yes, I've figured those out for myself. Thanks just the same."

On one occasion I had a little problem about cattle which any farmer should have been able to solve in his sleep. The expert I consulted was not content to call himself an agriculturist, or even agriculturalist; he was a professor of agronomy. After some desultory conversation on crop rotation, I posed my question:

FRY. "Is there anything to the theory that cows lie down when it's going to rain and stand up when it's going to be fine, and vice versa?"

PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY. "Well, there are at least two schools of thought on that subject."

FRY (in satirical vein). "So I've observed — among cows as well as experts."

P. OF A. (ignoring, or possibly unaware of, satirical vein). "Precipitation, you see, takes us back to Thales, whose theory Pindar had in mind when he called water the best of things. Newton, on the other hand, held. . . ."

By recalling an urgent engagement, I was mercifully spared whatever it was that Newton held. Possibly an apple.

It is sometimes hard to escape the conclusion that, when it comes to the byways of learning, the

expert can be as broken a reed as the layman. It would be unworthy to suggest that he does not really know, but he does show a decided preference for discussing some peripheral issue. Even that expert in words, Robert Louis Stevenson, writes: "I still remember that emphyteusis is not a disease, nor stillicide a crime." Notice the negative attitude. He does not tell us what these words mean; he merely assures us that he knows what they do not mean. It is true we never asked him, so I suppose we cannot accuse him of being really evasive. But what was all right for Stevenson addressing his young men and maidens from the safe distance of the printed page is no good to a man who has to confront Perkins daily in the classroom. Hence the hours of research I have put into brushing up on my byways. I can now answer all but the most searching questionnaire on, *inter alia*, the following:

1. The Scian and the Teian muse. (Byron again.)
2. The historical authenticity of Shelley's Ozymandias.
3. The geographical ditto of Coleridge's sacred river Alph.
4. The Babylonian woe of Milton.
5. Browning's Colenso. ("And Colenso's words have weight.")
6. The identity of Alciphron and Arisbe in this stanza from Swinburne's "Dolores":

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old.
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold,
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves?

7. Who fished the murex up? (Browning again.)
8. Saxo Grammaticus. (Who fished him up?)

Just the same, you can only brush up on byways; you cannot comb them (unless you happen to be Aldous Huxley). Brunswick's fated chieftain and the bloody bier may keep Perkins busy for a time, but there is always a danger that he will stumble onto the cadet branch of the family and the League of Augsburg man — if, indeed, the latter exists. Well, I am ready for him. I have written him a letter of introduction to my friend the professional historian. It would do some of these experts good to have a taste of Perkins.



"The Mocker Mocked"

By Paul Klee

JOYCE ENGELSON

A native of New York and a graduate of Barnard College, JOYCE ENGELSON has worked in the publishing field until recently, when she decided to devote full time to writing. She says: "What I am trying to do is to handle the matters orthodox to women's fiction, the matters of sentiment, but to explore and express them without sentimentality." In this story she shows the sense and nonsense of the situation she describes.

THE ENCHANTED DISENCHANTED

THE riders reined in their horses and gazed at the searching sky. . . ."

"Cripes! 'The searching sky'?" Greta pronounced the words slowly. What the devil does it search for? Writers! It must be hard to write, but a searching sky! Oh, hell, I sit here and read crap, and what for? So I can put off eating breakfast, which I put off so I can put off going to work, so I can put off living, which I've been putting off successfully for aeons. Or so I can look busy, which might, just possibly, prevent Mother from coming in and asking me some damned embarrassing question.

"Greta!" Her mother had an endearing habit of shrieking when she was close and whispering soughingly from a distant room.

"Yes, dear. I'm right here."

"Greta! Don't you have to go to work? It's nine."

Her mother stood in front of her, obviously pretending to be stout and short, and wearing a dirndl, pretending to look motherly in spite of the cigarette which drooped forever out of the corner of her mouth. Greta thought her mother must be some kind of smoking miracle: she had the most absolutely tobacco-unstained fingers in this world; she never held the damn cigarette in her hand but let it hang out of the corner of her mouth, screwing up one eye, closing the other against the burning eye-tearing smoke.

Painting from collection Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of J. B. Neumann.

"For chrissake, Mother. For years you've been asking me the same damn thing. I know, when you were young — don't tell me that again. When people worked, they had to go to the office or the pigpen or whatever it was by eight or nine. Well, obviously, cookie, I don't. Can't you get it into your head? I can be in when I'm in. I'm not going to be fired. Or what do you suspect? That I don't work at all? You probably think I'm actually a daytime streetwalker."

Her mother allowed the horror she was supposed to feel express itself in a faint *moue*, but aloud she said: "I don't think you'd be good at that job."

"Well, thanks. Very much. You're really a dog's best friend. I mean, you're a real severest little critic and all that, aren't you?" Greta was alarmed at the slight rise of real anxiety, real hostility in her voice, and just perhaps in her heart, and subsided.

"Oh, I know, honey. You're an executive. Responsible job and everything. I'm just . . . Greta?"

"Ummm?" Here it comes, Greta thought, hopelessly.

"Greta, are you a virgin?"

"Oh, my God." Greta exploded with laughter and a hint of something besides. "That's the limit. That's really it. Not only do you embarrass me, but you ask me a stupid question to boot. When I was eighteen, which I don't have to

remind you was two years more than a decade ago, you claimed — hell, you practically swore out a warrant — that I caused you an ulcer and a gently murmuring heart because I ran off with a boy. . . .” Boy. Man, Greta thought inside her outer turmoil. Hard to think Jason would be two years more than a decade older, too.

“. . . Went off, presumably to get deflowered, and now, now you ask if I’m a virgin!”

“Ohhh, Greta,” her mother sighed. “You know, honey. I do worry. I feel bad. Maybe it was me. I mean, my fault. Shouldn’t have made a scene.” She bent down to peck Greta aimlessly on an ear.

“Mother.” Greta mustered a laugh out of a semi-sob. “Is that what’s worrying you? All this damn time? You’re worried about making too much of Jason and me? Afraid you traumatized me or something? Oh, tootsie, don’t, I beg of you. It’s nothing to do with you. It’s just me. I don’t know, I just dried up or something.”

“But I don’t understand you, honestly. You’re so cute to look at and have such cute clothes and cute guys calling you all the time.”

“You’re cute. I don’t know, Mother. Honestly. Let’s not discuss it any more. Okay? I mean, do me a favor, and let’s just not discuss it any more.”

OUTSIDE, walking to her subway stop, Greta thought. What is the matter with me? Is it Jason, for God’s sake? Jason. With difficulty she built up his image in her mind, the skinny, tall, stoop-postured body, the yellowish crew cut. Jason of the big nose, the pipe, Jason who read the *New Yorker*, at eighteen all there was of sophistication. But Jason had no face. He couldn’t make her heart miss a beat. Jason, who had been her loving life. Oh, tall Jason, beautiful Jason. And now there was no love any more, not even for him. And no life either.

At eighteen Greta had been so full of bubbling, screaming, cute-bosomed, tomboyish, hoydenish life, her mother had despaired. She’d never be a lady. Hard to imagine she’d ever be a lady executive. At eighteen, life had been a marvel and Greta the marvel’s life. At eighteen, her father had still been alive, delighted, amused, catering. And in that year she’d met Jason. And, without even a question — she’d never even stopped to think of saying no when Jason had been sent to the place in Florida, which meant he’d be overseas soon — she’d gone off to Florida with him. No mother’s moans had stopped her. She just floated through the iridescence of her bubbling delight. No time to get married. They just loved in the private terror and wonder of their two weeks of life.

And then there were the letters. Too many. Too much to share when you’re young. And foolish, and believing, Jason hardly older than herself, that lovers have to know all about each other. Ah, foolish lovers. And there had been the absurdity of Jason’s final loving letter. He was only a boy, he loved her still, and he’d been as virginal as she. So, sleeping, one lonely night of his soldier’s life, with an Italian girl, he’d not been able to keep it to himself. It was nothing, he thought. And being nothing, he had to tell Greta. Greta would understand; it would make them even closer. How little he knew Greta.

She never wrote to him again. It killed her. His infidelity wouldn’t have moved her a pebble’s inch at stony thirty years, but at eighteen it had killed her. When Jason returned, he’d come so fast to her house, fair and breathless as though he’d run all the way from Europe, which, speaking of the heart, he had, but Greta wouldn’t see him. No use asking — for twelve years she’d been asking herself — why not. I’m a fool, she thought, even while she’d been performing, but she couldn’t stop herself. And he’d gone off. That was sure enough. He’d given it one more try. But she stayed in her bedroom with the door closed, and when her mother had finally, in exasperation and defiance, led him up the stairway, she’d tumbled herself into bed — my God, nineteen years old — and put a towel over her face. *I won’t see you because I won’t see what you’ve done to me because I’m a baby and I can’t face it. I thought you loved me.* And she stayed under the towel.

No towel to hide beneath now, she thought, walking into her office. And nothing to hide from. But the usual disordered, harried sight of her desk, her secretary, her telephone, the somber city-gray view from her windows calmed her.

“The old wart got in before you,” Arlene ventured warningly, handing Greta her slops of instant coffee. Arlene was a brave, blonde girl with an ambitious and romantic crassness that Greta admired and an even greater devotion which Greta also admired and probably craved.

“Speak respectfully, or more softly, of our boss,” Greta admonished amiably and without interest. She was relinquishing a last, fragrant Jason-thought: Jason Heidinger! What an absurd name. Who could possibly hold a romantic dream so named for more than a decade? The whole thing was ridiculous.

“Arlene?”

“Um?” Arlene was looking up the word “describe” in the dictionary. She had promised Greta six months ago that she would learn to spell it correctly. Greta had resolved to ask only this much.

“Arlene, let’s do something marvelous this

week. I know what. I saw something downtown. How would I look wearing a headband? You know, very Hellenic, sort of classical." Greta had a kind of vision, somewhere, of herself as Aspasia, marvelously witty and terribly attractive to men.

Arlene cocked her head to the side, visualizing Greta in a headband. "I don't know. I don't think it would be a must for you."

"Well, thanks. You're some secretary! You're supposed to encourage and uplift me. Listen, I'm depressed. If a headband won't do it, I've got to have something."

"Okay. If you're blue, can I misspell this week?"

"Can I stop you?"

"Oh, Greta! Honey, I forgot to tell you. There's a boy starting this week."

"What? A jazz trio?"

"You're so sour. You know what I mean. A man. You know, my age; he's starting this week. A man!" The wonder of this shone in Arlene's eyes; her voice, even her skin seemed newly luminous to Greta. My God, she thought, why can't I feel like that at the thought, just the thought of a man?

"He might be a hunchback, for all you know, Arlene."

"Mr. Morris would've said," she answered doubtfully.

Greta laughed. "Come on, girl. Man or not. You've got some work to do for this old maid. Please, let's get to it." They set to work; Greta allowed Arlene's enthusiastic hate for their boss, her determination that they show him, to infect her. By the time Greta's intercom buzzed from the boss's office, she had forgotten the hunchback.

SHE knocked on the boss's door. Gracefully. After years of alternate sassiness and fresh servility, it was still a challenge. But Mr. Morris, in his narrow, dedicated vulgarity, always won.

She closed the door behind her and dipped her knees in a rude curtsy.

"All right, all right. No time for your nonsense this morning, Greta." Ah, she thought, the Great White Father hath a bee in his bald bonnet.

"You commandeth, sire, and I perform."

"I only wish to hell you would. Sometimes I don't know why I don't fire you. You're so damned fresh. Anyway" — he clapped his hands together briskly, forestalling Greta's answer — "I want to talk to you now. Sit down." He motioned her to a leather chair on which she had so often sat she felt it to be part of her, like a cheap prefabricated garment and abode.

"I've hired that young man I mentioned to you."

"You mentioned to me like hell. You never mentioned him at all."

"Ah-hah," Mr. Morris grunted in triumph, "I told you you never listen carefully."

"I do so. I listen very carefully. I may not hear accurately, that's all. Oh, come off it, Morris. Is he replacing me?"

Mr. Morris slapped the desk with his hand. "I mean it, Greta. I'm going to lose my patience with you someday."

It was perpetual. A battle. A hostile but never-unconditional-surrender provocation between them. Once Greta had respected the older man. Perhaps mostly for his authority, for his pay checks, for his position. Sometimes for what he could teach her and often for what he was at least willing to teach. She had been younger and had not realized how much her admiration contained the usual need on her own part to influence him. Having learned how impossible that was and being still unable to shake his profound faith in her ability, she had lost her respect for him. Greta thought her feelings about him now could be labeled simply irritation and fear, which she hid beneath her rudeness to him.

"You know he's not replacing you. Must you waste my time and yours? Who could replace you? This chap's young, charming, and polite. Replace you indeed!" It hurt. Greta was surprised at her own intake of breath. She was hurt!

"Matter of fact, not only is he not replacing you, he doesn't even have anything much to do with your department."

"So? If he's not in my department, why are you telling me about him and *for the first time*?" she emphasized.

Mr. Morris looked uncomfortable. "Well, Greta, my dear, the fact is, I sort of want to avoid trouble with him. I don't know, maybe you can help. He's young, red hair. . . . You know I don't like personal situations in the office."

This was shorthand for Mr. Morris' unconscious and absurd belief that a redheaded male must be irresistible to women and his conscious determination to see that no one made love on his time.

"What do you want me to do about your young man? Keep the girls in line? And keep the line going in the other direction? Yes, I will."

"Thank you, my dear. You're a good girl. And you'll like him, really you will. He's a bright lad. Twenty-five."

"Yes, I get it. And gorgeous. Red hair. I'm swooning. What the devil makes you think red hair is such a love philter? I can't stand it. Always goes with no eyelashes and grainy lids."

"Greta, are you a virgin?"

"You know, my hero," she replied, "that's the second time today someone's asked me that and it's only" — she bent to look at her watch — "eleven o'clock. If I were, I think I'd wait till later tonight before I gave a definitive answer."

Mr. Morris frowned and seemed to have forgotten his question. "You're very young and still nice-looking. Don't fall for this boy, Greta, he's just a kid."

Greta rose. "You're all making me feel like a hundred today. I'm not going to fall for a red-headed child. Why don't you ask him if *he's* a virgin?"

She sat down again, remembering the work to be done, and smoothed her hair. After a half hour of cajoling, pleading, and persuading, she had discussed her ten minutes' worth of business with him, taken notes, lost five points and won one.

"What's this sexual athlete's name?" she asked at the door.

"Whom?" Mr. Morris said vaguely. The lovely grammarian, she thought wryly.

"You know, the hunchbacked redhead."

"He's not a hunchback. His name, ah, his name. . . ." Mr. Morris was not strong on names. He leafed through papers on his desk, disorganizing such system as he and she had been able to put into them.

"His name's Heidinger. Ralph P. Heidinger." He read it slowly from a typed résumé, mispronouncing each syllable carefully.

OH, GRETA," Arlene oozed, "he's got red hair!" Greta put her head down on the desk, scrunching over in her seat and running her hands through the back of her hair.

"What's the matter, Greta?" Arlene rushed over, genuinely concerned.

Greta picked her head up wearily, intoning, "What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? Does it matter?"

"What?"

"Nothing. But I would like to know, really I would, why this young man's hair color is such a world-shaking proposition, since I assume it's about Mr. Heidinger that you're speaking." Greta tried out his name on her lips for the first time, as an experiment, rather like gingerly tasting a new greengage plum.

"How did you know his name?" Arlene gasped.

"Never mind. Just tell me, for God's sake, what's so ever-lovin' marvelous about red hair? Are you under the mistaken impression that red hair means virility? You're probably also under the doubtful impression that oysters are a species of cantharides. What a generation! Don't you

know it's a proved scientific fact that the sexiest men are bald?"

"But he's young, Greta!" Arlene protested.

Right in the back with an ax, Greta thought, depressed.

"Are you Miss Stetson?" He stood in the doorway, very possessive, very commanding on the threshold, Greta thought. Too commanding. Too possessive. He didn't recognize her either, she realized, disappointed in spite of her command over herself.

"Why? Were you with me in the ships at Mylae?" she answered coldly, determined to test him immediately and find him wanting.

"I don't believe so, unless you were in the China-Burma-India The-a-ter. I'm no corpse you planted either, resuscitated or otherwise," he grinned amiably. Too amiably, she thought.

"Well," she said, aware of Arlene at her side and feeling a childish need to rout her, "you're brother to a corpse I planted some years ago. But then you were a blasted, fresh, freckled, wretched brat who probably wouldn't remember your brother's girl friends anyway."

"Greta!" He lunged forward, grasping her hand, grinning, smiling, falling all over himself, she thought, to express his pleasure. "I thought you looked familiar. My God, how marvelous. I was *not* too young. Boy, will Jason be surprised." He had the grace to blush.

She waved her hand in airy, sophisticated dismissal. "Don't look embarrassed. It's all long ago. Besides, I've seen Jason since. Met him in the A train, Independent subway, year and a half ago," (March 13, she said to herself) "and he told me all about the baby, his wife, his job, and so forth. He looked fine and so, by the way, do you."

"And so, by the way, do you!" he exclaimed. Despite herself, this pleased Greta.

"Thank you. I'm a vinegary old maid, and your words are a delight to my spinstery ears."

"Old maid!" The sincerity of his surprise was such pleasure to Greta that she could feel it in her stomach, her groin, her intestines, and it was like traveling miles and miles to a recommended wayside inn and, in thirst, finding the drinks marvelous — a special ambrosia for the disappointed, she thought.

"You, an old maid. *Incroyable*. You were a doll when you used to . . . go with Jason. But you're incredible now. What a beautiful skirt," he said.

Homosexual, she thought in alarm.

"It's from Copenhagen. Friend of mine brought it over, hot from the plane still," she laughed.

"Does something for you," he said, admiringly, eye-rovingly.

Lecherous, she thought, indignant at his presumption.

Arlene had kept still as long as, longer than she knew how.

"Yes, a mutual girl pal; she brought me this." Arlene indicated her low-cut white blouse.

Greta wondered how she had ever cared for this impossible Arlene and then wondered that she had wanted him to imagine her friend a male. She found herself gazing not at Ralph — quite different, she realized already, from Jason — but at Arlene in some kind of only subconscious speculation. Could she compete with sunny, yellow-round, giddy youth? Something opened inside herself, slightly, lingeringly, and then fiercely closed up against the terror of hardship. Too difficult, she thought without despair. Too hard, too painful, not worth it. Oh, I couldn't.

"I gather I'm not to be in your department," he said in the proper tone of disappointment, "but how about lunch today if you are free, not busy?" He looked suitably impressed at the array of papers and wire baskets on her desk.

Her phone rang, and as Arlene jumped out of her frozen state to answer it with an officious "Miss Stetson's wire," Greta smiled, winningly, up at the young god. "It would be a great pleasure. And I am, as it happens, free."

THE delight, the feeling of being, yes, absolutely frolicsome which caressed her, teased her gently, made her smile at nobody in the subways and coquet winningly with her mother at home was swift, ubiquitous in its onslaught. There was no period of grace, not even half a day of gradual warming up, thawing out, expanding to meet the sun. Greta's pleasure exploded lovingly inside her and increased each day, though she had to admit that she was happier alone than with Ralph. Happier examining her happiness by herself than enjoying his company. Just like an old maid, she thought, and was so full of laughter she could not even think of this with bitterness.

They used to go quite often, at noon, to a little restaurant two blocks from the office and grimaced at its dry, unimaginative food. But they drank Pimm's Cup, and this made them both feel sophisticated and marvelous. Greta cut her hair, wore a headband after all, and polished her nails, which she thought vulgar, middle-class, and disreputable all at once. "You make me feel tall and blonde and skinny and beautiful," she told him.

He laughed. "You make me appreciate myself," he said, taking her hand.

She was absolutely determined to behave well; to be, as she described the state of grace to herself, entirely nice. By which she meant "not difficult."

She had been difficult with Jason, whom she had loved, and with all the men since, whom she had not loved — demanding, possessive, jealous, retreating at the wrong moment. But this time, no matter what, she was determined to be nice, calm, available, relaxed. She would make no scenes and no difficulties, not knowing really what she wanted or expected or hoped for, not wanting to think about how unsuitable this match was, and not knowing how he felt about her at all. She was pretty and witty and gay with him and would never seek him out when she wasn't with him.

He was, obviously, impressed. He was appreciative and delighted. But what else he was she couldn't tell, and since she did not want to push him, it was hard for her to find out. But push him she would not.

He stirred his drink with the cucumber rind. "What's he really like?"

"Who?" she asked, admiring the effect of her headband in the cup's reflection.

"The old boy, the boss, the tyrant, Mr. J. Frederick Morris."

Greta felt a twinge — pain, disappointment, nervousness? She wasn't sure.

"Oh, Lord, he's nothing . . . much. And, I suppose, like all nothing muches, it's a long story. He's sort of self-made, though not uneducated. Terribly ambitious, terribly rich, difficult, as you say, tyrannical, hard to work with, hard to work for. I don't know. I've known him awhile, and I'm not really sure myself what he is. His business is terrifically important to him. He has two daughters, no sons, and that depresses him. You know, no one to take over when he's gone, or rather, no one to train while he's alive, which is what he'd really love. His wife's dead, and he has no interest in women. Just business. But he's smart and generous in his way."

"Arlene hates him," Ralph said, rather exploringly.

"Yes, I know. It's the office fashion."

"You're by way of being fair-haired girl, aren't you?" he said very admiringly.

"Oy do me work same's the other girls, Oy'm sure," she said to cover her feeling of stiffness.

He laughed and changed the subject. "Do you mind talking about Jason very much?" he asked.

"No," she said, knowing this was something they'd have to straighten out. "I was crazy in love with him, but I was eighteen. And it was very long ago."

"Is it rude of me to ask why you haven't ever married? Actually, for a long time the family thought you and Jason were married."

He asks if it's rude, Greta thought, but he doesn't know it is.

"Yes, well, I guess maybe we thought we were,

too. At least I did. And then by the time I realized we weren't, I was older and pretty much a different person, and there have been men, a few, but I never cared enough."

"You're gorgeous, you know, Greta. But I've said that before. I very much, very much like being with you. So other men must."

"Yes," she said. "Ralph, do you bore easily?"

"It depends what's playing," he answered after a pause.

I'm nervous, Greta thought, and I must be more careful. I must be. She sipped her drink.

"Let's have fun," she said, smiling.

"Let's," he agreed, "starting now."

When Mr. Morris called her in these mornings, she was almost more playful than rude. But that didn't seem to please him either.

"What are you so giddy for?" he asked.

"Oh, for heaven's sake. Nothing sits right with you, Morris. If I'm droopy or rude or giddy or fresh, you don't like it. I don't think you like me much."

"Well, you're wrong. I like you, and I'm worried about you, and I hope your mother is, too."

"Thanks! You've certainly changed your tune. You were saying how middle-aged I was just the other day, and now you seem to think I need my mother to wipe my nose."

"I think you may need your mother to wipe your tears if you're not careful, Greta," he said ominously.

"I don't know what you mean, Morris," she said slowly, worried by his heavy tone.

"You do. I mean that Heidinger boy. Why are you letting him take up your time?"

"I get my work done," she said with a flash of the old spirit. But he didn't bite.

"Never mind. Greta, my dear. You know what I'm talking about. You are too old for him, he's too flashy for you, and if I were you, I'd watch out. And that," he said, opening up a folder of memorandums in front of him, "is all I'm going to say."

"Well, I've got one more thing to say, Morris. I think you might have said that he's too young for me, not that I'm too old for him, I really do!"

"Have the last word, Miss Stetson. I have said my say. And now shall we justify your exorbitant pay check by doing some work? Greta," he warned, raising his hand, "that's all. I won't discuss it ever again."

GRETA, Greta, pumpkin eater. It's hot as hell." He stuck his head in her office doorway. "Let's

blow this joint early and go someplace nice and unhealthy and air-conditioned."

"And corrupt?" she asked, rapidly and mentally examining her costuming. Pity she hadn't worn her new aqua dress that looked like the bottom of the sea.

"And corrupt," he agreed. "Want to go to the Museum of Modern Art and pretend to look at canvases?"

"Love to," she replied. "Perfect. And, in between pretending, we can really look at my favorite."

"Oh, God," he groaned. "Don't ask me to guess. I'll fail, and you'll despise me."

"No, no games. It's a little browny Klee painting, and it's called *The Mocker Mocked*. It's kind of a scratched-in head with a gaping mouth. And an expression."

"What kind of expression?"

"Well, that's it. What kind of expression is it? If you think it's a kind of tragic gaup, then you look at it and you know it's a clowny thing. But you know, if you think it's a gag, then you see that it's a terribly despairing commentary, after all."

"*The Mocker Mocked*," he said slowly, savoring it. "You like ambivalence?"

"No. I like to play at disenchantment."

"But you're enchanting, Miss Stetson, and probably enchanted, too."

"Thank you. Go away, please, while I do a little work. Here comes my secretary. Let me pretend to dictate awhile."

Arlene bustled in, folders and books and papers loaded in her arms. Ralph winked at Greta and slapped Arlene playfully on the rear as he walked away.

"I like him," Arlene commented.

"Oh, a little love tap and you're gone. You young ones are so keyed up."

"No, I mean, I like him . . . much, Greta."

Greta looked up, surprised. "You mean interested?"

"I mean interested, definitely." Arlene nodded.

"I see," Greta said, conscious of the pomposity of her phrase but knowing it would impress Arlene.

"I mean, Greta, it's going to be one of those struggling things. You know, the difficult businesses, a mess. I don't know if I have strength. He's sharp, you know. And I'm far from the only appleblossom on his bough."

Greta heard all the echoes of herself in this speech, and the many months of the younger girl's apprenticeship. She felt all the old tears well up too, but in quenching the new, flickering little flame inside her they dried up themselves. And she was vanquished without a struggle.

"Do you see him much?"

"Oh, you know, couple of dates in the evenings. Cocktails once. He's got no time. Not just for this girl. Or for the others. He's a charmer, kind of. I mean, not in a nasty way. But he's sort of young. And he's terribly ambitious. Wants to impress old Morris big and fast."

"Young man on the make?" Greta observed.

Arlene nodded. "Sort of. But it's all mixed-up energy and ambition. He's really nice, Greta, and good and smart, and he'll be straight as a pin when he settles down. I really think he's got what it takes."

"You're serious?"

"I'm serious. I wish I knew if he were. No, that's not so. I know he isn't. But he will be. Oh, I know, you think he's still in diapers. But he's fond as hell of you; my God, he looks up to you — you're the big ideal woman, you know. Do you think he's the real thing or another damned phony baloney?"

"I don't know, Arlene," she said slowly, and, fearful of revealing herself, she dismissed the subject abruptly. The truth was, Greta didn't know. She had no idea. And in recognizing this she saw, too clearly, the rest of the truth. *It wasn't for her to find out.* It was not for her to make it with Ralph at all. Because she hadn't even realized the questions, the matters at stake. Yes, he was a problem, another Jason, she could see that. But it wasn't her problem. It was Arlene's. Maybe. If Arlene were lucky. Or some other angry, hungry young thing. But not for Greta Stetson. She felt lost and precarious in space, out on a limb now, more than she felt depressed or sorrowful. Fortunately, she had not rushed all the way, yet, to meet the sun, and so her retreat did not have to be so substantial. And then, she thought, too, one did not suffer after thirty as one did before twenty. It's the first two decades that are the worst, she remembered. That's when you hide under towels. Afterward, it doesn't hurt so much. Not even humiliation. But she decided to dislike Arlene. I want to indulge myself, she thought. I've earned it.

"Listen, Arlene," she said finally. "Let's get some of this mess cleaned up on my desk and quit early. I'm hot, and I've got a headache."

"But you don't get headaches."

"Well, I've gotten to getting them. And I'm going home early. I was going to drop in to the museum with Ralph, but why don't you do me a favor and tell him I can't face it today. Another time. Or you go, tootsie. Look, here's my membership card." She dug it out of her purse with only slightly numb fingers. "I wanted to show him a painting. But you show him. *The Mocked*. Take a look at it, both of you. In a

good summer twilight it has Mr. Morris' complexion, I think."

GRETA's mother hung up the telephone receiver with great caution, tapping it with a long, carmine fingernail. She was nervous and slightly alarmed at Greta's phone manner. It had been a long time since she had demanded an accounting of her daughter's comings and goings; not that she didn't quietly long for such a balance sheet, but, sensibly, knowing she wouldn't get it, she relinquished her claim. Still, Greta was eminently reasonable. She rang her up when she wasn't coming back, so that Mrs. Stetson wouldn't have to telephone the morgue at night, Greta said, and disturb hard-working civil servants. And she often called to say she'd be home earlier than ordinarily because, she argued, she didn't half relish the idea of coming on her mother with a man smothering in her broom closet. But she was practically always simply cordial and clinical when she called.

Today she had called twice and been neither, and been different, both times. First, she was coming on home early, sounding, Mrs. Stetson thought, very much like Masha in *The Seagull*, sniffing, whining, playing a homely, heavy lead. It was always bad when Greta came home early, usually meaning that she was blue and hadn't any place interesting to go or was in a poky mood and refused to go anywhere interesting that she might have gone. But the afternoon passed, the crepuscular suburban sinking of the sun passed, and then the night. And it was well into what Mrs. Stetson thought of as tomorrow when Greta rang up, impertinent, probably drunk, talking very much more like one of the sillier sisters in *Pride and Prejudice*. She was coming home soon. And her mother should please do her a favor and wait up for her a little longer, since she had undoubtedly been waiting up all night anyway, pacing in anguish. Mrs. Stetson drew in a deep breath, glad the girl had not met with a horrid accident. I should have had sons, she thought. And now, she realized, I shall never have grandchildren either. She sniffed in sorrow and poured water into the teakettle and lit the burner beneath it.

"Well, my love." Greta threw her purse and a pair of dirty white cotton gloves on the table. "I have returned, not with the spoils but not, if I may say so, without them."

"What does that mean? And where have you been?" Mrs. Stetson added craftily, knowing this had nothing to do with the issue but hoping in this confused moment simply to find out.

"Been to the Hell of Despair, the Lethe of Relinquishment, and the Haven of Self-Help and

Accomplishment. The fact is, my dear mother, I have, in this one small day . . ."

"Practically twenty-four hours!"

"Well, yes, but a small day really, and one needs all of it for accomplishment. In this small day, I have been in love, fallen out of love, and agreed to get married. In that order."

"Whom are you in love with, may I ask?"

"No one. You haven't listened carefully, as old J. F. would say — will say, in fact. I had a brief, mad, not very gay impulse which was a product of senility, housemaid's water on the brain, and I was awakened from same with a rude, as the novelists say, jolt. The jolt, however, had the quality of knocking me, if I may say so, back on the right road of sane, sound, reasonable, bitchy, maybe even more glamorous, *trecento*."

"What's the matter with love?"

"Nothing. Except it's better to be loved than to love. Don't kid yourself, *maman*. It is."

"Who said no?"

Greta grinned and then wearily threw herself into a dining-room chair and took off her shoes.

"I'm not kidding. Mother. I'm so ever-lovin' tired of lovin'. If you know what I mean. I'm just tired of loving, and being in love, and waiting to fall in love, and all that. I just realized today how sick of it all I really am. You know what I want? You know whom I would really love? The first goddamned guy who came along and said, 'Greta, me girl. We're off to me little love nest in the East Sixties, where I have a ravishing little place just for you and me and a hand-blown Martini pitcher and two glasses.'"

"You got picked up?" Mrs. Stetson gasped.

"Are you kidding? I've been being picked up for years, little one. Nothing ever comes of that, except a bunch of creeps who want to play follow-the-leader in movie balconies or under a tree or oafs looking for lame girls to talk to or foreigners who want to hate America with someone understanding."

"So who? Who's in the East Sixties, or is that figurative?"

"Both. Realistic and figurative. Tuesday week at noon, and you're invited — wear your satin suit, honey — I'm marrying the old wart, the dear old deadpan, J. F., my rich, loving boss, Mr. J. Frederick Morris, and I shall be the sweet empress of his heart."

"My God, he's. . . ." Mrs. Stetson's effort expired in trying to recollect what he was.

Tired, hot, sticky, dirty, exhausted, Greta hugged her mother and then herself with rapture. "Oh, I'm so smart," she trilled. "And about time, after all. God, it's taken me long enough to grow up."

"But Greta," Mrs. Stetson wailed, "he's old. You don't have to marry just for the sake of marrying. You're not an old maid. You're young and pretty, and what would Jason think?" It was out before she could call it back. It was out, and it was a mistake. Or maybe, she thought, maybe not.

"Jason!" Greta whirled out of her seat. "Jason. You keep that corpse around for me to fall all over. You do it, don't you? I mean, you're supposed to help me get over something. You, you who were so against the whole idea, thought Jason was a damned snotty kid, which I may add he was, and so is his whole family, if you want to know something. But, all these years, it's Jason you keep comparing my beaux to. Jason is the yardstick. What makes you think Jason was absolutely the only thing in the world for me? If you want to know something else, I met Jason not so long ago, and he looked fat and seedy and dull, and he talked fat and seedy and dull, too. Look, Mother, you know, I'm glad I knew him, glad I loved him. But I'm a different person now. Maybe I'm not a fairy-tale person. But I'm me, and I'd just as soon be me. I can't, in any case, change. I've come to terms with myself. And lucky for me, too."

"So you're going to marry Mr. Morris?" Mrs. Stetson said slowly, letting herself think about this at last, letting herself imagine it.

"Oh, yes, Mother, I am," Greta said, recovering, at this recollection, her lost composure, and sat down. "I am, and I'm as pleased as larks' tongues, as birds' nests. I'm going to marry him and fight with him and have a beautiful house and tons, tons of money and two marvelous stepdaughters to tyrannize and play tragic stepmother with and a strong, rich, mean, loving daddy for the three of us and a husband for me and I'll be the queen of the roost and make love to him before breakfast every morning."

"Do you know, Greta — I mean, do you have the remotest notion what you're getting yourself into?"

"Yes, Mother, I really think I do. I'm going to stop playing Little Girl Lost, and Bitchy Old Maid, and all those boring, boring roles. I'm going to stop looking for marvelously made young men to fall in love with. All foolishness. I've a gorgeous part for myself right under my nose. Should have seen it all along. But I was too stupid and too goddamned paralyzed. By you and Jason. And the idea of being in love. To hell with young men and young love. I've got just what I need. At last. It's tailor-made. Mine, the Royal Crown." She stood up, collecting her scattered things. "Mine," she said, "quite mine."

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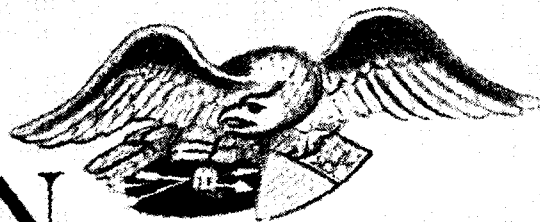
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IT TAKES MONEY TO GET ELECTED

Should Corporations and Unions Contribute?

BY LELAND HAZARD

SOME high corporate executives and some powerful labor leaders are determined to become more active in politics. James R. Hoffa promises reprisals at the polls for the labor reform legislation enacted by Congress. Archie D. Gray, senior vice president of Gulf Oil, has announced to fellow employees and shareholders a program for "increasingly active interest in practical politics." General Electric and Ford Motor Company have extensive projects for the political education of employees. All the trade associations are holding seminars on politics and the corporation.

But just how effective in political activity can either corporations or unions become? They are the only American institutions prohibited by law from making campaign contributions or political expenditures. The bar against contributions by corporations was raised in the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 and was extended to cover labor unions by the Taft-Hartley Act, which, in addition, banned both corporations and unions from political expenditures. Corporations and unions are two of the most significant institutions in our American political economy. It is strange that they have not been more aggressive in questioning the constitutionality of an act of Congress which bars them from political activity.

A lawyer, trained at Harvard and at the University of Chicago, LELAND HAZARD became general counsel for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company in 1939, rising to be vice president and a director. A year ago he was appointed professor of industrial administration and law at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Suppose that a corporation or a union takes a full-page advertisement in a newspaper to state its views on inflation. Such an expenditure is lawful. Congress could not legislate to the contrary because the First Amendment guarantees free speech. But suppose that the corporation or union should want to run the same advertisement and add, "Congressman X by his record has well exemplified these views, and we hope that he will be re-elected." The law forbids such an expenditure. The Supreme Court has not yet said whether this restriction also denies free speech.

Finally, suppose that a corporation or a union should make a direct contribution to a campaign committee for Congressman X in the amount which the newspaper page would have cost. The law directly forbids such a contribution. If the law is constitutional, it must be so on the grounds that Congress has the power to regulate federal elections. Surprisingly, the constitutionality of the application of that power, as embodied in the

Federal Corrupt Practices Act, has never been tested.

I believe that the existing laws deprive corporations and unions of free political speech and that these laws should be repealed — except for the provision that such contributions and expenditures should be made public. That provision should be strengthened, and enforcement should be stepped up far above its present level.

Much is expected by government and by the public from both corporations and unions. Corporations, through their managements, are supposed to be trustees for stockholders, employees, vendors, consumers, and the public. They are to pay high wages out of low profits, keep welfare benefits high but prices low, assure growth of the economy sufficient to keep pace with the Russians and at the same time protect schoolteachers' pensions from inflation, leap to the national defense with arsenals of munitions in wartime, and in peacetime supply goods for the highest standard of living in all history. But in politics, where the social demands upon the corporation are settled, the corporation as such must remain silent.

Or take the unions. Their rights to exist, to organize, to bargain with management for wages and for the conditions of work are the law of the land. In 1937 it was the conservative Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes who cast the deciding vote in favor of the Wagner Act — Magna Charta of unionism. The late Senator Robert A. Taft, in drafting the Taft-Hartley Act, was as careful to protect the institution of unionism as he was to protect the rights of individual workers against the abuses of union leaders.

We expect much of union leaders. We ask them to be statesmen in times of war and of economic crisis. We expect them to screen, modify, temper, and sometimes reject the demands of eighteen million workers — the elite of our industrial forces. We hold all of the leaders responsible for what the worst of them do. And we remain largely ignorant of their contributions to industrial peace and productivity, because these humdrum accomplishments do not make news.

We are constantly threatening more regulation of unions, additional curtailments of their right to strike, laws to intervene in the process of free collective bargaining. But in all these political debates the law requires unions as institutions to stand mute for lack of the legal right to contribute to campaign costs.

I know that it is widely believed that unions ignore the Federal Corrupt Practices Act and that under various subterfuges they do spend large sums of money in political campaigning. But if laws against financial participation in politics are widely ignored by either unions or corporations,

that in itself may be a reason for repeal, as it was in the case of Prohibition.

It may very well be that the antitrust laws should be extended to cover what are loosely termed labor monopolies, that the legal restrictions for holding union office should be greatly tightened, that governmental surveillance should be so strict that men better qualified for the penitentiary than for labor leadership could not come into union power.

It may very well be that additional restrictions should be placed upon corporations. There are bitter complaints that the big companies own too great a proportion of our productive facilities, that profits are too large, that consumers' needs are disregarded, that public taste is corrupted by pre-emption of television and radio for advertising.

The concern of thoughtful people about both corporations and unions may be well justified. The corporation, they say, is a freewheeling Gargantua, its self-perpetuating management beyond the reach of even its own stockholders, exercising a power over products, people, and the economy beyond that which a democratic society should permit to nonelected quasi government. And the same thoughtful people are concerned about the big union, also a freewheeling Gargantua, its officers contemptuous of members, self-perpetuated by nondemocratic internal manipulations, hungry for power, and ignorant of the economic fundamentals upon which a free economy must rest. In our democracy the complaints and the remedies will be heard in the halls of Congress. The issues will be resolved by political action ending in legislation. I believe that it is morally and legally wrong to deprive the two institutions most involved of the opportunity to influence the public debate and the political action upon such vital issues.

Look at some of the suggested remedies for alleged corporate evils. It is proposed that corporate managements be required to consult with some public or quasi-public body on major investments and price decisions, and that there be compulsory publication of such decisions. Under such a law the transcontinental railroad builders could not have risked their capital to open up the West without first enduring frustrating public debates. It is proposed that there should be restrictions on basic research by corporations, upon corporate aid to community services or to education, the argument being that other organizations possess value systems more suited to these important functions. It is proposed that, by legislation — grants, tax benefits, other govern-

mental subsidies — teachers, writers, artists, and civil servants be favored in order to equate their earning power with that of corporate managers. This in essence would be statism. In a democracy, when institutions are put on trial they should have a right to be heard effectively at the polls.

It is unlikely that we shall ever see a time when labor is fully employed at wages entirely satisfactory to labor, when capital is fully employed at returns entirely satisfactory to capital, when interest rates are always as high as creditors wish but no higher than borrowers can afford, when dividends are always rising, when stock market averages are charted in a straight-line curve gently ascending and the consumers' price index is charted in a straight-line curve gently descending, when schoolteachers' salaries are adjusted to the annual average earnings of plumbers, when pensioners save money out of their pensions, when farmers produce all they wish at support prices.

A Utopia combining all of these goodies staggers our imagination. And yet each claim is seriously pressed by some far from impotent group of people. Their irreconcilable claims on enterprise can be disposed of only by government.

OVER the last fifty years, government has been getting more and more into business, but businessmen have been getting less and less into politics. I do not mean that businessmen do not participate importantly in government. They do. In every administration government calls businessmen to Washington. In war, national emergencies, and important economic projects, these men often render indispensable administrative services not obtainable from other sources. But in the grass roots, in the committees, in the caucuses, in the conventions, where congressmen and Presidents are effectively selected long before public fanfare begins, businessmen are usually not participants.

It is often argued that at the turn of the century corporations used money unethically and abused the employer-employee relationship to influence elections improperly. Many would say that, because of the excesses of that period, corporations have barred themselves forever from politics. Undoubtedly there were abuses, but some of the legends appear to have been fabricated by the muckrakers and cartoonists.

John Wanamaker, who raised the money and led his party and Harrison to victory on the tariff issue in 1888, Mark Hanna, who put McKinley in the White House in 1896, and other men like them had a firm conviction about the dependence of enterprise upon government action. They had unquestioning belief in their right to raise and

spend money to carry into office political leaders whose views they considered sound. Herbert Croly, first editor of the *New Republic*, states in his sympathetic biography of Mark Hanna, "Business of all kinds had thus become inextricably entangled with politics." The *Columbia Encyclopedia* describes Hanna as "a great party boss who significantly exemplified the union between business and politics for purposes of economic policy rather than for personal graft." Allan Nevins speaks in the same vein of John D. Rockefeller.

At the turn of the century there was a frank, open, and honestly implemented conviction that the welfare of enterprise was closely associated with the activities and decisions of government. Businessmen therefore took for granted that corporations would participate in politics. There were business-dominated political machines. Collis P. Huntington's Southern Pacific machine in California was a prime example. Hiram Johnson rose to the California governorship and to the United States Senate on the rebound from the political excesses of that machine. But today the Huntington name stands for California achievement. Today's businessmen are ill-advised to suppose that they are barred from politics because some of their predecessors of fifty years ago were guilty of political intemperance.

Whatever the moral caliber of businessmen in the robber baron era, today's managers are of a different ilk. Usually they own only fractional interests in the enterprises they manage. The graduated income tax sharply diminishes the prospect of great wealth.

In urging repeal of the laws forbidding campaign contributions and political expenditures by corporations and unions, I do not pretend to speak for the whole of business. Many businessmen fear that the corporation's taking a position on political issues will tend to drive deeper the wedge between management and labor. This to me is a naïve assumption. Labor respects nothing so much as a forthright statement of where the boss stands. When he speaks up, they know where he stands; when he is silent, they assume the worst.

Some executives fear that, if the corporation takes a political stand, some customers holding contrary views may be lost. But any salesman knows that people buy when the product is wanted and the price is right.

Some people feel that personal political convictions are private rights and these rights should not be invaded by corporate influence on a political issue. But this rationalization is an abdication of leadership. It involves the assumption that if all potent voices on political issues will just keep still, the facts and the wisdom essential to the right decision will in some way find their way into each

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individual's little ivory tower. That road leads first to mediocrity and then to oblivion. Mill put it correctly: "A state which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished."

MY PROPOSAL to release the power of the corporate purse calls also for release of the power of the union purse. For seven recent years one per cent of corporate profits after taxes has averaged approximately \$201 million. During the same period, one per cent of the average annual earnings of all union members after taxes and after union dues has averaged \$518 million. Obviously, any other percentage would show the same ratio of about 2.6 to one — union resources over corporate resources.

Of course, it will be said that unions cannot marshal the funds of members with the same facility that corporate managers can command disposition of corporate funds. But unions have demonstrated the ability to collect dues in the estimated amount of over \$600 million per annum. There is good reason to suppose that they could make assessments for political purposes, the law permitting, in an amount at least equal to any probable amount which corporation management would appropriate for political purposes.

Would corporations run wild if permitted to utilize corporate funds for political campaign purposes? I think not. A reasonable percentage-of-income ceiling for corporate, union, and personal campaign contributions could be established by law, as in the case of philanthropy. Once the ceiling was established, there should be no objection to allowing the campaign contributions of corporations and individuals alike as deductions for federal income tax purposes. It has been proposed that government itself should pay the costs of political campaigns, but the allowance of private contributions as deductions for tax purposes would seem administratively preferable and would avoid the establishment of another bureaucracy.

It will be argued that corporate and union leaders can and should participate in politics as individuals on their own time and with their own funds. But these leaders are utterly institutionalized. For a corporate or union president to take a position in his own right without reference to the interest of his organization is too much to expect. In general, such men have no time or heart for anything which cannot be done in the name of and for the specific objectives of the enterprise.

It will be urged that, because there are many differing political persuasions among stockholders,

corporate management should not have the power to invest corporate funds for political purposes. But stockholders have differing views about equally important matters: price of product, style or kind of product, plant location, expansions, consolidations, and the like; and there are many actions by which management can offend the views, not to say the pocketbooks, of dissident stockholders. Even so, stockholders cannot hold management responsible for the total welfare of the enterprise unless they give it the authority to seek the conditions most conducive, as management sees it, to that welfare. Such is the system.

As a matter of fact, why is it not as much the duty of a corporation to invest in a good political environment as in plants or raw materials? Political developments can render both valueless. A management which carefully plans twenty years of plant and product development but remains indifferent to political trends resulting in inflation of 60 per cent within that period can look quite foolish in retrospect.

In a democratic society which asserts the right to determine the conditions under which enterprise may function, enterprise must have the right to say its piece about what those conditions are to be. This means political action, and political action costs money. It will be suggested that corporations and unions should be content with expenditures for education on the principles for which they stand. But principles do not vote in the Congress or in the state legislatures. Men vote — if they get elected. And it takes money to get elected.

Once the shackles are off, I would not expect corporations, any more than unions, to pick a party and follow it blindly on every issue. We really have *four parties in America: liberals and conservatives in each of the two established parties*. Corporations, like labor, would probably pick for support the candidates whose views seemed sound regardless of party. Nor would I expect a great flood of additional spending. Professor Alexander Heard of the University of North Carolina estimated that the local and national elections of 1956 cost "close to two hundred million dollars." The money is being spent now — some of it surreptitiously, some inefficiently, all because of our unrealistic pretense that politicians should get elected without spending money. Product advertising at \$5000 a television minute does not disturb us, but a politician with an idea that may save the nation is supposed to get himself elected for nothing.

I would expect that strengthened and better-enforced publicity regulations for campaign contributions would give pause to both political donors and candidate donees. It is an old psychological truth: unreasonable restraint invites evasion; permission begets responsibility.



Accent on

THE lovely little wine that “won’t travel” has been reported over the years by all sorts of mournful tourists. Because it has not traveled and is not at hand for sampling here at home, such a wine can always be safely asserted to be superior to all others, even to the more famous bottlings which do travel. The implication is that the nontraveler is of so fragile an exquisiteness that a jaunt down the road a few miles would cripple it; a five-day transatlantic passage would drop it dead in its tracks. To drink this frail vintage one must make the pilgrimage to its source, walking lightly, on the balls of the feet, at any distance within a hundred yards of it.

The concept of so perishable a delicacy troubled me from time to time, especially whenever I found myself tasting a fine wine that had survived, intact, the storage, sales, and delivery hardships of a distant market and some years in my own cellar, under far from ideal conditions. The idea grew on me that travel would be unlikely to damage a good wine properly bottled, but I continued to hear the pronouncement. My ultimate disbelief in it resulted from a batch of inexpensive Anjou which I had bought in the thirties and conserved through the

war years, using only two or three bottles a year. Each bottle seemed better than its predecessors, and the last, uncorked in 1946, at age thirteen, was outstanding. Yet Anjou is another local phenomenon, various tourists have explained to me indulgently, that no one expects to withstand the rigors of travel.

A friend who knows a lot more about wine than I do gave me an example of his own and explained, at the same time, the origin of the myth. He had been charmed, he said, by an Italian nonvintage rosé wine called Gran Caruso, which was served to him in 1951 at a hotel of the same name in Ravello. What was ostensibly the same wine, at Capri, was no good, and neither was that offered by a New York department store four years later under an identical label.

In 1958 my friend returned to Ravello, found the wine, if anything, better than before, and put three bottles of it into the trunk of his car. Two months of European driving followed, and the wine that he opened eventually in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was just as pleasing as it had been in Ravello. The main reason for the myth, as it relates to wines not widely known, is the lack of distant markets: no reputation, no

dependable market. Next in this chain of circumstances, my friend believes, is the unwillingness of the producer to risk losing what may well be a rich local market in order to find new customers overseas: if a winery is already getting a good price at home for the best of its wines, and if the supply is short, only products of lesser quality will be shipped. Finally, such is man’s depravity, on occasion, that wines are sometimes not at all what the perfectly good names and dates on their bottles represent them to be. From somewhere among these considerations came the notion of the wine that can’t stand travel.

Another friend, at whose apartment I stayed in Paris for a few days, always served champagne instead of cocktails, preferring it to the expensive or inferior spirits that were available. The champagne came to about \$15 a case, and I had never encountered either of the two brands that made up his supply. Both seemed to me excellent, fully comparable to the better-known varieties, and my friend agreed. Either one would travel with a will, but, sad to relate, neither does. “Their only crime,” my friend said, “is that they are not famous.”

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE O-FILLER

BY ALASTAIR REID

One noon in the library, I watched a man —
 imagine! — filling in O's, a little, rumped
 nobody of a man, who licked his stub of pencil
 and leaned over every O with a loving care,
 shading it neatly, exactly to its edges,
 until the open pages
 were pocked and dotted with solid O's, like villages
 and capitals on a map. And yet, so peppered,
 somehow the book looked lived in and complete.

That whole afternoon, as the light outside softened,
 and the library groaned woodenly,
 he worked and worked, his O-so-patient shading
 descending like an eyelid over each open O
 for page after page. Not once did he miss one,
 or hover even a moment over an *a*,
 or an *e* or a *p* or a *g*. Only the O's —
 oodles of O's, O's multitudinous, O's manifold,
 O's italic and roman.
 And what light on his crumpled face when he discovered —
 as I supposed — odd words like *zoo* and *ooze*,
 or — joy! — *oolong* and *odontology*!

Think now. In that limitless library,
 all round the steep-shelved walls, bulging in their bindings,
 books stood, waiting. Heaven knows how many
 he had so far filled, but no matter, there still were
 uncountable volumes of O-laden prose, and odes
 with inflated capital O's (in the manner of Shelley),
 O-bearing Bibles and biographies,
 even whole sections devoted to O alone,
 all his for the filling. Glory, glory, glory!
 How lovely and open and endless the world must have seemed to him,
 how utterly clear-cut! Think of it. A pencil
 was all he needed. Life was one wide O.

Anyway, why in the end should O's not be closed
 as eyes are? I envied him. After all,
 sitting across from him, had I accomplished
 anything as firm as he had, or as fruitful?
 What could I show? A handful of scrawled lines,
 an afternoon yawned and wondered away,
 and a growing realization that in time
 even my scribbled words would come
 under his grubby thumb, and the blinds be drawn
 on all my O's. And only this thought for comfort —
 that when he comes to this poem, a proper joy
 may amaze his wizened face, and, O, a pure pleasure
 make that meticulous pencil quiver.



Napoleon's Casters, Anybody?

BY JANE MAYHEW WHITING

JANE MAYHEW WHITING lives with her husband and three children in West Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, in a house built in 1668 by Josiah Standish, a son of Miles.

No one who has not found, in a single closet, twelve hats, four dresses, two tuxedos, seven pairs of shoes, eight petticoats, a trunk of mended underwear, beaded pincushions, blankets, pillows, snowshoes, boxes of letters, picture frames, broken china, baskets, costume jewelry, dance programs, pressed flowers, aged medicines, and a crate of bird pelts can even begin to interpret properly the phrase "Yankee thrift," much less fully appreciate the extent to which our ancestors practiced it. Theirs was a frugality of such intensity that hardly a fragment was ever discarded as useless, and under it all ran a vein of sentimentality and devotion as rich as the mother lode.

When Great-aunt Adelaide died in 1923, her mortal remains were gently laid to rest in the family plot, and her personal effects as carefully interred in four bureaus, two closets, and a sea chest in the family home-stead. Both ceremonies were conducted in the highest sense of New England decorum, and to have tampered with her trinkets and clothes in the years to follow would have been as unthinkable as stirring up Aunt Adelaide herself.

She had officiated personally at the storage of all the belongings of several generations of her family, not to mention the dear little keepsakes bereaved friends and relations had contributed by the drayload from their own loved ones. No scrap escaped her tender rites or suffered the indignity of use once put away, and she had trained her adult survivors well.

The present generation, now faced with the sorting of this accumulation of years, find that, compared with our elders, we are, to a man, as sentimental as mud hens, and our definition of the word "thrift" does not



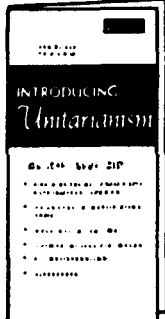
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mean "Whatever it is, if you have it, keep it." While the furniture, the china and glass, the thousand and one significant reminders of our New England heritage give us an almost childlike pleasure, the pot-pourri which has filled the chinks is difficult to understand.

Take for example the trunks filled with stiff collars and cuffs, saved, we suppose, with the conviction that the Diors of haberdashery would one day denounce the white shirt as we know it. In any case, they kept them in the best "Waste not, want not" tradition, for the ownership of unusable collars and cuffs was far better than owning no collars and cuffs at all.

It is the same with the hats. No one in our family would have been caught at a crow shoot in a last year's hat. Instead, as the seasons changed, each outmoded hat was labeled and packed away, pushing previous models further back into the dim recesses of moth heaven. To have thrown them away would have been unseemly, and crassly negligent, to boot. After all, one never knew.

We have mourning bonnets, sun-bonnets, babies' bonnets, and the flowered bonnet "Mother wore to a White House reception"; sun hats, straw hats, picture hats, top hats, plug hats, opera hats, crush hats, and the felt hat "Bethiah was wearing the day Papa died"; skullcaps, golf caps, school caps, overseas caps, shooting caps, fishing caps, night-caps, mobcaps, and a boudoir cap from "Adelaide's trousseau"; derbies, sombreros, sou'westers, topees, tams, Panamas, leghorns, beavers, boaters, bearskins, and a few trampled items whose original shape and purpose defy detection. Or rather, we did have them. The wardrobe mistress of the local Little Theater now bolts like a hare at the mere mention of our name.

The highboy is bulging with linens of every size and description, all unused because they had cost a lot of money and were therefore too good to use. Their decaying state, although giving us just about the swankiest cleaning rags in the county, is depressing. On the other side of the ledger are the boxes and boxes stuffed with portiere tassels, beaded epaulets, belt buckles, corset bones, strips of hooks and eyes, suspender fasteners, garter hardware, and furlongs of denatured elastic, which

give us not a qualm. The fact that their superstructures have been severed and quite possibly thrown away is a happy miracle of improvidence hitherto unencountered.

The sanctum sanctorum of old New England homes has always been the parlor, and its use, to avoid unnecessary wear and tear, was rigidly restricted. One had to withstand the rigors of baptism, courtship, mar-



riage, or lying in state to be allowed to cross the threshold. Despite these barriers, the family managed to cram the room with an alarming assortment of keepsakes, souvenirs, and *objets d'art* of the sort an interior decorator dreams about only after a meal of pickles and ice cream.

Over and above the usual dusty everlasting and pampas grass bouquets, fan coral, scrimshaw, and genteel handicraft considered *de rigueur* for New England parlors, we find we possess oddments which challenge any attempt to rationalize their existence. We have also found that that great American boor, the souvenir hunter, came into being well before he had the help of the automobile to speed him on his rounds.

On a summer day in 1862, it would seem, a section of the Confederate Army was encamped at Fairfax Courthouse in Virginia, flexing its muscles for the Battle of Bull Run. Within the confines of the camp, one can imagine the bustle and the tizzy of preparing for the signal to march — rifles being shined, boots cobbled, horses shod, ammunition loaded, and provision being made for whatever wounded might return. It should have been a busy and alert scene.

Why, then, did we find on the northeast corner of the second shelf of our parlor whatnot a small box labeled with incredible neatness "Lint taken from the Rebel Camp at Fairfax Courthouse two days before

the Battle of Bull Run"? Two days before, mind you. Yankee though I am, I cannot help but feel a twinge of compassion for those boys in gray who went forth to the fray looted, but what in the dickens were they doing to allow their camp to be ransacked practically on the eve of an important battle? Was anyone, friend or foe, permitted to wander at will through a military installation in that day and age, swiping a button here, a ham hock there, or pocketing a fistful of bandaging to take home to show the folks? Our little box of lint must have been taken pretty much on speculation, too. Suppose for some reason the opposing generals had decided to chuck the whole deal, or the battle had turned into nothing more than an insignificant skirmish, unworthy of historical notice. Whoever snatched that lint was just plain lucky.

Besides the lint, and of equal consequence, is an envelope containing scrapings from the boiler of the U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey steamer, *Mississippi*. The poor old girl simply could not digest her namesake's water, and after three or four weeks, the diet would begin to tell. A thick, gray crust would clog her innards, and the black gang would have to abandon their shovels in favor of sledge hammers and chisels. Grandfather was an officer in the Survey on the Mississippi River Commission and had apparently witnessed this operation closely enough to enjoy the spoils. "Crustations" he called them, giving us a momentary impression that we were about to discover some misspelled and horribly deceased shellfish.

Even Napoleon could not escape the long arm of New England, and our memento of the wily Corsican's exiled days on St. Helena is possibly the most peculiar item we have found to date. We have the casters from his bed, oddly enough, but the fact that there are only three casters sends us off on flights of fancy bordering on the hysterical. Perhaps there was a type of torture, a peg-legged bed, so to speak, which doomed its inhabitant to a nightlong series of tooth-jarring thuds at the least stir. Quite probably the explanation is a mediocre one, like the fourth caster's getting lost or being too rusty to remove, but I like to think that the tricorn had really gone to the little man's head and that he slept in a three-cornered bed.

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JOHN M. CONLY

TWO HERITAGES AND A PROSPECT

EARLY in 1957, the makers of disc phonograph records and of machines to play them discovered, with a shock, that they had imperiled their hold on the future. Furthermore, they had done it as an act of pure myopia. What they had failed to see was the explosive consequences of letting recorded tape makers have first go at stereo. Many of the tape producers were subsidiaries of the disc companies, of course, and they had enjoyed a small clientele of high fidelity purists. Now, all at once, they had a giant-killer's weapon thrust into their hands. Stereo tapes were as easy to make as monophonics, and the stereo concept proved self-propelling in public acceptance. Stereo tape became promptly, in fact, a popular musical medium. By the time the record companies shook themselves awake, they found that V-M and Webcor were making \$150 stereo-tape home reproducers, and they were not making them in dozens or hundreds either, but in thousands. The record companies had to do something fast.

They did, and with crushing force. Gentlemen from the Albert Embankment and from Hollywood and Vine flew to New York, met in conventionally smoke-filled rooms, and announced, in the late summer of 1958, the stereo disc. (The technical means to make and play stereo discs had been at hand, though not perfected, for about twenty-five years.) Prices for stereo discs were set at about half what the same content would cost on 7.5-inches-per-second, two-track stereo tape. The tape boom subsided to a murmur, almost within months. Sales and output flagged together.

Now tape is making a lively comeback, which I think a good thing. In the long run, I am almost sure, mag-

netic recording will supplant electromechanical. There need be no hurry, but meanwhile we can make use of its present advantages. Chief among these — especially since stereo is here, because stereo disc grooves are delicate — is that recorded tape is wearproof. It is no secret that a great many tape recorder owners use their machines to copy, promptly, the contents of a disc, so as to keep the latter unmarred. The tape copy can be erased and re-recorded at will.

The main drive on behalf of pre-recorded stereo tape, however, has come from the Ampex Corporation, and, I gather, mainly from Herbert L. Brown, its vice president in charge of home equipment. What Ampex has done is to go all out for four-track 7.5-inches-per-second recorded tape, which can be sold at the same music-per-minute price as a disc, and which sounds, if anything, a little better, especially after the tenth playing. Further, Ampex has got its competitors to join in selling four-track adapters for two-track recorders. And it has formed a sort of recorded tape combine called United Stereo Tapes, which does both processing and marketing. Fifteen record companies had joined at the time of this writing, mostly contributing stuff of limited interest: pop music with startling sonics. Latest joiners have been London, with a spate of fine operas, and Vanguard, with the Boulton-Beethoven Third and Fifth Symphonies and the *Egmont* and *Coriolan* Overtures, all for ten dollars. Here is something to watch.

Meanwhile, RCA Victor, abetted by Bell and Motorola, has confused the issue by putting forth a system featuring "Tapette" tape-loading cartridges, like home-movie pack-

aged reels, easy to handle as disc records but playing at the slow speed of 3.75 inches per second. I have not heard any of these yet, so I will have to report on them later.

The main point is that tape is still with us.

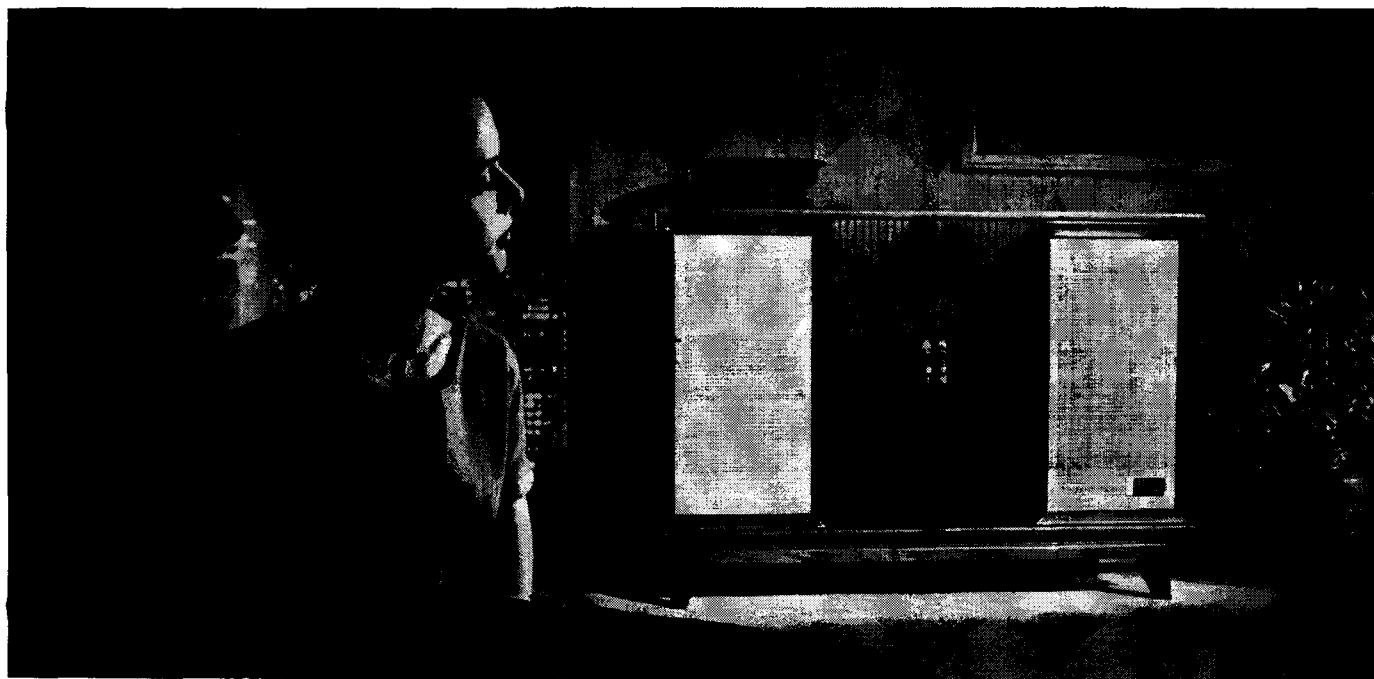
Minstrel on a Peninsula

As last autumn ended, a family of beavers gave Richard Dyer-Bennet a birthday present. It was a fifteen-foot brook, right across his driveway. Since the noted singer of folk songs lives on a peninsula in a Western Massachusetts pond, which he owns, this effectively moated him in. When we went calling on him, partly to find out why a singer should become his own record company, he met us at the water's edge and guided us over the best steppingstones to his house, a brand-new dwelling in modern style, with an upswept living-room ceiling. It serves as recording studio as well as home and has a soundproof control room next to the entrance hall. There is nothing stark about it, however, especially since it is vigorously inhabited by a wife, two daughters, a Weimaraner named Hopper, and three cats.

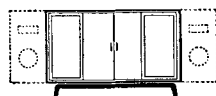
Dyer-Bennet, whose company has put forth its eighth LP record of Dyer-Bennet, is a tall, lean man, light-haired and aquiline in a familiar British way, who, in his middle forties, still plays a slashing game of tennis. He is an authority on folk music, but doesn't like to be called a folk singer, since he isn't. Dyer-Bennet LP 7, as evidence, consists of twelve Beethoven Irish and Scotch songs; and frequently Dyer-Bennet will juxtapose, in concert, a Schubert group, some Elizabethan lutanist

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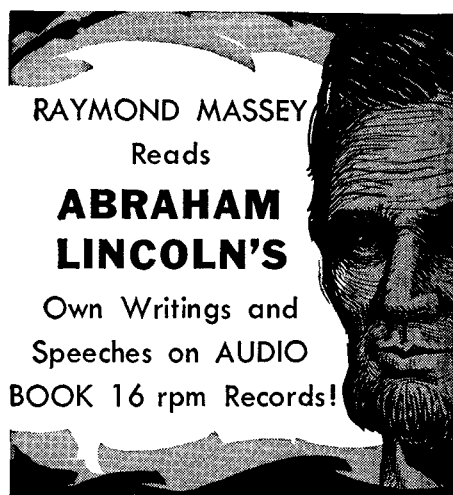
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songs, and *I Ride an Old Paint*. Audiences love this, which makes sense to him. He has no objection to folk singers who make folk songs folksy, but he himself prefers to treat them with respect.

How he became a record company is part and parcel of why and how he became a singer. He was born in Leicester, son of an officer in the regular British army. There was no musical tradition in the family, but his grandmother used to bring him music boxes, perhaps partly because she liked to watch his procedure with them. (This was before he was six.) He would crank them sedulously until he learned the tunes, be they by Handel, Rossini, or Anonymous. Then they became his for the humming. As far as Dyer-Bennet knows, he has never forgotten a tune he memorized.

After World War I, his father retired and moved first to British Columbia and then to California. It was at this point that Dick, eleven, learned by heart — he couldn't read music — the whole role of Hansel in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. His fate was getting clearer, though not to him. "My chief interest in college was sports," he says. "What I really wanted to be was a professional soccer player. My coach at the San Francisco Olympics Club thought he could place me with the Glasgow Rangers."

Alas for the Glasgow Rangers. "At a Christmas party when I was a sophomore," Dyer-Bennet recounts, "I met Gertrude Wheeler Beckman, a singing teacher who almost ran my life for the next few years. In half a night's talking she persuaded me to change all my studies and begin a basic music course. She also convinced me that I must go to Sweden and hear Sven Scholander. Scholander did for the lute song the same kind of thing Landowska did for the harpsichord and Segovia for the guitar. I tried to get a job on a freighter, but there was a strike on. Just then, however, I received a small legacy from England — a hundred pounds. This got me to Stockholm, and to Scholander, who was seventy-five and hadn't sung in years. He consented to, though his lute strings were all broken; he had to send a messenger for some new ones. Then he sang me *The Golden Vanity*, sitting in a chair, as if conversing. It was a magical thing.

"I saw him several times more.

Then I worked my way back through Scandinavia and Great Britain. In Wales I sang in churches, union halls, even grocery stores. Back in California I quit school, because now I could read Goethe for myself, you know."

A folk-plus art-song career was not easy to build. There were terrible times in night clubs, eased at one point by the warm friendship of Huddy ("Leadbelly") Ledbetter, who gave pretty Mrs. Dyer-Bennet dreadful instructions on how to deal with mashers. Finally there was a venture into Town Hall, and mounted police had to be called out to control the crowd. Naturally, Carnegie Hall was next stop. The huge hall filled, and at the recital's end an almost speechless Melvyn Dyer-Bennet broke into her husband's dressing room to announce that right behind her was North America's leading impresario, Sol Hurok, anxious to talk business. The tribulations were over.

Dyer-Bennet recorded for Harvard Vocation, Keynote, Folkways, Stinson, Concert Hall, Decca, Vox,



and Remington, and has nothing against any of them. "Still," he says, "if there is anything worth while in what I do, I'd like to leave it in sensible shape; not cut apart and reassembled. I'm not sure you make any more money running your own record company than working for other people, but you do have the last word. I like to write my own commentaries, too.

"There is one singer other than me that I'd like to record: my friend Aksel Schiøtz, the Danish tenor, who is the best person in the world to sing the wonderful songs of the eighteenth-century Swede Carl Michael Bellmann; real treasures we never have a chance to hear. I've learned the guitar accompaniment, just on

the chance that we may get to th ."

When we made our way out, the beaver stream had shrunk to a trickle. Dyer-Bennet left us there, swinging his flashlight and humming something. It wasn't familiar, so it was probably by Bellmann.

What's New — And Timeless?

During the LP decade it became fashionable for disc collectors and critics to assail the record companies periodically for their failure to put and keep before the public sundry old recordings of great historic or artistic merit. This has always seemed to me a little unfair. Most of the companies, both large and small, have done a pretty good (and, I am sure, unprofitable) job of supplying ancient rarities. Little outfits like Eterna, Scala, and Heritage continue to keep available an impressive array of famous vocal recitals. The bigger producers, in the main, have offered their classic reprints only for a limited time. This has been in part because of international licensing restrictions, in part because of a reasonable assumption that, when a rarity has been exposed on the market for three or four years, anyone who wanted it will have it.

Anyway, the effort never really comes to a halt; the companies have budgets to watch, but they also have some artistic conscience. Currently, the liveliest endeavor is Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century," which had a vital infusion of new, old musical elixir at year's end. Items that comprised this, all bright in recording legend, include the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals version of the Beethoven *Archduke* Trio; Cortot in fourteen Chopin waltzes; Schnabel playing the Mozart Twenty-First Concerto with Sargent and the Twenty-Seventh with Barbirolli; and three truly memorable Wagner *Ring* collaborations by Frieda Leider, Lauritz Melchior, and Friedrich Schorr, with Leo Blech and Robert Heger conducting. Two sets are from *Götterdämmerung*, one from *Walküre*.

The Great Recordings of the Century project was conceived in 1956 by a man named Jacques Leiser, a producer for Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd., which owns HMV, English Columbia, Angel, and Capitol, along with several Continental subsidiaries. The EMI executives liked his idea and gave him a free hand. Leiser thereupon hired René

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Sauré, of the Chatou Studios in Paris, who went to work on the old matrices from the vaults. His re-processing has seemed to me astonishingly good and illustrative of something 78 collectors have known since high fidelity invaded us—that there was a lot more sound in latter-day 78s than the pickups of the 1930s could evoke. Especially impressive was the job he did on the Schnabel-Galliera *Emperor Concerto*, not yet issued here. He says that in re-recording he alters the reproduction curve a little, probably to bring out the bass and high treble components, but that he adds no artificial reverberation. Bravo for him, and may his labors continue.

The first Gravures Illustres (that was their name in France) came out just before EMI bought Capitol in America and combined it with Angel. In the ensuing fluster, the reprint project was shuttled aside. Now the first, or 1958, list is on sale again, together with the new additions. It has in it such delights as the Busch Players' Brandenburg Concertos; Claudia Muzio's Italian opera arias; Edwin Fischer at the Bach Keyboard Concertos 1, 4, and 5; and Schnabel playing the Schubert B-flat Sonata. There are also four Casals discs. Not stereo, hardly high fidelity; just fine music.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Six Quartets, Opus 18

The Budapest Quartet; Columbia M3S-606 (stereo) and M3L-262: three records Beethoven's quartets are, at least in some part, autobiographical statements. Beethoven, at thirty-one, when he wrote Opus 18, was a successful young man around Vienna, confident and proud, sometimes gay. Now, inside any young genius there is surely a strain of question and melancholy, later to come to the fore. What the Budapests have done is to delve for this in the young Beethoven. Since they are unerring artists, they have been successful and, to my perception, wrong. The dark taproot in the personality is not yet well grown enough to be interesting, whereas the brave flowering above is interesting. Yet this aspect is bypassed. Maybe it is a matter of the players' ages; the last time they recorded Opus 18, they did it

very differently. I have to admit that my main reaction is aversion. I am sure that when the Budapests come to Opera 127-135 we will have sublimity beyond complaint, but Beethoven was in his fifties then.

Schubert: The Trout Quintet

Clifford Curzon, piano; members of the Vienna Octet; London CS-6090 (stereo) As a matter of fact, two *Trouts* came out lately and almost simultaneously, the other one being an Angel version by Hephzibah Menuhin and the Amadeus Quartet. Miss Menuhin is pretty good, but the Amadeus players are not, especially when they get into the trout variations. Anyway, they are up against competition which is probably unbeatable. Curzon and the Viennese have this thing really by heart: every sweet languor and flashing cleverness and thumping jollity. And the way Willi Boskovsky can fiddle up a picture of a trout in the shallows with about three strokes of a bow remains something lastingly incomprehensible to me.

Smetana: My Fatherland

Rafael Kubelik conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London 2202 This is the first stereophonic *Ma Vlast*, and a good one. Kubelik does not make the Moldau flow quite as sweetly as Václav Talich did once, but he makes no errors, and Smetana does the rest. The orchestra sounds fine, though I am told the members were not at ease with Kubelik. I have always the feeling that he would do better if he did not work so hard.

Weber: Overtures (two versions)

Ernest Ansermet conducting Suisse Romande Orchestra; London CS-6074 (stereo)
Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel S-35754 (stereo) and 35754
The overtures in common here are *Euryanthe*, *Ruler of the Spirits*, *Abu Hassan*, *Freischütz*, *Preciosa*, and *Oberon*. All are rousers, great fun, and put across with appropriately vivid sonic fidelity. Now, the problem: I think Ansermet gets a little more wallop into his playings, but the Angel disc offers one more overture. *Jubel*. Two thirds of this is dull, but the end consists of the best symphonic setting of *Heil dir im Siegerkranz* (*My Country, 'Tis of Thee*) I have heard. It only lasts one verse though. I would get the London.

pleasures *and* places



JAPANESE INNS

BY ELIZABETH GRAY VINING

There are many comfortable and pleasant hotels of the Western style in Japan. In fact, the Imperial in Tokyo and the Fujiya in Miyako-shita are on my selected list of hotels which I count the most delightful that I have known for atmosphere, comfort, and courtesy. But it is a pity for people who go to Japan not to stay in some of the enchanting Japanese inns, such as the Tawarayama in Kyoto, which remains my home whenever I am in that ancient and fascinating city.

All Japanese inns are run by a certain pattern. Visitors are the guests of the house in a much more personal and less perfunctory way than they are in Western hostels. If the innkeeper knows when I am coming, someone will meet me at the station with a car. At the entrance to the inn there is a gateway into a little courtyard with bamboo fence, steppingstones and gravel, low green shrubs, and a wide, open door. Shoes are removed at the door, and a boy puts them away in a cupboard. There is no need to worry about them. Whenever I go out, the news will have preceded me through the house, and by the time I get to the door my shoes will be waiting on the

front step, ready to step into, with a long shoehorn at hand.

Stepping out of my shoes on arrival, I put on a pair of scuffs and shuffle down the polished wooden corridor after the hostess or the maid. She opens a sliding paper door and invites me in. Abandoning the scuffs on the threshold, I step in stocking feet onto the *tatami*, the thick, clean, springy matting that covers the floor.

The first room is a dressing room. Here is a cupboard that contains bed quilts and shelves and trays for clothes. On one of the trays is a freshly laundered cotton kimono, printed in blue and white, to relax in, or in cold weather a thick padded kimono of some neutral shade. In the room, too, there is a little dressing table without legs. Probably of red lacquer, it has two or three drawers and a tall, thin mirror.

Beyond the dressing room is a larger room, which is living room, dining room, and bedroom. Like all Japanese rooms, it has a *tokonoma*, or alcove, with a hanging scroll containing a painting suitable to the season and a flower arrangement below it. In a corner of the room is a low table with writing materials,

and in the center a larger table of polished wood or lacquer, about a foot high, where I have meals, spread out guidebooks and maps, and write post cards and letters. If the weather is cool, a few sticks of charcoal glow on a bed of fine white ash in a brazier beside the table.

The sliding paper doors open onto the *roka*, a narrow balcony with a tiled or wooden floor, where there are a wicker table and two wicker chairs. Scuffs are conveniently placed for use on the *roka*. Here I sit at the table and look out through glass doors which open onto the garden or the view. Even in the most crowded cities there is something refreshing to look at. The tiniest garden is skillfully made. Bamboo, flowering shrubs, ferns, rocks, and pebbles are used to suggest a cool woodland scene with hidden spaces. Or you may look out at a wide view of the sea between pine trees or a soaring mountain.

Reports about communal bathing have frightened many a Western tourist away from Japanese inns, and quite unnecessarily. The saying "In Western hotels you dine in public and bathe in private; in Japanese inns you dine in private and bathe in public" is only a half-truth.

Friends of mine traveling in Hokkaido did, it is true, stay in an old-fashioned inn where the bath was a large one intended for general use. The young wife decided against it, but her husband made the plunge. The next day on the street she saw him greet a very pretty young Japanese girl and asked him, "Where did you meet her?" "In the bathtub last night," he answered airily.

The splendid bath at Shojiin, the temple on Koya San, the "sacred mountain," where I once stayed overnight, did, I admit, give me a surprise. Tané, my Japanese "little sister," and I were the only guests in the temple that Sunday evening, so even though there was no lock on the door of the famous bath, we felt safe from intrusion. There was the usual anteroom for undressing and then the bath itself, tiled in white and blue, with a beautifully shaped pool big enough for ten to twenty bathers. The water was fresh and hot, and Tané and I were simmering peacefully when we heard the outer door open and then saw the black bulk of a monk filling the clouded glass panel of the inner door. The door began to slide open.

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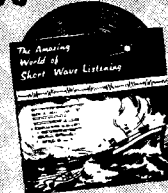
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I freeze into speechlessness in moments of crisis, but Tané was vocal. "*Haite imasu!*" she screeched, which meant "We're in here!" The panic in her voice stopped him; there was a brief exchange of Japanese courtesies, and after he had retreated we resumed our simmering with reminiscent giggles.

Ordinarily, however, by requesting it, one can have the bath to oneself. Many inns have different-sized baths, and sometimes a family will go in together.

Beyond the first sliding door is the room for dressing and undressing, and beyond the second, the bath itself, where one soaps and rinses thoroughly first and then steps up to the neck in a tub of steaming hot water. Sometimes the tub is square, of satiny wood; sometimes it is a round iron caldron with a wooden raft on which to sit; sometimes it is beautifully tiled, like a miniature swimming pool.

I find it very pleasant to take my bath late in the afternoon, when I am tired and dusty from a day's sightseeing, to put on the kimono provided by the inn, and then, refreshed and relaxed, to sit at the low table in my room and eat the dinner which the kimonoed maids bring to me.

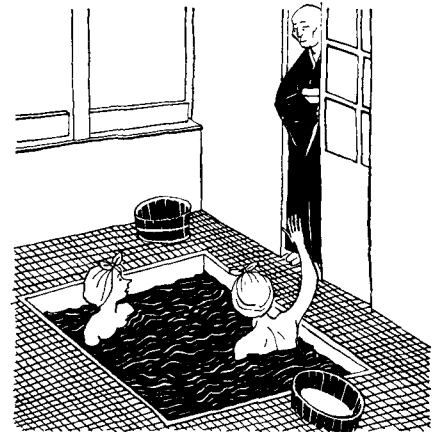
The food that they bring is delicious and pretty to look at as well, with combinations of color, texture, and flavor carefully planned; and it is set forth on exquisite china and lacquer. There is no need to be afraid of raw fish. It is not put on a plate whole, just as it comes from the market. Three or four small, chilled squares of boneless fish with a delicate flavor — sea bream or tuna are the kinds I have most frequently had — are served with a tangy sauce.

Most Westerners know and like *tempura*, the batter-dipped delicacies fried in deep fat which the Portuguese taught the Japanese to cook in the sixteenth century, or *sukiyaki* (pronounced skee-yahki), meat and vegetables cooked over charcoal at the table; but there are many other dishes that should be discovered and enjoyed. Two or three kinds of soup are served at each meal, and all are good. Sometimes in the clear soup there are tiny clams in the open shell, a little tricky to disengage with chopsticks, but worth the effort.

Chawan-mushi, which means "steamed teacup," is an egg custard

made with broth instead of milk and filled with bits of chicken, tiny shrimp, chestnuts, or, in season, ginkgo nuts or mushrooms. In the fall, when the *matsudake*, or pine mushrooms, are ripe, there are dozens of mushroom dishes — sometimes more than one in the same meal. I especially like a kind of broth which comes in a little gray pottery teapot with its matching cup on its head, but there are many other delicious ways to cook and serve this favorite delicacy.

Spinach usually comes bright green and tender and ice-cold in lit-



tle bunches of leaves all the same size, dressed with soya sauce and sesame seed. Three or four edible pod peas, fresh and young, garnish some other dish; bamboo sprouts and lotus root slices, like little wheels, provide a wonderfully crisp texture and subtle flavor. Tiny flakes of fresh ginger, dipped in some red sauce, appear in unexpected places. With a *tempura* meal, for contrast with the batter and oil, I have had breast of chicken and tart apple grated together.

Rice comes at the end of the meal, followed by green tea. Dessert is not a regular part of Japanese meals, but in deference to Western custom fruit is usually provided. The Japanese fruit was a revelation to me. No one had ever told me it was so large and beautiful and full of flavor. One reason for its excellence is that it is not sprayed with chemicals. The farmers and their families patiently make by hand little paper bags to cover each peach or pear or apple and protect it from insects. During the years after the war when paper was very scarce, a shipment of Bibles sent by the American Bible Society to convert the rural areas was a great boon to the pear and apple growers of Nagano Prefecture.

The thin paper pages were exactly the right size and weight.

Fruit in Japan is seasonal, as it no longer is in the United States, where we can get strawberries from California all year round and where apples and oranges and grapefruit have no season at all. Each fruit in turn is enjoyed for the short period of its ripening, and then it is not seen again for a year. Rosy-cheeked peaches, each one of a size to include a *Momotarō* (the Peach Boy of the old fairy tale) and full of flavor, are followed by pale and juicy pears round as oranges and crisp as cucumbers; figs come in September, and then the apples and persimmons of the autumn and enormous thin-skinned green grapes. There are mandarin oranges for the winter, and for the earliest spring, strawberries grown on stone terraces warmed by the sun and so big that three are a generous serving. *Biwa*, or *loquats*, a mild, yellow, fleshy fruit, tide one over till the summer oranges, sour and rather like grapefruit, usher the peaches in again.

Feeling replete after dinner and comfortably weary, I usually go to bed early. The maids pull from their cases the "rain doors," heavy wooden doors that make a loud rumbling noise as they roll into place outside the glass doors of the *roka*. Plenty of air in the daytime is the rule here, but at night the mists and breezes are shut out. It is not necessary to feel suffocated, for air does drift in through cracks.

The table is removed from the center of the room, and the sleeping quilts are brought out of the cupboard. Two thick pads covered with bright brocade go down first, then a cotton sheet. Over them is spread the covering quilt, with a sheet buttoned onto it. If it is cold, the maids bring more quilts. The pillows are small and hard and stuffed, I think, with bran. Square lamps with frames made of bamboo or lacquer are set at the heads of the beds. In hot weather, in places where mosquitoes are bad, a mosquito net like a great cage is hung from hooks in the four corners of the room.

The first time I slept on *tatami* I realized, after an interval, that the thick springy matting was harder than I thought and that my own bones were nearer the surface. I even felt a little bruised when I got up. But the second night was better, and by the third I realized that not

only had I slept well but that I had not really been in Japan until I had lived for at least a few days on *tatami*.

I get up when I wake up. It is still dark in the room, but somehow the maid — and there appears to be one who has nothing else to do but wait upon me — knows when I begin to stir, and she appears at once to open the rain doors and the glass doors and the paper doors, air the room, and put away the beds while I am dressing in the outer room. When I am ready for breakfast, it appears.

Here is another source of fear and dread to Westerners. They have heard that the Japanese eat bean soup for breakfast, and they want none of it. They are not strong enough for bean soup so early in the morning; they want their coffee.

During the years right after the war I used to take a jar of instant coffee with me to the inns, as well as my own bread (to make toast over the charcoal brazier) and tinned butter, but now you can get good coffee in any inn. There is plenty of fruit, the Japanese are now making a variety of excellent breads, and they will cook your eggs in any way you want.

The only time I have ever had a real Japanese breakfast was in the temple on Koya San, and by that time I was thoroughly at home with Japanese food. The breakfast which the young monk brought consisted of rice, hot and filling; bean soup, which is not the thick *potage* we know but a thin, cloudy, rather acid liquid made of bean paste and boiling water; dried seaweed; pickles; cold broiled mushrooms; and green tea. It was all very good.

Of all the charming Japanese inns I have known besides the Tawaraya, I think of three that stand out in my memory.

One is Hassho-kan, accessible by taxi from Nagoya, which is set in a large and beautiful grove of pine trees and which is famous for its combination of the traditional and the modern. Pictures of its new part, which won an architectural prize in 1951, and of the tiny garden which the bathhouse overlooks, have appeared in American magazines and books on architecture. Air conditioning is concealed under the *tokonomas*, and the bed quilts on which you sleep are filled with foam rubber. It is fairly expensive, but

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A Time for High Tea



Photo by Ewing Krainin

The time for High Tea in India is a mood. It arrives leisurely on the marbled courtyards of elegant hotels, amid medieval terraces of palace gardens; it arrives on a 'shikara' built for two, or in a houseboat, on a Kashmir lake miles above the sea...

After a tennis final it comes, or a polo match, a day at the races. The time for it is a *soirée* of dance-drama. The mood comes upon you languidly when the shadows are long and the evening breeze carries the perfume of jasmine and queen-of-the-night. The time for High Tea in India is a time to meet, to sit and talk, to admire.

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not unduly so when you take into consideration the beauty and peace of the setting and the perfection of food and service.

Among the tall trees there is a thatch-roofed farmhouse (like all such farmhouses it is "three hundred years old") open for guests to see. The Japanese acquaintance who first showed it to me struggled to express in limited English the feelings which the age and quiet of the little building awoke in him. "I like to sit here, in kimono, and write a Japanese poem," he said.

In Matsuye, on the Sea of Japan, where Lafcadio Hearn lived for a number of years, I spent a night at the Minami-kan. From the window I looked out on the Shinji Lagoon to mountains beyond. It was a lovely scene in the late afternoon: the blue

lake, an old bridge, a point of land with some small black-and-white houses, a few fishing boats, and the opalescent lights repeating and reflecting each other through the mist as clouds veiled the sunset. At last rain fell and the little boats went home. I hated to leave in the morning, and I had to hurry at the last to catch the train. People of southern Honshu make much of the tea ceremony and have it not only in teahouses with the leisurely formality I had known elsewhere but also in ordinary rooms to dignify any occasion. The hostess at Minami-kan was disconcerted to find us dashing for the train just as she prepared a farewell ceremonial tea for us. Undaunted, she pursued us down the hall, and I gulped the thick, powdered tea from a bowl held in one hand while I wielded the shoe-horn with the other.

The Nabeya in Hitoyoshi is another inn that I remember fondly. I slept in the *Kirinoma*, the Misty Room, from which I could see the river rushing below, a long, arched bridge, and the low hill called the Sleeping Buddha. There was the fresh green odor of new *tatami* in the room and a classical arrangement of pine branches and daisy chrysanthemums in an old bronze vase in the *tokonoma*. After a hot spring bath

that did away completely with the chills and sneezes which had been bothering me all day, I fell deeply asleep to the music of the river.

The next day I took a luncheon with me which the inn had prepared. Most hotel box lunches of my experience have been substantial and nourishing but scarcely imaginative. This one was a little work of art. When the lid of the oblong wooden box came off, there was revealed an arrangement of food as pretty as a flower arrangement, and decorated with a bit of palm leaf. There were little white rice balls wrapped in shiny black seaweed, pink shrimps, bits of fish dipped in soya sauce and browned over charcoal, broiled mushrooms, pickles, and chestnuts boiled and sweetened.

It is difficult to confine myself to

mentioning only three inns out of the many that I have enjoyed. How can I leave out the *Hinako* in Beppu or the *Koraku* in Okayama or the one on Enoshima whose name I have forgotten, where Tané, my little Japanese friend, and I

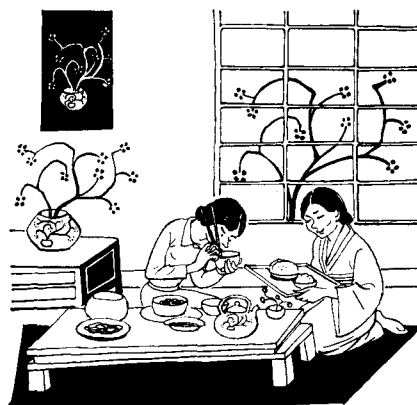
stopped one afternoon for tea?

We had had a picnic lunch on the beach opposite the island near Kamakura and then had walked across the long bridge and up the steep hill to the shrine. The day was warm, and the ham sandwiches had made us thirsty. Coming down the steep stone passageway between an unbroken row of souvenir shops on one side and inns on the other, I saw through the gateway of one inn a glimpse of sea and mountains, and I suggested that we go in and engage a room for a time and have tea — which we did.

An old man in a gardener's blue *happi* coat was sweeping the ground with a twig broom that came straight out of a fairy tale.

"Honorable Grandfather," said Tané politely in Japanese, "may we come in and look at the honorable view?"

Honorable Grandfather, to whom American tourists were evidently no novelty, continued his sweeping. "O.K.," he said wearily without looking up. "W.C."



BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

ONE enters the Soviet Union, as I feel sure our Russian visitors enter New York, with certain convictions, preconceived in the Cold War, which one expects to have confirmed, and then, after the encounters and contentions, after the personal exchanges and the spontaneous acts of kindness, we each return with what I am sure must be a mixture of surprising and disturbing reflections. I cannot attempt to assess what the Russians take home; it is enough if I can sort out my own impressions.

I had no idea of how hurt Russia was in the war. This shows itself in so many ways. One can see the pockmarks, and in the back streets, the shell holes inflicted on Leningrad, where one building in every three was hit, and one can see the cripples who were wounded in its two-year siege; what one can only guess at is the number of those who perished there from malnutrition and tuberculosis. "Where were you during the war?" I asked Yuri, our young interpreter, whose mother is a famous surgeon and whose father was killed in the defense of Kiev. "I lived in the Army hospitals," he said. "Studying?" "No, just trying to get enough to eat." He stretched. "Seems as if I've been eating for eight years to make up for that hunger." (Yuri today has made it; he weighs over two hundred pounds.) Americans always remark the Russian women engaged in heavy labor, which with us is reserved for men — driving trucks, repairing roads, handling the cement or the hods on the rising apartment houses; what we overlook in that comparison is the manpower destroyed by the Nazis. The new census figures for the Soviet Union, published last summer, show 55 per cent women, 45 per cent men; and with a preponderance like that, the women must work. The census does not bother about dogs, which are virtually nonexistent in Moscow today; the war must have wiped them out. I saw only one.

War is always the exterminator, and the Nazis were much more cruel and thorough than the

French under Napoleon. To a people who chin themselves on achievement, the crushing of Hitler was a victory as great as any in Russian annals. They think their armies were mainly responsible for this, and thus the war and the suffering and sacrifice it imposed will be a major theme in novels, poems, plays, and films for years to come, not only for political reasons but because the Russians knew they were fighting for survival. They write out of a suffering more widespread and deeper than ours, and the emotional response in their theaters is unrestrained.

No photograph in any American periodical gave me a true picture of the Russian people. Just as no photograph of Madame Khrushchev does justice to her (she has a carriage and presence not unlike those of Myra Hess), so no photograph of a Russian crowd can convey their soberness, their intelligence, their patience, or their purpose.

The picnic parties in the great park of Tsarskoye Selo, as they spread the cloth and unwrap the lunch, do not kid around as we might do; they go about their pleasure soberly with no horseplay. The young couples who chip in together for a table at the Gaar Restaurant in Moscow on Saturday night have none of that boisterous laughter which erupts so easily from Americans. The Russians dance to American jazz, the orchestra blaring away at a piercing pitch, and they dance well, perhaps best of all in Leningrad, but they are very intent about it, and serious. I danced in several night spots and never saw a drunk. The only ones I did see were young men on the streets in the late afternoon, with the traffic officer obviously winking at them, since it was clear that they were being helped home out of circulation. All told, they numbered fewer than one would find in Boston's Scollay Square on a weekend.

It would be natural for an editor to measure a people's intelligence by their attitude toward books, and it seemed to me that the Russian pub-

lic has a greater hunger for books than we have. One of the most popular jaunts on Sunday is the trip by water to the Peterhof, that exquisite palace built by Peter the Great on the Gulf of Finland. The Germans blew it up out of vindictiveness, but the exterior has been restored, and the fountains, the terraces, the statues, and the gardens are as they once were. Here in summer come thousands to bathe on the long gray shingle, to walk beneath the birches, to have tea or ice cream in the enclosure (Russian ice cream is first class), and to laugh at those who, like Paddy Chayefsky, dare venture into the fun spot, a rocky pit where one's weight releases a hidden, drenching fountain. I noticed that many of the young people on the boat carried books wrapped up in newspapers, which they settled down to read as soon as we had cleared the harbor. These book readers were everywhere, and sometimes I asked them what they were reading. A soldier on leave was deep in Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, and a bright-looking student was immersed in geometry.

As we were having tea in the Peterhof enclosure, a naval officer — a four-striper — sauntered by, caught my eye, and went through one of the friendliest pantomimes I have ever witnessed: clasped his two hands at me and shook them in the air, smiled, nodded, shook his head, dismissing the possibility of hostility with an elaborate gesture of cutting his own throat, smiled again, saluted, and then went down the sandy walk looking back over his shoulder for a final wave — all in a matter of seconds.

I realize that I was in Russia in a season of extraordinary responsiveness. One saw this most openly at the American exhibition in Sokolniki Park. Tickets of admission at the outset were confined to Party members, and with them it was a matter of pride to be critical. The abstract paintings were a target of special abuse, and the average American house an object of skepticism. But the atmosphere became noticeably sunnier when Mr. Khrushchev's visit to America was announced; by then the younger technicians and householders generally were being admitted, and their eagerness, their curiosity, and their delight were undisguised. The fashion show drew tight-packed crowds who responded in kind to the salty Russian commentary of our master of ceremonies, Vera Bacal. The Russians certainly liked those clothes, and the youngsters who were in them. The mechanics, of course, lingered over the outboard motors and over and under the new cars, and the women tried every household gadget and all but locked themselves in the electric refrigerators, but what was equally intent was their absorption in the Circarama. The desire to query us about our things and our country, or to listen to one of their friends as he

put the questions, broke out in little seminars in the park as it did almost every evening in Red Square. The night of our arrival, we went down to the Kremlin shortly before midnight, and there, seated in what on May Day would be the reviewing stand, was a long-legged American undergraduate answering and explaining about the United States to a circle of some thirty listeners.

"What do people keep in those black string bags that are hanging from the windows?" I asked Yuri as we drove by a block of apartments.

"Butter and other perishables are what I keep in mine," he replied. "That's true of all of us who are waiting for refrigerators." Yuri, who is a lecturer at the university, and certainly among the better paid, lives in one room of a four-room apartment, the other three being occupied by six adults and four children.

"You must have to do your studying in the library or late at night," I said. "What hope have you of getting something better?"

"Oh, there's a long waiting list," he said. "As a bachelor, I can't hope for any change in less than four years."

"And if you got married?"

"Well, then I would only have to wait two or three."

I used to think that in the British queues during the war were the most patient people I had seen, but the Russians today wait just as patiently and longer for what they want. They stand in line for hours to see the Czechoslovak Glass Exhibition, the Armory in the Kremlin, or the Tomb, and if visiting VIPs are thrust in ahead of them, they take it with a smile. Their patience is strengthened by their confidence that they will eventually get there. The cotton prints, the nylon stockings, and the gay scarves have totally changed the appearance of the women in three years; better shoes will come next, and after that, so they believe, a larger apartment and the household equipment they have been waiting for, and peace.

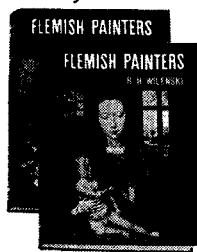
These are purposeful people. They are perfectly confident that they will get the things we have, in time, and to get them they are willing to work hard. In our group discussions we occasionally spoke of success in America and remarked that having more did not always mean more happiness, and we might just as well have tried to signal an express train with a hair ribbon.

BROWSING IN THE NEW

In my youth the bedroom romance used to keep us wondering how long it would be before the frail would be undone, whereas in ALEC WAUGH'S new novel *FUEL FOR THE FLAME* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.95), it is a question of who, among

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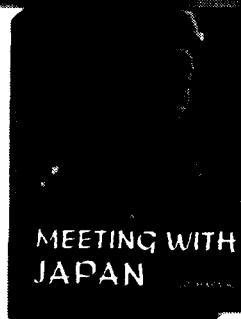


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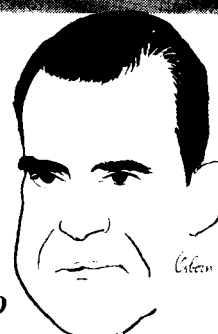


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the bevy of seductibles, will remain chaste. The story is laid in a fabulously rich oil island not far from Borneo, where the heat and propinquity and boredom make the English and Eurasian staff members of the Pearl Oil Company more than usually amorous. The little kingdom is ruled over by an ailing Buddhist despot, and when his son and heir, Prince Rhya, who has been educated and indulged himself in London, returns to the island with his tall, beautiful English bride, the stage is set for a typical *Daily Mail* conspiracy. The book makes bland and diverting reading, requiring no effort for those with a mild cold.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, whose light verse is of fresh and delightful quality, is in private life a happy suburban housewife and the mother of two teen-age daughters. In the lively papers which compose her new book, *THE PROVINCE OF THE HEART* (Viking, \$3.00), she has provocative things to say about American women, about the need of a third hand for those dedicated to a career, about the morality to be stressed for growing girls, about the treasury of family humor, about the delusions of college, and about the honor which she feels too many of her sex have lost. This is a book to be shared with the family, for there is a hassle in every chapter. One is tempted to quote, and I have space for only one: "So what in the end shall I tell my daughters about chastity before marriage? Of course, I shall be sensible and point out the ordinary social penalties attached to any other conduct. . . . But I shall also say that love is never merely a biological act but one of the few miracles left on earth, and that to use it cheaply is a sin."

In the introduction to *THE JOY OF MUSIC* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) Leonard Bernstein states firmly that "only art can substitute for art. And so the only way one can really say anything about music is to write music." Then he goes on to say a great deal about music with a clarity and directness and regard for the limitations of nonmusicians calculated to fill the lay reader with joy and gratitude. The book contains several essays on the meaning of music, the qualities that make a great composer, the difference between a "nice Gershwin tune" (Mr. Bernstein wishes he could write one) and a composition. It also contains the scripts of the television programs that he did for *Omnibus*, with musical scores and drawings where the pictorial effect is necessary for complete understanding. These pieces are not only remarkably informative about such matters as the formal characteristics of jazz and Bach's use of harmony and counterpoint, they are presented in a text which is a small triumph in itself, a successful fusion of the colloquial speaking voice and a highly readable prose style.

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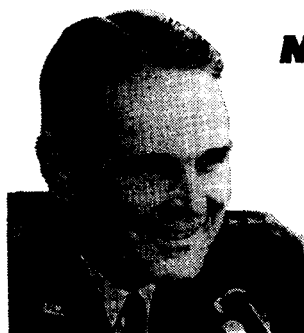
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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN (Random House, \$4.95) IRWIN SHAW has written what may be called, meaning no insult, an old-fashioned novel. It has a plot, action, a reasonable degree of suspense, and a set of characters whose proceedings, while not exactly ordinary, remain within shouting distance of possibility. It reminds me, in fact, of the novels of Wilkie Collins, in that it is an expert professional production, readable and engaging, which, if it doesn't stretch the reader's imagination, never insults his intelligence either.

The story covers the two disorderly weeks spent in Rome by a conscientious NATO official named Jack Andrus. He has taken time off from his job in Paris to help out an old friend and colleague, Delaney, who is a movie director. Andrus, before the war rearranged his face, was a Hollywood star of considerable brilliance. He goes to Rome because Delaney, long on the skids, has been reduced to working there for a fly-by-night Italian producer and with an actor who is "six fathoms deep in Scotch." "He looks all right," Delaney explains sourly, "but you can't understand a word he says." The idea is that Jack will dub the dialogue of this souse.

It sounds like a simple project, but the uproar that ensues verges on riot. The same sense of responsibility that led Jack into NATO and brings him to the rescue of Delaney lures him into one of the most remarkable commitments in recent literature. He acquires a mistress, an enigmatic Italian girl who turns out to have a resident lover already. The lover is a noisy, neurotic, exasperating youth, one of those Americans who comb the beaches of the arts in Eu-

rope, insulting their betters and living on allowances smuggled to them by indulgent mamas. Once acquainted with him, Andrus discovers, to his disgust, that the little horror wants to write and direct movies. Worse, the script the boy has concocted is a splendid piece of work. It is Jack's duty to get him started in Delaney's company.

The situation has possibilities, to put it conservatively, and Mr. Shaw investigates them energetically. He does a fine job on the juvenile genius, contriving to persuade one of the young man's ability in the midst of his most idiotic misbehavior. Delaney, the worn-out director still swaggering on memories of his dead talent, is almost as good. Minor characters are sketched in with acid efficiency — Delaney's terrible wife, the drunken actor, a string of hangers-on and free-loaders, an Italian bodyguard whose conversation is a catalogue of immoralities and who is absent on the only occasion when his services are required.

As a treatise on the limits of personal responsibility, Mr. Shaw's book is not as impressive as he seems to have intended, judging by certain conversations about life and death and war and peace. As a well-constructed, artfully told story, it is first class.

THE WAY AND THE FLESH

There are many Roman Catholics who write, but the specifically Roman Catholic writer remains, outside theological circles, rather rare. FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, novelist, playwright, essayist, and Nobel Prize winner, is a notable example of this select group. *THE SON OF MAN* (World, \$3.00) is his latest book, and while it is most obviously related to the life of Jesus which Mr. Mauriac wrote some years ago, it also throws light on the whole body of his work.

The book is a condensed, highly subjective exposition of Mr. Mauriac's attitude toward Christ as both a human person and a divine power. It is written in prose, but the intensity of the author's emotion and the dense eloquence of his style ultimately produce an effect close to that of poetry.

Following the events of Christ's life on earth, His death and resurrection, Mr. Mauriac meditates on their significance to the devout Christian. The qualities he perceives in Christ

are love, patience, intimacy and, somewhat surprisingly to the Protestant eye, an inexplicable charm that may very nearly be called glamour. What distresses him is the terrible difficulty experienced by even the most devout Christians in adequately maintaining their individual part in relationship with their God.

This is, of course, the old problem of the struggle between willing spirit and recalcitrant flesh, but Mr. Mauriac restates it in movingly personal terms. *The Son of Man* shimmers with persistent optimism, the conviction that the spirit of Christ may eventually prevail among His followers. The book also goes far to explain the notorious gloom of Mr. Mauriac's novels, which, if consumed in injudicious quantities, are enough to drive a sensitive reader to suicide. His fiction is the dark shadow of his faith, expressing his obsession with the question of why Christian people who should know better persist in acting as badly as they do.

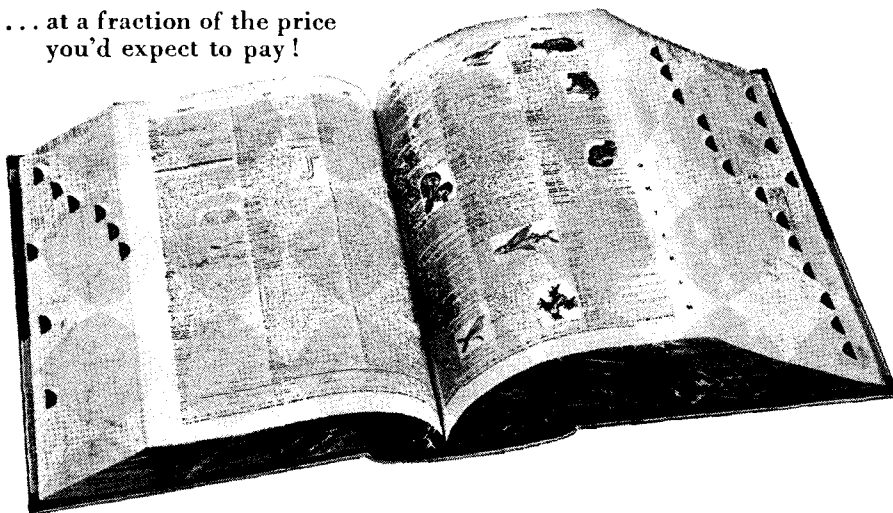
DOUBLE IMAGES

THE OTHER ALEXANDER (Noonday Press, \$1.25), by the Greek novelist **MARGARITA LIBERAKI**, was written before 1953 and ostensibly concerns the Greek civil war of the time. It may also be taken as an exploration of the interplay between the conscious intellect and the depths of unconscious impulse, or simply as an allegory of the good and bad at war in human nature.

Miss Liberaki puts her theme, or themes, into terms of situation and character with an unusual mixture of fantasy and literal-mindedness. Her principal characters are the children of a man who owns a mine in the neighborhood of Athens. This old boy, a mixture of patriarch, robber baron, and benevolent despot, maintains two domestic establishments, only one of which, naturally, is legal. His illegitimate children exactly duplicate, in number and sex, the legitimate ones, and he has whimsically given them duplicate names and employs them more or less indiscriminately in his business. As a result, the children are all somewhat befogged about their identities, but not to the point of indifference concerning their own activities or those of their doubles. The tribe is full of suppressed political and personal schisms, most of which burst into

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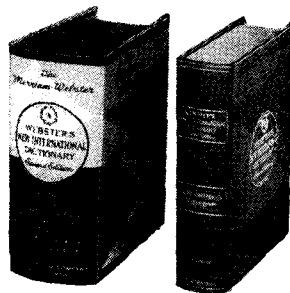
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the open in the course of one stormy winter night, spreading tragedy and settling nothing.

Starting with a basic situation that is almost ludicrously improbable, Miss Liberaki creates a curious, very effective blend of commonplace certainty and nightmarish confusion. The actual events of the story are plain enough: abortive revolts against the father by his sons and by the workers against the mine owner, a seduction, an incestuous love affair, a labor union dance, and a piece of political arson that backfires disastrously. These episodes are clearly defined, yet seen through a veil of ambiguity. Everyone has a double. Alliances shift back and forth between members of the legitimate and illegitimate families. Good and bad, friend and enemy continually fade, blur, change their shapes, all as slippery as Proteus. As a dramatization of the uncertainties beneath the surface of contemporary society, *The Other Alexander* is extraordinarily successful. One does not need to be a Greek partisan to shiver over it.

THE NIXON RECORD

WILLIAM COSTELLO, an experienced Washington reporter, is the author of *THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON* (Viking, \$3.95). Subtitled *An Unauthorized Biography*, the book seems likely to spread alarm and despondency equally between Mr. Nixon's friends and his enemies.

The author apologizes, quite rightly, for "calling his work, for want of a more satisfactory term, a biography." He did not have access to any of Mr. Nixon's private papers, nor did he ever succeed in arranging an interview with his subject. He has had to depend entirely on the public political record, and, as he shrewdly points out, "politics makes for posturing, for playacting, for the studied gesture, the calculated word, all of which are part of the record but not necessarily the essential part of the man."

The figure gradually built up by Mr. Costello's dogged assemblage of facts remains cold, remote, and undefined in a curious way. Mr. Nixon looks anchored to nothing. He entered politics in California because a committee of citizens asked him to do so; they were so strapped for a candidate that they had actually advertised in the newspapers for a young man willing to run for public

office. Mr. Nixon's wily ferocity as a campaigner quickly won him the sobriquet of "Tricky Dick," but he has never been detected in any actual illegality. A man of exceptional intelligence and determination, he seems never to have originated or consistently applied himself to any cause but the advancement of the Republican Party, which, incidentally, has resulted in the very rapid advancement of his own fortunes.

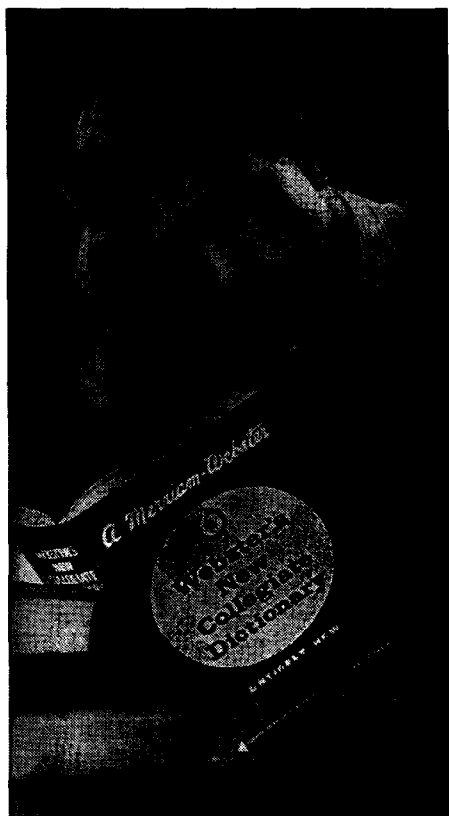
The nature of a man's basic loyalties and the risks he will run for them are among the more reliable means of judging his fitness for public office. Nothing in Mr. Nixon's record, as assembled by his biographer, provides the material for such a judgment, and whether this lack is the result of circumstance or canniness on Mr. Nixon's part remains a question. It is certainly remarkable that after more than a dozen years in the limelight of politics, Mr. Nixon cannot be surely charged with commitment to anything but victory in the next election.

THE WORKINGS OF THE LAW

DIARY OF A D.A. (Holt, \$3.95) is yet another book about the inner workings of the law, in this case by MARTIN M. FRANK, now an associate justice of the appellate division of the New York state supreme court. Before acquiring his present title, Judge Frank served as assistant district attorney in the Bronx, and it is his experiences in this office that make up the material of his book.

Authentic stories of crime detection and legal maneuver seldom fail to be interesting. When they are any more than momentarily good stories, it is because of the author's style or point of view. Judge Frank's style is clear, simple, and undistinguished. The attitude of mind revealed in his narrative is reassuringly civilized. Early in the book, discussing the duties of a prosecuting attorney, Judge Frank holds up as a shining example of professional perfection the Connecticut county prosecutor who, in the face of general public certainty of the man's guilt and the accused's own confession of the crime, refused to prosecute a suspected murderer because his own exhaustive investigation of the evidence indicated that the fellow simply could not have done the killing in question. One of the few boasts in a generally modest

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book is Judge Frank's final statement that, during his years as prosecutor in the Bronx, no guilty verdict was ever set aside because an innocent man had been convicted.

Although he served justice first and hunted convictions as an afterthought, Judge Frank worked on some lively cases. He describes what might easily have been a perfectly undetected murder by arson and a long, agonizing man hunt which is almost a classic of stubborn policework. Then there was the usual run of crimes of passion, money, and stupidity, sorted out by the police and solved by persistence or cleverness or blind luck.

The stories are good reading. Judge Frank's discussions of the duties and standards of law officers are even better, because this is material less familiar to the lay reader than bashings and fingerprinting. He goes into such matters as cooperation between police and prosecutor, the annoyance caused by dishonest lawyers, the cultivation and use of stool pigeons, and the ethics of trading a reduced sentence for information. In his last chapter, he apologizes for not attacking the antiquated jungle of criminal law in general. If he should be moved to try this in another book, it ought to be worth reading.

JAPANESE AND AMERICAN SYMBOLS

Several years ago, FOSCO MARAINI published a fine description of his travels in Tibet. His new book, *MEETING WITH JAPAN* (Viking, \$8.50), is inevitably less impressive, because Japan is rapidly becoming familiar ground in print. It is, however, a comprehensive account, with a few statistics and many handsome photographs, by a man who knows the country well, having taught Italian in a Japanese university for some years, and who, in the tag end of World War II, suffered imprisonment as a suspected spy along with his wife and children.

Despite this experience, Mr. Maraini retains his affection for Japan; but it is a practical, old-shoe affair compared with his exuberant enthusiasm for Tibet. *Meeting With Japan* contains the usual descriptions of geisha, flower arranging, tea ceremonies, and the Japanese attitude toward the Emperor and all lesser authorities. The unusual material centers on rural customs and super-

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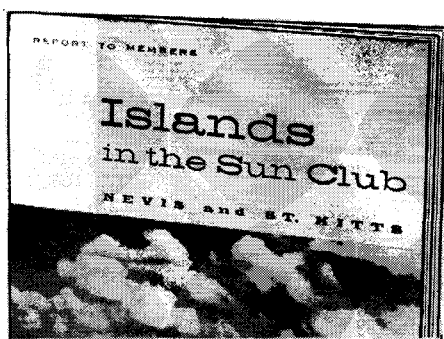
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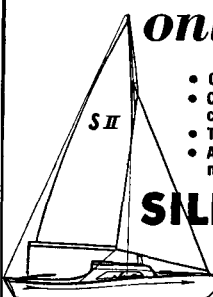
stitutions, immediate economic and political problems, and the recurrent social difficulties of Westerners who try to join in normal Japanese life, a delicately balanced affair which is prone to fall topsy-turvy at the first push of a European hand. Mr. Maraini is at his best in describing Japanese landscape and country life and sketching Japanese and Europeans in baffled, and sometimes catastrophic, collision.

For the reader who has never got around to Japan, there can hardly be a better introduction than Mr. Maraini's. For those already addicted to the subject, much of this pleasantly written book is bound to be redundant.

Why **MAX LERNER**, professor of economics and government and the author of such works as *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes* and *America as a Civilization*, should have indulged the impulse to publish a collection of the columns he writes for the *New York Post* only the gods of scholarship can say. He has done so, however, and here it is, **THE UNFINISHED COUNTRY** (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50), running to more than 700 pages.

Read singly day by day and hurriedly, Mr. Lerner's columns tend to produce an impression of intelligent liberalism, amiable good sense, and a sharp view of the world. Read en bloc, they reveal heavily coy humor, repetitious hammering at single ideas (lack of a feeling of identity may cause juvenile crime, for example, but where does that get us?), and a sentimental faith in light and learning that verges on the chuckle-headed. The best example of Mr. Lerner's gift for this type of misplaced regard occurs in his quiz show column of August 31, 1958. "It is futile to tell people that someone like Charles Van Doren is incapable of dishonesty," announced the columnist, deftly combining intellectual snobbery, gross overoptimism, and plain error in less than twenty words.

At a third its present length, and minus the pretentious subtitle (*A Book of American Symbols*), *The Unfinished Country* would have been a better book, for Mr. Lerner is good when fuming over civic corruption or interviewing evasive politicians, two things that raise his blood pressure above temporizing heat. There are not enough of them in this vol-



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NORMANDY, 1944

THE LONGEST DAY (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95), **CORNELIUS RYAN'S** account of the first day of the Allied invasion of Normandy in 1944, is incomparably the best of the war histories that have tried to combine official records and the complete military operation with the experiences of individual fighting men. Mr. Ryan worked from the military records of both sides, plus the recollections of hundreds of German and Allied soldiers. The two aspects of his story are dovetailed so skillfully that the book reads as smooth as satin. It is only in retrospect that one realizes the fantastic cleverness of organization required to accomplish such an effect.

Mr. Ryan's picture of the invasion in general reveals a wild muddle of careful planning, bad luck, good luck, unforeseen complications, and desperate improvisation. On the German side, the enemy had done everything to oblige the invaders that could reasonably be expected. Rommel was at home celebrating his wife's birthday, projected war games occupied a number of other senior officers, and all but two of the available fighter planes had been hustled away from the coast to avoid possible air raids on their field. Even so, the success of the landings seems almost miraculous.

Mr. Ryan describes the whole complicated affair brilliantly, but the great distinction of his book is its incorporation of individual soldiers and their experiences. The author has got hold of everything from bloody horrors to lunatic absurdities, and the conversation that went with them. The episodes range from the veteran Irish soldier, in pre-battle excitement, proposing a toast to De Valera for "keeping us out of the war" to the malignant chance that dropped American paratroopers into a town where everyone, including the Germans, was out trying to extinguish a burning house. A novelist who invented half these stories, much less the run of wisecracks, erratic comments, and unexpectedly subtle reactions that are reported, would be accused of excessive ingenuity. Mr. Ryan can only be complimented for giving magnificent material the treatment it deserves.

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But today... as at Christ's trial before the high priest Caiphas... many are unwilling to accept Our Lord's claim to be the divine Son of Almighty God.

For nearly 2,000 years the Catholic Church has maintained that, as Jesus claimed, He "and the Father are one." On the basis of what He said and did... what He claimed and what He fulfilled... He had to be the Son of God or the greatest fraud that ever lived.

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If we are to accept Christ as the center and essence of our religious faith, the least we can believe of Him is that what He said was true. And under cross-examination by Caiphas, when asked to declare if He was "the Christ, the Son of God," Our Lord replied: "Thou hast said it" (Matthew XXVI: 63, 64).

A man who only *claims* to be the Son of God could not have done the things Jesus did to prove it. No mere human being could walk on the waters, still the

waves, cleanse the lepers, restore sight to the blind, bring the dead back to life. One who only *claimed* to be divine could not have returned from the grave as Christ did.

The whole foundation of the Christian religion rests upon God's promise to send His only begotten Son to redeem a sinful world. He did not promise to send merely a gifted preacher, or a pious leader—but His Own Son. And no lesser person's sacrifice, however noble, would have been sufficient to achieve the redemption of man.

What do you think of Christ? Wouldn't you like to know more about Him and what His birth and life and death mean to you and your own immortal soul? If so, write today for our free pamphlet entitled: "His Name Shall Be called GOD WITH US." It will be mailed in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-55.



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The Very Best Buys in American Vacations

A GOOD vacation doesn't depend upon how much you spend. But upon the way a hotel or resort is managed, how the owners try to please you — and upon a hundred other things from a wonderful location to finding plenty of the kinds of activities that interest you most.

In his book *Today's Best Buys in American Vacations*, Norman Ford, America's top expert on low cost travel and vacations, gives you his own personal choices of the very best vacations you can find all over America:

- dude ranches for less than ordinary resorts (this is the book that shatters the myth that dude ranches are expensive);
- the best short freighter trips (plus lake steamers and passenger ships);
- the best buys in MODERATE cost Florida vacations;
- old time inns with old-time atmosphere (stage-coach stops, homes of New England governors, old southern inns, etc.);
- the best spots in all America with housekeeping cabins for really low-cost vacations; low-cost sports fishing lodges, where the fish never stop biting;
- really unusual vacations (would you like to fly to the North Pole? visit the Alaska seal islands? spend a vacation with writers, artists, musicians? keep yourself fit at a European-like spa where the prices are low enough to tickle a Scotsman?);
- have a REAL French vacation for only \$35-\$45 a week in that French colony only a short boat-ride and two days' drive from New York?

WHY TAKE THE SAME STALE VACATION OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

There's so much to do, so many different kinds of vacations, so many wonderful places to visit and stay, you owe it to yourself to get a brand new vacation this year. Even one tip in *Today's Best Buys in American Vacations* will be worth much more to you than the low \$1.50 price of this big book. Remember, these are all Norman Ford's own personal selections of the very best vacations in all America. So send for your copy now.

Stop Saying That Travel Is Too Expensive

Passenger carrying FREIGHTERS are the secret of low cost travel

FOR no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take that trip you've always talked about: to the West Indies, Europe, the Mediterranean, around the world. In fact trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round-the-world cruise can be yours for as little as \$250-\$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in *Travel Routes Around the World*, the world's original and most complete guide to passenger carrying freighters.

This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. During the 25 years in which it's been published, hundreds of travel writers and travel editors have said "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort, get *Travel Routes Around the World*."

It's yours for just \$1, and the big 130-page 1960 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called *How to See the World at Low Cost* plus pages and pages of maps.

A big \$1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

Round the World on a Shoestring

IF you know ALL the ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend \$550-\$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer ticket to Buenos Aires, or you can get there for \$139 in fares via bus and rail through colorful Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Peru, the Andes, etc.

You could spend \$5000 on a luxury cruise around the world or about \$1000 via connecting steamers. You can island hop around the West Indies via plane for several hundred dollars — or see the islands more leisurely by motor schooner for much, much less. There's hardly a place on earth you can't reach for less if you know ALL the travel ways.

Norman Ford, founder of the Globetrotters Club and America's top expert on low-cost travel, has gathered into one handy book dozens upon dozens of specific travel routings to all parts of the world — Mexico, South America, Europe, Africa and the Mediterranean, the Far East, Australia, the South Seas, etc. — so that you can see more at prices you can afford by combining freighters, liners, rail, bus, plane, and other competing services.

Over and over again he proves that you can travel now — that you don't have to wait for some far-off day when you've saved much more money.

\$1.50 brings you his big guide *How to Travel Without Being Rich*, the guide that proves now, once and for all, that travel is within the reach of any one who has ever yearned to see far-away places. Send for your copy now.

Where to Retire or Vacation

at what look like pre-war prices — and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book *Off-the-Beaten Path* names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada, and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost, exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of *Off-the-Beaten Path* opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford — places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world — completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out.
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U. S. A. brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropic-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-for-ever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only \$2.

How to Travel — AND GET PAID FOR IT

There's a job waiting for you somewhere: on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas — even exploring if you're adventurous.

The full story of what job you can fill is in Norman Ford's new book **How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling**. Whether you're male or female, young or old, whether you want a life-time of paid traveling or just hanker to roam the world for a short year or so, here are the facts you want, complete with names and addresses and full details about the preparations to make, the cautions to observe, the countries to head for.

You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the almost-sure way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, and the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today?" Norman Ford asks in this book as you might ask today. And he replies in 75,000 words of facts, "The answer is still a very definite Yes."

To travel and get paid for it, send today for **How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling** on a money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Price \$1.50. Fill out coupon.

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- ☐ How to Travel Without Being Rich (*round the world on a shoestring*). \$1.50.
- ☐ Off-the-Beaten Path — these are America's own bargain paradises. \$2.
- ☐ Today's Best Buys in American Vacations. \$1.50.
- ☐ Travel Routes Around the World (*how to travel by freighter*). \$1.

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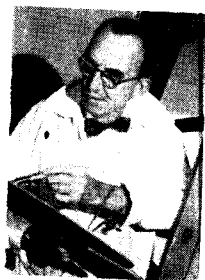
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THE JOHN WALKER COLLECTION

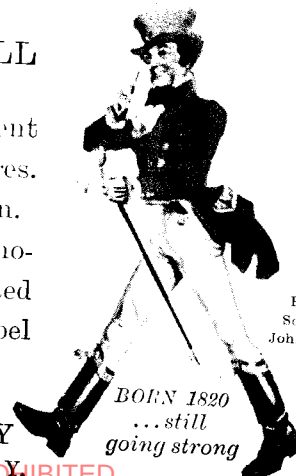
"Historic Moment" by DEAN CORNWELL



-Riveman-Track-

Muralist Dean Cornwell captures the historic moment when Sir Walter Raleigh's men first landed on our shores. Cornwell's talent for perfection has won world renown.

The art of Scotch distilling witnessed an historic moment in 1820 when another talent for perfection created an enduring masterpiece—Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch. Men of judgement the world over prefer it.



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